

THE
ROYAL
CANADIAN
MOUNTED
POLICE



R. C. F.

CARRICK
& EVANS

THE ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE



R. C. FETHERSTONHAUGH

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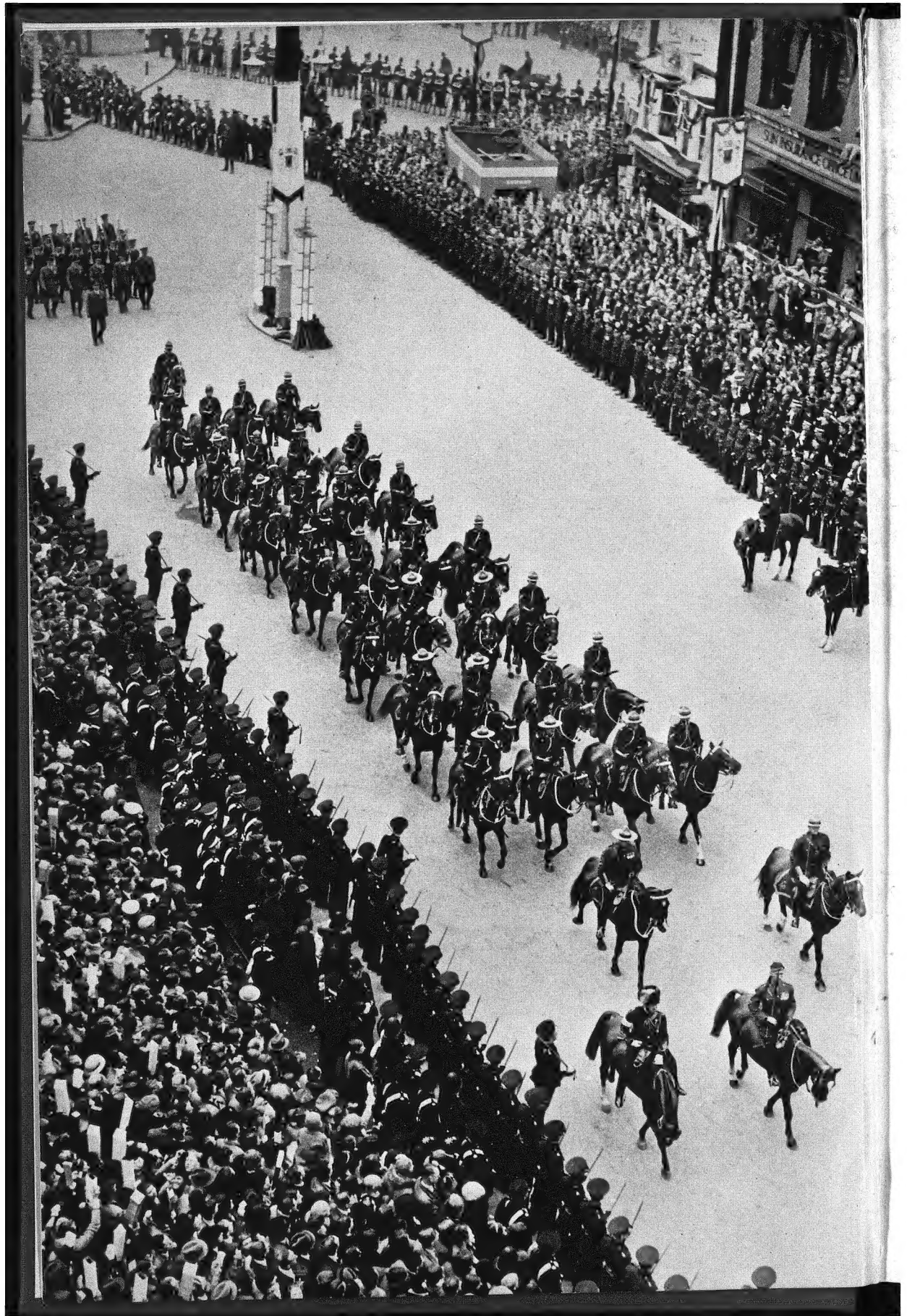
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R. C. Fetherstonhaugh

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TO MY FATHER

EDWARD CHARLES BARRY FETHERSTONHAUGH

SIR JAMES H. MACBRIEN

Since the text of this book was set in type, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have suffered an incalculable loss through the death in Toronto on March 5, 1938, of the Commissioner, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES HOWDEN MACBRIEN. No studied tribute to Sir James's leadership of the Force is possible here, but it is hoped that from the pages of this volume an impression may be gained of the immensity of the reorganization he planned and lived to see effected.

Sir James has been succeeded as Commissioner by Colonel S. T. Wood, under whom a further development of the Force may confidently be expected.

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN Mounted Police requires far more space than a single volume will allow, this book, which emphasizes the adventures of the officers and men rather than the details of organization and administration, is based upon the Force's own records and documents. It has, moreover, been written with the consent and approval of Royal Canadian Mounted Police Headquarters and of Major-General Sir James H. MacBrien, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commissioner of the Force, who kindly read the script and thus made sure that in the descriptions of events throughout the years the point of view of the Police was correctly presented. Responsibility for accuracy in detail and for the opinions expressed is, of course, the author's alone, but to Sir James there is owing a debt for advice and many helpful courtesies which is most gratefully acknowledged.

The account of nearly every incident in the book has been derived from the official records, but, when these left some point obscured or some mystery unclarified, the works of previous writers on the history of the Force have been consulted. It is not necessary to list the majority of such works, but reference should be made to the late Major-General Sir S. B. Steele's *Forty Years in Canada*, A. L. Haydon's *Riders of the Plains*, Dr. R. G. MacBeth's *Policing the Plains*, T. Morris Longstreth's *The Silent Force*, and Major Harwood Steele's authoritative book, *Policing the Arctic*. These books were invaluable, and the use freely made of them requires their special mention.

Reference must also be made to the help given by Edwin Pye and J. G. des Rivières, of Ottawa, who compiled and drew the maps. Mr. Pye's research work was extensive and fruitful; and the quality of Mr. des Rivières' drafting and lettering will be appreciated by those to whom high standards in such matters appeal. It was not possible to include maps of all parts of Canada

where operations of the Police are described, but the less well-known areas have been carefully drawn and the key-map makes clear the areas that have necessarily been omitted.

A contribution to the book has been made by those who supplied the photographs used as illustrations. A number of the prints came from members of the Police or directly from the Force's files; for others the book is indebted to the late Douglas MacKay, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, author of *The Honourable Company*, whose generous interest was ended only by his tragic death in the crash of an aeroplane near Bozeman, Montana, on January 10, 1938.

The book is also illustrated by reproductions of several paintings by the late Sergeant Taylor, of the North-West Mounted Police, and by R. Lindemere, of Meota, Saskatchewan. Few artists have as interestingly interpreted the old days of the Mounted Police in the Canadian West, and the author is gratified that examples of their work could be included.

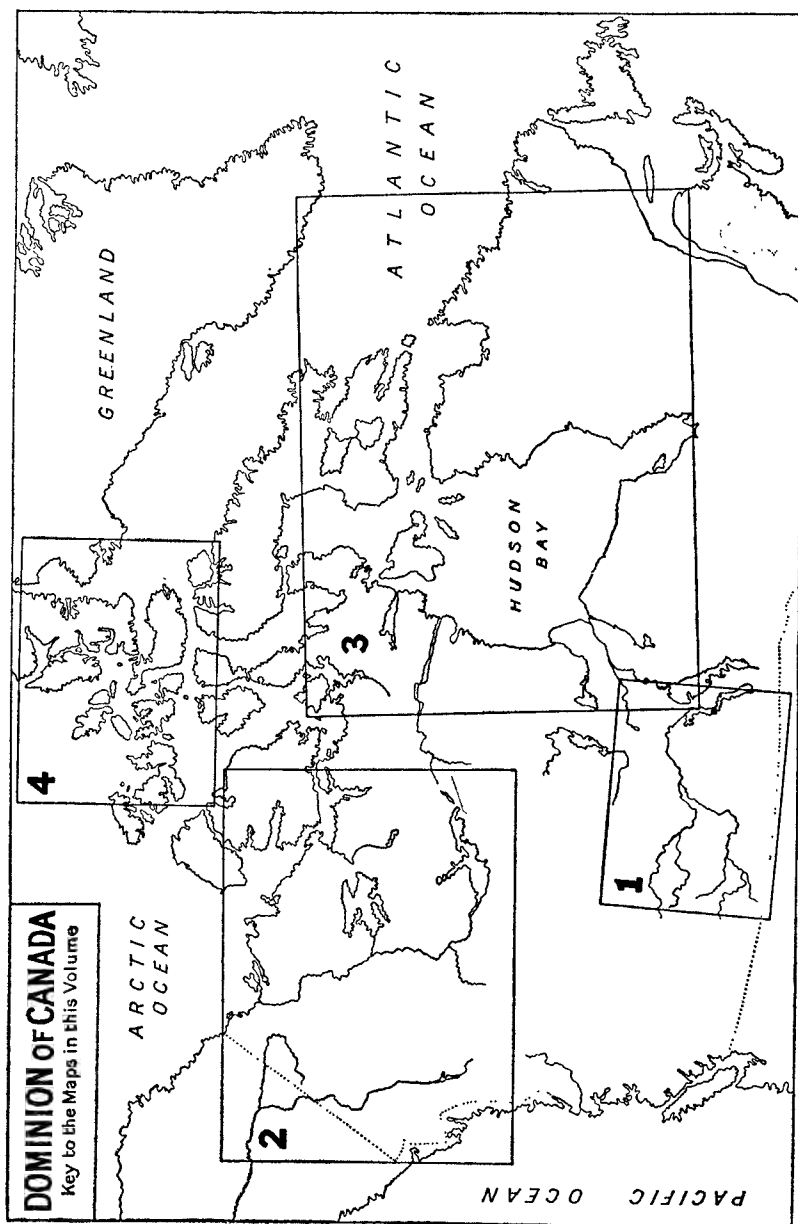
In compiling the appendices, thanks are due to the staff of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Headquarters, particularly to George T. Hann, M.B.E., Departmental Secretary, for supplying the details which appear. To simplify any search for information in the book, an index of persons and a chronological index of events have been included. Using these, the reader may find the references he seeks with the least possible effort or loss of time.

In conclusion, the author wishes to thank many friends, whose interest in the work has been a constant stimulation; to acknowledge the help of Leah Scovil Fetherstonhaugh, who shared in all phases of the book's preparation; and to pay tribute to those officers and men who, in the period since 1873, compiled the reports of travel and adventurous service upon which the whole work is founded.

R. C. F.

Montreal, Canada,
February 3, 1938.

The
ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE



CHAPTER ONE

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

AMONG THE MILITARY AND SEMI-MILITARY FORMATIONS OF CANADA none has attained more distinction than the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Formed in 1873 as the North-West Mounted Police, with the immediate duty of establishing law and order in the vast prairie regions which the Dominion had not long previously purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, the Force has grown with Canada and, for more than sixty years, has taken a unique part in the drama of Canadian history. In these circumstances, it is an anomaly that the Force's fame, though widespread in Canada, in the United States, and even abroad, is popularly based more upon imaginative presentations of the unit's personnel in moving pictures and in fiction than upon a knowledge of the Force's real achievements.

First among these achievements, as has been stated, was the feat of establishing the Dominion's authority in the prairie empire of the Canadian West. Considering the immense area involved, the remoteness of the territory as it then stood from civilization, the difficulties of communication, and the savagery of the Indian tribes, the pacification of this domain by a force of three hundred Police officers and men ranks as one of the most successful efforts made by any constabulary unit in the world.

To realize the quality of the feat, an understanding of certain geographical and other features of the area is essential. To reach even the eastern limits of the prairies, it must be remembered, the traveler from Ontario or Quebec had to make a long canoe and portage journey over the arduous Dawson Route from the head of the Great Lakes to the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and the center of the Red River Settlement at Fort Garry, where now stands the city of Winnipeg. Or, if the prospect of hardship on the Dawson Route was too much for him, he could

travel through the United States by rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and ride the 450 miles to his destination.

When he reached Fort Garry, he stood on the threshold of the true Canadian West. Beyond for nine hundred miles lay the prairies, the "Great Lone Land" of Butler's famous report, dotted sparsely by trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, settled hardly at all, but peopled in a measure by Indian tribes—Salteaux, Crees, Blackfeet, Bloods, Peigans, ~~Esar~~^{Sar}cees, and Assiniboins—and by a nomadic legion of Scotch-Indian and French-Indian half-breeds. Beyond the prairies to the west lay the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia, which had joined the Dominion in 1871; to the north lay the Yukon, silently awaiting the stirring days that were to come; and east of the Yukon there stretched to the western shores of Hudson Bay the vast Barren Lands which, even today, despite the advent of the aeroplane, have hardly been touched by civilization. Still further to the north lay the Arctic Ocean and that mighty archipelago, stretching towards the Pole, which, by an order-in-council of the British Government, was transferred to Canada on September 1, 1880.

After the collapse in 1870 of the rebellion led in the Red River district by Louis Riel, whose followers claimed inadequate protection of their interests in the treaty which transferred the district from the Hudson's Bay Company to Canada, the Dominion Government invited Lieutenant W. F. Butler, of the 69th British Regiment, to travel west from Fort Garry and report, as a result of his observations, upon many of the problems that acquisition of the prairies had involved. Accepting the invitation and traveling for 2,700 miles on horseback, by wagon, and by dog-team when winter set in, Butler returned to Fort Garry in February, 1871, and presented a report which still ranks among the outstanding papers on the history of the Canadian West.

Referring to the conditions he had found to the west of the Red River Settlement, Butler pointed out that the need for the establishment of law and order was urgent. The Hudson's Bay Company had protected its own forts and supplies and had even, in some instances, applied rough justice in the vicinity of its posts when the Company's interests were directly concerned. In all other cases of crime, Butler wrote, "the wrong-doer does not ap-

pear to violate any law, because there is no law to violate." Crime and outrage, the report explained, were not habitual, but it was a fact that serious crimes, murder included, had been committed without any fear of retribution. The whole region, Butler repeated, "is without law, order, or security for life or property; robbery and murder for years have gone unpunished; Indian massacres are unchecked even in the close vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts; and all civil and legal institutions are entirely unknown."

Proceeding, Butler enlarged upon the difficulties that those empowered to administer the law would inevitably meet, citing as an example the point of view of the prairie Indians to whom relentless tribal warfare was a normal condition of existence. "Accustomed to regard murder as honourable," he wrote, "and war, robbery and pillage as the traits most ennobling to mankind, free from all restraint, these warring tribes of Crees, Assiniboinis, and Blackfeet form some of the most savage among even the wild races of Western America." Contributing to the prevailing unfriendliness of the tribes towards white men, the report explained, were three outstanding circumstances. First, the fact that the buffalo herds, upon which the Indians were dependent for food and clothing, were fast disappearing, a calamity for which, rightly or wrongly, the Indians believed the white men were to blame. Second, the strife between the United States Government and the Sioux and other tribes of Dakota and Montana. Prolonged for years, this grim war of attrition had reached the stage where the ultimate victory of the whites could be foreseen and, in the vision of white supremacy south of the American border, the Canadian prairie Indian saw all too clearly the augury of his own unhappy future. Third, there was the systematic debauchment of Indian men, women, and children with spirits smuggled into the prairie regions by outlaw traders from the Red River Settlement and the United States. Many of the tribes would sell their horses and all they owned for a few score gallons of the traders' potent brews and, as Butler noted, the degenerating effects and the resulting poverty were in many instances appalling.

After discussing the problems that would arise in dealing with the Indians, Butler stated that in his opinion similar difficulties

would be encountered in the essential task of civilizing the half-breeds, two thousand of whom, almost as free of restraint as the pure-blooded Indians, roamed the plains and knew no law other than the shadowy discipline imposed upon them by their devoted but oft-disregarded priests. The half-breeds, Butler wrote, are "gay, dissipated, idle, unreliable, ungrateful, in a measure brave, hasty to form conclusions and quick to act upon them, possessing extraordinary powers of endurance and capable of undergoing immense fatigue, yet scarcely ever to be depended upon in critical moments, superstitious and ignorant, having a very deep-rooted distaste to any fixed employment, opposed to the Indian, yet widely separated from the white man—altogether a race presenting a hopeless prospect to those who would attempt to form from such materials a future nationality."

Having dwelt at length upon the intractability of the Indians and the half-breeds, Butler proceeded to discuss the means by which law and order in the new country could be established. To pour troops into the area to garrison the Hudson's Bay Company's posts would, he believed, "prove only a source of useless expenditure." Instead, he urged the establishment of a mobile mounted force and, astoundingly, in view of the difficulties he had just described, expressed the opinion that the strength of the unit need not exceed 100 to 150 men.

Though Butler reported that the need for these men was urgent and Colonel Robertson-Ross, the Canadian Adjutant-General, warned the Government in 1872 that more than three times the number Butler had suggested were at once required, it was not until May, 1873, that Parliament authorized the formation of the North-West Mounted Police and it was not until September that recruiting actually began. Meanwhile, there had filtered through to Ottawa two tales of horror which weighed remorselessly on the consciences of those who had failed to heed Butler's words or the Adjutant-General's warning. The first tale concerned the debauchment, with orgies too licentious to permit of outspoken description, of numbers of Blackfeet Indian encampments, near the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers, by illegal whiskey traders from Fort Benton, Montana. From fortified posts known as Forts Hamilton and Whoop-Up, it was said, these men were operating in a manner

that left a beggared, broken, and dangerously rebellious host of Indians in their train.

Even more disturbing was the report that a similar band of traders, maddened by consumption of their own crude alcohol, had massacred a band of Assiniboin Indians, who, under Chief Little Stony Spirit, were hunting in the Cypress Hills, forty miles north of the Montana boundary. On the reported evidence of Abe Farwell, an American trader of good repute, the outlaw traders were said to have sold the Assiniboins a large supply of whiskey and then, when the Indian encampment was whirling in the inevitable orgy of drunkenness, to have opened fire, wantonly killing more than thirty men, women, and children. A beautiful young squaw, it was apocryphally added, had been rescued by the humane Abe Farwell and tenderly cared for by Big Mary, his devoted Indian wife.

This account of the massacre in the Cypress Hills is still accepted in essentials by many writers on the history of the Canadian West, but the picture of entirely unprovoked slaughter it paints seems too imaginatively drawn. More credible is the account given by Isaac Cowie, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who gathered evidence not long after the massacre took place. Cowie states that the outlaw traders opened fire only when the drunken Indians refused to return a number of stolen horses. Whether the Indians were thus partly to blame matters little now and was of little importance even then. What mattered profoundly was that at least thirty Indians—Isaac Cowie says eighty—had been murdered on Canadian soil, with the Canadian Government powerless to prevent the massacre or to avenge it.

As a result of these reports of lawlessness in the West, 150 recruits and a number of officers were hastily assembled by the Government in September, 1873, and sent over the Dawson Route to Lower Fort Garry, twenty miles north of Winnipeg, with orders to train there throughout the winter and be ready for police duty on the prairies in the spring. At Lower Fort Garry, the men were sworn in as members of the North-West Mounted Police by Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith, Officer Commanding the Winnipeg Military District, who acted as Commissioner (Com-

manding Officer) of the Force, with Superintendent W. D. Jarvis in actual command, until the officer whom the Government had appointed Commissioner could reach the West and take over. The appointee, Lieutenant-Colonel George A. French, who was serving as Inspector of Artillery and Commandant of the Canadian School of Gunnery at Kingston, Ontario, arrived at Lower Fort Garry and officially assumed his duties on December 17.

In the weeks that followed, the new Commissioner strove to fit himself and the men he now commanded for the task that lay before them. He knew by this time that the Force would be ordered in the spring to march across the prairies, charged with the duty of occupying the land in the name of the Dominion Government, establishing law and maintaining order wherever the need should arise, gaining the friendship and submission of the Indian tribes, establishing the validity of the international frontier, suppressing the illicit traffic of the whiskey traders, and preparing the way for the advent of an ordered civilization. The Force would have to carry the main portion of its rations, fodder, and equipment, would have to march for 420 miles along the Canadian side of the international boundary, where, though there was no settlement, the route was known, and then, for 360 miles, as the Rocky Mountains and the zone of the warlike Blackfeet were approached, would have to march through unmapped country to the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers. Here it was hoped a section of the Force could winter, while a second section carried out a long march northward to Edmonton and a third section returned across the prairies to establish a headquarters for the Force in some position still to be selected.

From the beginning, Lieutenant-Colonel French realized that to attempt this ambitious plan with 150 men would invite ignominious failure and probably a disaster that would irreparably injure the Force's prestige and morale. Among the officers and non-commissioned officers were stalwarts such as Superintendent W. D. Jarvis, Inspector J. M. Walsh, Regimental Sergeant-Major A. H. Griesbach, and Sergeant-Major S. B. Steele; but, even with leaders such as these, 150 men could not accomplish the impossible. Accordingly, leaving the Force, now divided into "A," "B," and

"C" Divisions, to carry on its training in the bitter cold of mid-winter, the Commissioner returned to Ottawa to consult with the Government and urge the need for reinforcements.

In the interim, the Conservative government of Sir John Macdonald which had appointed him had fallen and a Liberal government, whose unfriendliness he feared, had succeeded to office, with the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie as Prime Minister. Much to his surprise, however, the Commissioner had no difficulty in convincing Ottawa that reinforcement of the North-West Mounted Police was urgently required. After a period of indifference, the romance of the "Great Lone Land" had seized the public mind and knowledge that a Force in the scarlet uniform of the Queen was to ride out over those far horizons, bringing the Queen's law and British justice to all whom it encountered, had fired popular imagination. Accordingly, the strength of the Force was doubled, "D," "E," and "F" Divisions were recruited, and, in two special trains, the reinforcements, totaling sixteen officers and 201 men, with 244 fine horses, left Toronto on June 6, 1874. By permission of the Government of the United States, the new divisions were to travel by way of Chicago and St. Paul to Fargo, North Dakota. Thence they would march by the Red River route to effect a rendezvous with the original divisions, which, under the command of the newly appointed Assistant Commissioner, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., had been ordered to meet them at Dufferin. This hamlet, a depot of the International Boundary Commission, stood just to the north of the American border opposite Pembina.

In Fargo, where the special trains from the East arrived at noon on June 12, the recruits of the Force were taken aback and the inhabitants of the town were entertained when it was found that the carts, saddlery, harness, and equipment in the freight cars had been loaded by the manufacturers with no preliminary sorting. By night several fields alongside the tracks were strewn with unassembled material, and the traders of Fargo, viewing the chaos, opined happily that the strangers, who must buy food for themselves and their horses, could not leave the town for at least a week. But they had reckoned without Lieutenant-Colonel French.

In his Army career he had seen chaos before and he knew how effectively organized effort could deal with it. At four o'clock on the morning of June 13, he ordered a number of squads, each with clearly defined duties, into action; at 8:00 A.M. he replaced these squads with fresh men; at noon and at 4:00 P.M. he repeated the reliefs; with the result that at five o'clock "D" Division, with 29 loaded wagons, drove proudly out of the town to a camp six miles away. This was inspiring, but, at seven o'clock, when "E" Division clattered after "D," the Fargo sportsmen, though chagrined at losing the trade they had expected, cheered enthusiastically. And, on the following afternoon, when "F" Division cleared up all remaining stores, with the exception of those to be shipped north by steamer, and bade the town a jaunty farewell, Fargo was willing to swear that it had seen a miracle.

Meanwhile, the Commissioner had anxiously considered plans for the march to the Canadian border. In ordinary circumstances, a march by easy stages would have been best for his horses and men. But the circumstances were not ordinary. He stood on United States soil where his authority was legally nil, in command of a body of recruits, sound at the core, but containing, as he was aware, elements which, under the stress of the hard work that the journey would involve, might prove dangerously subversive. Added to this was the fear that his train of fine horses and valuable supplies, as it progressed through the zone where raids by bands of the formidable Sioux were not infrequent, might be attacked. The column could defend itself unless attacked by an overwhelming number of Sioux; but even if a minor brush should take place and American Indians were slain on American soil by redcoats in the service of the Queen, serious harm to the prevailing friendly relationship between Canada and the United States might easily result.

Influenced by these considerations, the Commissioner decided upon a rapid march. All day on Sunday, June 14, the divisions lay in camp on the bank of the muddy Red River, which, flowing northward towards Canadian soil 150 miles away, divided the wooded uplands and forests of Minnesota to the east from the Dakota prairie to the west. Breaking camp on the morning

of June 15, the divisions moved northward at a speed of thirty miles a day and, late on the afternoon of June 19, having crossed the Canadian border, rode wearily into the Boundary Commission's camping ground at Dufferin. Two horses had died from the effects of the blazing sun and the Medical Officer had been alarmed by an outbreak among the men of prairie cholera, but, on the whole, the troops and animals had stood the sudden strain better than had been expected.

United for the first time, the six divisions of the North-West Mounted Police spent the oppressive morning and afternoon of June 20 in unloading the wagons from Fargo and caring for the horses. The veterans from Fort Garry sneered, as veterans always sneer, at the recruits' self-confident bearing, but they were forced to admit that the horses the Easterners had brought far surpassed their own. Corralled in a zareba of wagons and carts, the horses from the East were magnificent, and the Western broncos, tethered in their own lines, suffered by comparison. But the broncos were soon to prove their worth. As night fell, thunder rumbled from afar, and by ten o'clock forked lightning was flashing incessantly, rain was beating on the camp, and menacing gusts of wind were howling furiously. Amid the turmoil of the storm, the broncos stood unconcerned. But the Eastern horses were terrified by the flapping canvas of the wagons around them, and at midnight, when lightning struck the corral, they plunged madly to escape. Screaming, they burst the barrier of wagons around them and charged the gate of the field in which the zareba lay. At the gate they piled high into the air, while their screams and the crash of their bodies, as they fell back to earth, drowned even the ear-splitting thunder of the storm. No human power could stop that tidal wave of maddened horseflesh, but an effort was made. As a result, when the stampede had surged through the gate, pounded headlong across the Pembina bridge, and vanished into Dakota, a half-dozen of the Mounted Police lay motionless on the soaking ground. Sub-Constable Latimer's scalp was cut to the bone from ear to ear, but, miraculously, none of the others in the path of the stampede was seriously injured.

All that night, under the leadership of Sub-Inspector James

Walker,¹ Sergeant-Major S. B. Steele, Staff Constable Mitchell, and others, men of the Force, using the reliable broncos, spurred in pursuit of the flying Eastern horses, which halted only when exhaustion brought them to a tottering stand. By morning some of them had covered fifty miles and the majority were thirty or more miles away from Dufferin. To make matters worse, they had stampeded onto the Dakota plain where any band of wandering Sioux might steal them. To avoid this possibility, the Police started a round-up without delay. In the end, only one horse was missing but some of the remainder lay weakly on the ground at Dufferin for days, and many, for a much longer time, were too stiff and weary to work.

Having narrowly escaped disaster as a result of the stampede, the Force was soon faced by a more insidious danger. Among the enlisted men were a number of "decayed gentlemen," too decayed to stand up under heat, hard work, poor food, and, above all, the bad whiskey of Dufferin's drab saloons. One by one these men slunk across the nearby American border, taking with them a handful of young recruits who had found that existence in the Force differed widely from the gay and carefree life they had confidently expected. In all, thirty-one men thus deserted and, for a time, it seemed that the dry-rot would spread. But the Force, as has been stated, was essentially sound at the core and the Commissioner was a leader of courage and resource. Calling a full-dress muster parade, he ordered the men to decide what they wished to do forthwith. He wanted no dissatisfied men in his Force. If any were dissatisfied, let them speak now and go. No effort would be made to stop them. But of those who remained he would demand that neither hardship, nor suffering, nor privation, nor fear of death, any or all of which they might expect, should move them by a hair's-breadth from carrying out the duties the Force would have in hand.

Though it is seldom possible to name with assurance the moment when the traditions of a military force are born, it would

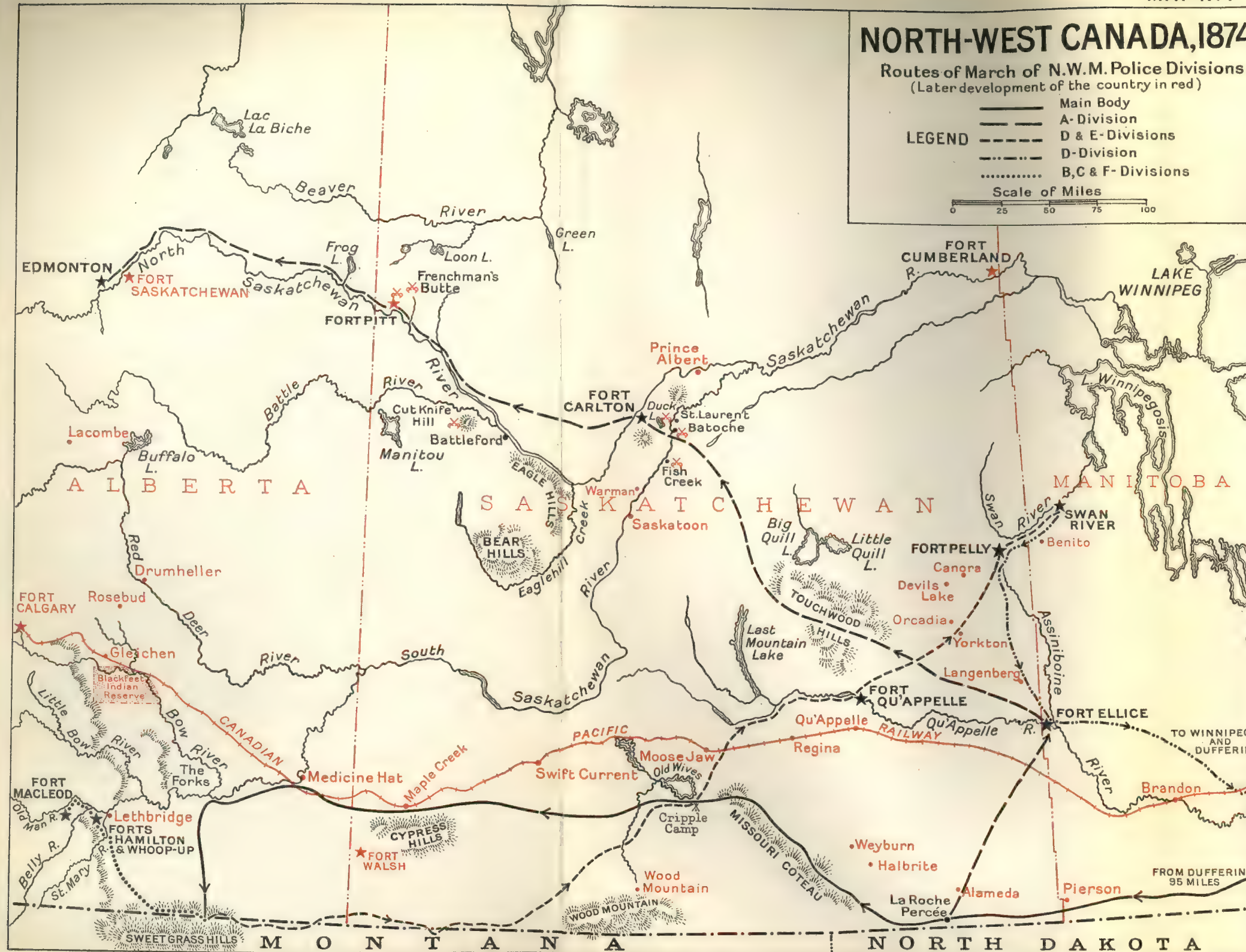
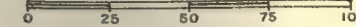
¹ Sub-Inspector (later Colonel) James Walker, known to the Indians of the prairies as "The Eagle that Protects," was the last officer of the original North-West Mounted Police to survive. He died in Calgary, Alberta, on March 31, 1936.

NORTH-WEST CANADA, 1874

Routes of March of N.W.M. Police Divisions
(Later development of the country in red)

- LEGEND
- Main Body
 - - - A-Division
 - . - D & E-Divisions
 - . . D-Division
 - B, C & F-Divisions

Scale of Miles



seem that on the day of Lieutenant-Colonel French's appeal the North-West Mounted Police came into its own. The tide of desertion halted abruptly, the spirit of the men was quickened, life entered into the Force, and, with an ardor they had not shown before, all ranks joined in laying the foundation of that morale which, handed down from year to year, from decade to decade, is the pride of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police today.

CHAPTER TWO

THE MARCH TO THE MOUNTAINS

WHILE THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE LAY AT DUFFERIN IN the summer of 1874, a foretaste of prairie duties was suddenly and startlingly provided. Into the camp spurred a messenger from the American village of St. Ives, thirty miles away. The Sioux were raiding, he said, scalps had been taken, troops of the United States Army were coming but could not arrive in time, and meanwhile the whole district stood in danger. Would the Commissioner order the Mounted Police to the rescue? The Sioux had not raided Canadian soil, where his responsibility would be clear, but French decided that the appeal for help could not be ignored. If, by crossing into the United States with an armed force he was breaking international law, let the governments of the two countries settle the matter in any way they pleased. This was no time for academic scruples. Action was needed and action there would be. "Boot and Saddle" was sounded in the camp and, twenty-five minutes later, the Force marched out. With scarlet tunics and weapons gleaming in the sun, the divisions rode for a few miles, but the sortie proved fruitless. Long before St. Ives was reached, news arrived that the Sioux had disappeared and that no help from the Mounted Police was now required. Accordingly, the divisions wheeled and, a little sheepishly, for the excitement had been intense, trotted back to their camping ground in Dufferin.

By this time, preparations for the Force's march across the prairies to the mountains were almost complete and on the afternoon of July 8 the move began. In the history of the Canadian West, no column such as the Police marshaled on this occasion had ever before been seen, nor has such a formation startled the prairies since. The Police, it must be remembered, were expected to be a formation as smart as any cavalry unit in the British Army and simultaneously to be a troop of pioneers, journeying in their

covered wagons and Red River carts to the Dominion's far horizons, paving the way for settlers still to come, and establishing at least the basis of Western Canada's agricultural future.

Only when these contrasting features of the Force's task are borne in mind can the column as it headed into the west be properly pictured. First in line as the Force marched out of camp came "A" Division, under Inspector W. D. Jarvis, mounted on dark bay horses and uniformed for the occasion, as were the other divisions, in full dress, with scarlet tunics and Bedford cord riding breeches, white helmets, white gauntlets, brass buttons and badges, and lance-pennons fluttering proudly in the sun. Behind this array and contrasting with its splendor, rumbled thirteen wagons loaded with supplies. Next came "B" Division, under Inspector G. A. Brisebois, mounted on dark brown horses, and behind, on bright chestnuts, came "C" Division to which, under the command of Inspector W. Winder, had been assigned the Force's two field-guns, two mortars, and supply of ammunition. Behind the guns came "D," "E," and "F" Divisions, commanded by Inspectors J. M. Walsh, J. Carvell, and L. N. F. Crozier, and mounted respectively on gray, black, and light bay horses. Behind these formations came the Force's zoo, a straggling procession of ox-carts, ox-wagons, cattle for slaughter, cows, calves, and mowing machines, in charge of a number of clowning half-breed drivers, who, as Lieutenant-Colonel French later reported, had miraculously achieved a measure of sobriety after the excesses of their last night in Dufferin.

For two weeks after July 10, when the westward march began in earnest, the Mounted Police column pushed steadily across the prairie and on July 24, having covered 270 miles, it halted in a fine camping ground near Roche Percée. If any motorist, with memories of long jaunts easily accomplished between dawn and dark, is inclined to smile at this performance, let him remember the circumstances that existed in 1874. The Force, after the first seventeen miles, passed no settlement, the heat of the prairie mid-summer was intense, the wagons were heavily laden, much of the route was across open country, water was scarce, and the water obtained often induced prairie cholera of a severe type among both animals and men. Under the strain of these conditions, horses

and cattle had weakened alarmingly, and the men had suffered less only because Dr. J. G. Kittson, the Medical Officer, had been more successful than J. L. Poett, the Veterinary Surgeon, in dealing with the cholera. Trinitrate of bismuth, in doses of twenty to thirty grains, with an accompanying dose of one grain of opium, Doctor Kittson found, was a specific which never failed. He correctly attributed the principal cause of the cholera to the chemical composition of the muddy prairie pools from which the men were forced to drink, but shrewdly noted that the effects were intensified when travel-wearied oxen were slaughtered and eaten. The half-breed guides, who knew nothing of toxins, knew from experience that the flesh of animals exhausted by fatigue was not fit to eat, and the Medical Officer, from his own experience, became convinced that in such meat lay a source of trouble which should be avoided when the marches of the Force were being planned in future.

While the Force rested near Roche Percée, the Commissioner consulted his senior officers and decided to send Inspector Jarvis, Sub-Inspector S. Gagnon, and "A" Division, plus the agricultural train, north to Edmonton by way of Fort Ellice and Fort Carlton, while the main body continued the march to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. With winter only a few months away—blizzards had swept the prairies in late September of the previous year—speed in completing the Force's marches had become essential lest a grim tale of disaster should crown the first year of the unit's existence. As it happened, disaster to Jarvis's party was averted only by the intrepidity of the Inspector and Sub-Inspector, the fortitude of the men, and the inspiring example of devotion to duty set by Sergeant-Major S. B. Steele and Constable Labelle. Starting out on the journey of nearly nine hundred miles on August 1, with fifty-five of the weakest horses, sixty-two oxen, and fifty-five cows with calves, the detachment marched northward in the face of every obstacle that nature seemingly could provide, shed cattle and impedimenta wherever possible, and on October 27 reached Edmonton. By this time an early winter had set in, the weakened horses were at times too stiffened by cold to travel, and amid the frozen swamps and lonely marshlands of the north there was presented the spectacle of horses being lifted and car-

ried by men. In the circumstances, Jarvis's report that the fortitude of his men was deserving of high praise seems a masterpiece of understatement.

But it was not all hardship, as is proved by the diary of Sub-Inspector Gagnon, now in the possession of his son,¹ Superintendent H. A. R. Gagnon, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Written in French, this diary records the day by day progress of the detachment, with details not only of dying horses and oxen, roads built through difficult swamps and bridges over fast-running streams, and intense heat in the summer months and numbing cold as winter closed in, but also of excellent hunting and splendid bags of game, friendly Indians encountered on the way, hospitality at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and finally the lonely beauty of the land through which the journey lay. Concluding this journal, Sub-Inspector Gagnon made an entry in Edmonton which freely translated reads as follows:

Sunday, November 1—At last all our party have arrived in. We left Fort Carlton with ten wagons drawn by oxen; we arrived here with only four. The rest of the oxen died on the way. The distance was nine hundred miles. The time we took was eighty-eight days. Sixty days were marching days; twenty-eight were spent resting, crossing the Saskatchewan, or in work upon the trail. The average distance traveled when we marched was fifteen miles a day.

With Jarvis's detachment disposed of, the Commissioner's plan was to march to the forks of the Bow and Belly Rivers, where he had been told that fine grazing for his horses and oxen would be found, to check the activities of the whiskey traders in that area; then to send half the Force north to effect a junction with Jarvis in Edmonton, while the remainder returned over the prairies to winter in the East. Resuming the march on July 31, the Force moved westward with the grim coteau of the Missouri on its left, climbed the coteau twice in the next few days—the guides said there was no alternative route—and on August 6 pitched camp on Cactus Mountain. Continuing, the Force reached Old Wives Creek on August 11 and halted for a week, while Assistant Commissioner Macleod traveled with a convoy of wagons

¹ The handing on of tradition from father to son has been a feature in the Force's history. A list of the fathers and sons who have attained officer's rank is given in Appendix B.

to the depot of the Boundary Commission at Wood Mountain and brought up five thousand pounds of dried meat for the men and fifteen thousand pounds of oats for the horses and oxen.

Meanwhile, the Force had been disillusioned by its first contact with Indians of the prairies. Having been told of the superb horsemanship and physique of the Blackfeet and Sioux, the men heard with excitement that a band of Indians was approaching and gathered to watch the warriors of the plains ride in. Unfortunately, the arrivals were a dejected and verminous lot of Sioux who, though welcomed by a formal pow-wow, could claim no distinction except that of being the first Indians the Force had seen. Less disappointing was another visitor, a self-styled trapper, who had been delegated by the whiskey traders of the Bow and Belly Rivers district to frighten the Force by tales of the traders' strength and inhuman ferocity. When questioned, the garrulous delegate described the traders' underground fortifications, their powerful cannon, and their hired negro troops with a wealth of imaginative detail. A few of the younger recruits may have found their hearts beating faster as they listened to tales of the monsters they would have to deal with, but the Commissioner was unimpressed and the majority of the men, who saw through the clumsy effort, correctly guessed that the outlaw traders were even less to be feared than they had imagined.

Having established a depot known as Cripple Camp in which, under the command of Constable Sutherland, he left sick men, a half-breed attendant, badly weakened horses, wagons in need of repair, and supplies to be picked up by that section of the Force which would return across the prairies in a few weeks' time, the Commissioner ordered the westward march to be resumed on August 19. Good progress was made in the next few days, and on August 25, having covered a total of 590 miles since leaving Dufferin, the Force camped close under the Cypress Hills. No event of interest marked the halt in this area but on September 2, when the Force marched again, all ranks were excited when buffalo were seen for the first time. After a hard gallop, the Commissioner and a party shot five of the great beasts which yielded nearly half a ton of meat, but the animals were tough old bulls and it was not until a few days later, after



THE MARCH TO THE MOUNTAINS, 1874
Commissioner French watches the divisions ride past.
(From the painting by R. Lindemere)

a second hunt, that the men learned how tender good buffalo meat could be.

By this time, the Force was experiencing new varieties of the difficulty of travel in the unsettled West. Day after day the unit plodded over terrain the buffalo had tramped to paste, where no grass was left to help feed the horses and oxen and where the soft-edged sloughs, upon which men and animals depended for water, were so churned up that drink could be sucked from them only with the greatest difficulty. To add to the problems of the Force, Lieutenant-Colonel French had discovered that his guides were groping their way ahead with no real knowledge of the route. When questioned, they answered confusedly, but on September 6 the Force reached the South Saskatchewan River and the guide leading at the time stated positively that the forks of the Bow and Belly Rivers lay twelve miles north.

Intuitively the Commissioner knew that the guide was wrong. French had no reliable maps but he had conducted a running survey of the march from Roche Percée and, basing his decision on his survey results, he ordered the Force to march south-west. In the circumstances, with every day a matter of vital importance, it was a bold decision, but on September 10, when the forks of the long-sought rivers were reached, it proved to be a wise one. At or near the forks, the Commissioner had been told, he would find Forts Hamilton and Whoop-Up and luxuriant grass to feed his horses and oxen. Instead, he found three roofless log-huts and, despite reconnaissances far up the Bow and Belly Rivers, no grazing land of any value, nor a place where shelter for men and horses could be provided.

Due to these circumstances, it was clear to the Commissioner and even to the least discerning of the men that the Force was in serious danger. The personnel, with sufficient food, had stood the arduous journey well, but the horses and oxen were starving and, with winter closing in, there was no relief for them in sight. To save them, quick action was essential, and the Commissioner, after consulting his senior officers, decided to march at once to the Sweet Grass Hills near the United States border. Forage would be obtainable there—the very name of the hills was reassuring—supplies could be brought up from Fort Benton, Montana, and the



Canadian Government could be notified by telegraph from Fort Benton of the enforced change in the unit's winter plans.

Having received the welcome order to march to the Sweet Grass Hills—the necessity for haste was impressed on all ranks by the fact that nine exhausted horses died in thirty-six hours from the effects of driving wind and rain—the Force moved off on September 14. Progress averaged about fifteen miles on each of the next few days, September 17 being marked by the fact that the Force was marching amid a great herd of buffalo. In small groups, bulls, cows, and calves dotted the plain as far as the men could see, all traveling southward, searching, as the Force was searching, for more abundant grass. That night the wind from the north blew with an added chill and rain beat ceaselessly on the shivering horses, four of which died, though every horse was protected by an extra blanket provided from their own kit by the officers and men.

The situation of the Force, with its dying horses and oxen, was critical on the night of September 17, but next day the peak of the crisis was passed. For as the unit plodded south, with the Rocky Mountains looming in grandeur on the right, the West Butte of the Sweet Grass Hills appeared ahead, and by night the Force had camped in an area affording a fair supply of grass, fuel and water. The oxen, too weak to finish the march, had been left behind to rest, but most of them reached the new camp safely when driven slowly forward on the morrow.

After three days' rest in camp, "D" and "E" Divisions, which were to march back over the prairies, were ordered by the Commissioner to move eastward by easy stages, while he, the Assistant Commissioner, and a small escort pushed south to Fort Benton to purchase supplies and to arrange with the Government for the disposition of the three divisions remaining in the Sweet Grass Hills. His plan, after visiting Fort Benton, was to overtake the eastward marching divisions and proceed with them to the headquarters the Government had decided upon, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod in command of the divisions in the West. Reaching Fort Benton on September 24, after a series of forty-five-mile-a-day marches in the course of which more than seventy-five thousand buffalo were sighted, the Commissioner bought a

number of fresh horses, a supply of fodder, and warm clothing for his men. During his sojourn, he learned that Forts Hamilton and Whoop-Up, the will-o'-the-wisp headquarters of the whiskey traffic, actually existed, not where he had previously been told, but on the headwaters of the Belly River, close to the Rocky Mountains and near the present site of the city of Lethbridge, Alberta.

In reply to a telegram to the Government, French received orders to send Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod and the three divisions in the Sweet Grass Hills to enforce the law in the Belly River district and to return himself with the eastward marching divisions to Swan River near Fort Pelly, where, he was told, fine barracks were being built to accommodate the Force's headquarters. Giving the necessary orders to Macleod, the Commissioner left Fort Benton, overtook his divisions on September 29, picked up the reinvigorated personnel and horses of Cripple Camp on October 9, and, after a march memorable for its hardships and the narrow escape of the divisions from a series of prairie fires, arrived at Swan River on October 21. There, to his anger and dismay, he found the "fine barracks" of which the Government had informed him. Whether ignorance or criminal political greed had governed the choice of the site and the nature of the work that was in progress he could not tell nor did he much care. What he knew at a glance was that a crime or a blunder had been committed. Strung for a thousand feet along a ridge of granite boulders stood a group of unfinished buildings, flimsy, ill designed, and unprotected from the blizzards that in the months to come would beat in fury from the north. To winter two divisions in such a position, where no adequate supply of fodder could be obtained, was manifestly impossible but one division might accomplish the feat. Accordingly, the Commissioner, with bitterness in his heart, marched east with "D" Division, leaving "E" Division, under Inspector Carvell, to winter in the Swan River position or at Fort Pelly as best they could.

Perhaps, as he watched the faithful "D" Division, with gaunt horses and oxen, toiling eastward, often in bitter cold or freezing rain, the Commissioner composed the stinging rebukes he flung in the faces of those he believed to be responsible for the Swan

River scandal when, early in November, the travel-wearied unit trooped into Winnipeg. The Force in the months just past had accomplished a march which will always hold a definite place in the cavalry history of the British Empire, but the welcome "D" Division received in Winnipeg was cool. The Commissioner used words about the Swan River barracks that cut like a whip, and those who felt the blows were anxious only to get rid of him, his officers, and men without delay. As a result they found that no accommodation was available in Winnipeg and sent the division to winter amid the dreariness of the over-salooned hamlet of Dufferin.

Meanwhile, under the command of Macleod, "B," "C," and "F" Divisions had marched from the Sweet Grass Hills towards the Belly River district. There was now no groping to find the way, for leading the column was Jerry Potts whom the Commissioner had hired in Fort Benton. Son of an educated Scottish father and a Peigan woman, Potts was a warrior of renown and one of the finest plainsmen the West has ever seen. Short, bow-legged, with ill-set black eyes and a long straight nose, he was given at times to much strong drink; but drunk or sober and despite a chronic cough he was capable of amazing physical effort and, as a guide, perhaps no man on the prairies was his equal. Skilled in Indian languages and brought up from childhood in the saddle, he became the Force's chief interpreter and the master trainer of its scouts, serving in these capacities until 1896 when, after twenty-two years of devotion to the Force, death ended his eventful career.

Under the guidance of this silent expert, the three divisions, after marching through an immense herd of buffalo which surrounded the tiny column for a whole day, approached the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly Rivers where stood Fort Hamilton and the charred ruins of the long-sought Fort Whoop-Up. Excitement ran through the ranks when these supposedly dangerous forts were sighted and preparations for action were promptly made; but they were superfluous. With the exception of a ragged deserter from the United States Army and an unprepossessing squaw, the forts were unoccupied, and the Police, though able to report officially that Forts Hamilton and Whoop-Up had been

"entered" on October 9, could take no great pride in the achievement. Having made sure that the forts contained no hidden garrisons or supplies, Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod asked Jerry Potts where in the district permanent headquarters for the divisions could best be established and, upon his advice, turned up the Old Man River where Potts said that a scattered settlement and a good site for barracks would be found.

Having marched for twenty miles up the Old Man River, the Force found the good site Potts had described and at once set to work to build "Fort Macleod." The Assistant Commissioner gave orders that not a log of the men's quarters was to be laid until the horses were adequately stabled and similarly that all work on the officers' quarters must await completion of the quarters for the men. This caused some hardship to both officers and men during a period of intense cold that followed, but the orders were in accordance with the best cavalry traditions, and no grumbling resulted. On the contrary, all ranks worked with a will and took pride in the substantial buildings that were erected.

Even before the buildings were completed a dejected Indian named Three Bulls arrived in camp and reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod that William Bond, a negro whiskey trader of ill repute, was operating a post some fifty miles away and, in exchange for fire-water, had taken from the Indians of the district their best buffalo skins and some of their finest horses. As this was precisely the evil the Police had been sent into the district to stop, Macleod, for the first time in the history of the Force, sent out a detachment with the orders, "Get that man and bring him in!" To make sure the orders would be carried out he picked ten of the best men in the Force, placed them under the command of Inspector Crozier, and gave them Jerry Potts as a guide. Fading from the camp at dusk, the detachment rode for forty-five miles and then, following a trail detected by Potts, surprised Bond who, with four other men, two heavily laden wagons, and sixteen horses, was trekking to the next point where contact with Indian customers might be expected. The negro and the men with him were armed to the teeth but the odds against them were overwhelming. Accordingly, when Crozier rode forward and called upon them to halt in the name of the Queen, they cursed the new

Force that had descended upon the land but stopped in obedience to his order. And when a search of their wagons disclosed whiskey and buffalo skins, they submitted to arrest and angrily rode off under Police escort to Fort Macleod.

At the fort the prisoners were brought before a court composed of the Assistant Commissioner and the Inspectors who confiscated the illegally traded buffalo skins and horses, fined Bond and two of his men two hundred dollars each, and fined the other prisoners, who were only hired teamsters, fifty dollars each. The fines of the white men were soon afterwards paid by a man from Fort Benton named Weatherwax, but he refused to pay the fine imposed on Bond. The negro, he said, was not a member of his gang and could stay at the fort for years for all he cared. So the white traders rode away, and Bond, first convicted prisoner in the history of the Force, was left behind to serve a term in jail. Unfortunately, the Police who were absorbed in the building of the fort grew careless, and Bond soon escaped. Tradition has it that his frozen body was found not far away next spring, but the evidence on this point is contradictory. What is clear is that Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, chagrined by the escape, disciplined those whom an investigation proved to have been remiss and warned all ranks that heavy penalties would be imposed if negligence permitted a prisoner to escape in future.

At this time, Macleod was engaged in a series of conferences of the utmost importance to the Canadian West. Recognizing the mistake made in the United States, where settlement in advance of the establishment of law and order had resulted in murderous warfare between the redmen and the encroaching whites, the Canadian Government had impressed upon the officers of the Force the necessity of making the Canadian Indians their friends. Hence, the Assistant Commissioner and his divisions had been ordered to the very district where, amid the proudest and most warlike tribes of the West, an opportunity for the establishment of friendly relations might well be afforded. Soon after the Force's arrival, a number of Blood and Peigan chiefs visited Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod and were apparently impressed by assurances of the Force's friendly intentions. But the chiefs of the powerful Blackfeet held aloof, watching from afar and waiting until the



THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW

Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet, welcomed at the new Police post by Assistant Commissioner Macleod.

(From the painting by R. Lindemere)

Great Spirit should reveal to them whether the arrival of the scarlet-clad Police boded the Indians of the country good or ill.

Realizing that the decision of the Blackfeet in this matter would depend upon the impression created in their minds by the actions of the Force, and could in no event be hurried, Macleod proceeded quietly with the construction of his fort, dealt out temperate justice in the few cases of minor crime brought before him, and, in his capacity as a Preventative Officer in Her Majesty's Customs, began to collect duties on goods imported into the country by wandering traders from the United States. He was aware meanwhile that keen eyes were watching his movements, that every act of his men was discussed in remote Indian lodges, where council-fires were burning late at night, and that within a few weeks decisions that would drench the Canadian prairies in blood for years, or witness the firm establishment of law and order, must be made.

In these circumstances, Macleod heard with intense relief that Crowfoot, wisest and mightiest of the Blackfeet chiefs, had decided to visit the fort to see for himself what manner of men were these who had arrived and were governing the country. The whiskey traders had whispered in Crowfoot's ear that the Police were of evil repute, that the Indians would suffer cruelly from their tyrannous rule, that they would despoil the country in a manner never previously known. But Crowfoot had learned that whiskey traders spoke often with the forked tongue, that truth was not in them, that no confidence should be placed in their advice. If such *canaille*—Crowfoot did not know the definition of the word but, being an aristocrat, he knew to whom it should apply—if such *canaille* spoke ill of this Force, that was something in the Force's favor. At any rate, he would go to the fort, talk with the man, Bull's Head,¹ who was in command, and after the talk decide if the whiskey traders had lied to him as they had so often lied before.

Carrying out his plan, the dignified old chief rode into the fort on December 1 and was welcomed with honors appropriate to his

¹ This Indian name—it was "Stamixotokan" in the Blackfeet tongue—was given to the Assistant Commissioner because of a bull's head mounted over the door of his quarters, or possibly because of a silver Macleod badge he often wore on his Glengarry cap.

rank by Macleod. After an exchange of greetings and the leisurely conversations that Indian etiquette called for, a formal pow-wow was held and Crowfoot, speaking for himself and a number of chiefs who had accompanied him, asked bluntly why the Force had come into the land, what its intentions were, and, above all, how long it intended to stay. Replying with a dignity that matched the Indians' own, Macleod explained that the Force had come to establish the law of the Great White Queen, that its intentions were friendly, and that it would remain permanently in the quarters which, as the Indians could see, were already nearing completion. Continuing, Macleod outlined the simple laws his unit would enforce, emphasized that these laws would apply to white men and Indians alike, and assured the gratified chiefs that, despite what the whiskey traders had said, no Indian need fear punishment for the breach of laws he did not understand nor for actions he did not know to be wrong.

Listening intently as the words of the Assistant Commissioner were translated by Jerry Potts, it was borne in upon the minds of Crowfoot and his chiefs that in this stalwart figure wearing the uniform of the Queen there was no guile. They had been impressed when his scarlet-coated troopers rode into the night and captured the convoy of the whiskey trader, Bond; they had watched with interest when he collected customs duties from the legitimate traders who previously had acknowledged no law other than their own; and now they were impressed by the transparent honesty of the man himself and by his soldierly and gentlemanly bearing. Well pleased as a result, they left the fort and spread the news that in this redcoat who served the Queen they had found a white man who knew no fear, whose favor no money could buy, yet one who, unless an astounding error had been made, was indeed the Indians' friend.

CHAPTER THREE

THE MENACE OF THE AMERICAN SIOUX

HAVING MARCHED TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN 1874, THE NORTH-West Mounted Police spent the following year in consolidating their foothold on the prairies. From his position at Fort Macleod, the Assistant Commissioner thrust a long arm eastward and established Fort Walsh, under Inspector Walsh, amid the restless Indians of the Cypress Hills; north of Edmonton Inspector Jarvis built Fort Saskatchewan; and at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers Inspector Brisebois hoisted the Force's flag over a fort to which at first he gave his name, but which was officially renamed Fort Calgary and has become the Calgary of today. Meanwhile, after establishing minor posts at several strategic positions to the east, the Commissioner had advanced from his winter quarters at Dufferin and, with the division under his immediate command, had occupied the barracks at Swan River.

To this ill-chosen site—its deficiencies were almost as glaring as in the late autumn of the previous year—came Major-General E. Selby Smyth, Commanding the Canadian Militia, with instructions to tour the West and report to the Government upon the military situation, particularly upon the work of the North-West Mounted Police. Before he could investigate the situation at Swan River, the General was overtaken by a message from the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba who reported that an armed insurrection was said to be planned by the half-breed residents of St. Laurent, near Fort Carlton, 270 miles away. Though he doubted the rumor, Smyth decided to march to Fort Carlton at once, and ordered Lieutenant-Colonel French to accompany him with an escort of fifty men. French's horses were weary from the long marches with supply wagons that maintenance of the Swan River position had involved; nevertheless the column was quickly assembled under the eye of the General who appreciated that chance

had afforded him an unexpected opportunity of testing the Force's ability to meet a sudden need. Eight days later, after a march which proved the unit's efficiency, the column rode into Fort Carlton where the unexpected appearance of the fifty armed men sobered the disaffected half-breeds and demonstrated, what they had refused to believe, that on the prairies the Queen's rule had at last become effective.

Satisfied that danger of an insurrection in the Fort Carlton district had been nipped in the bud, Smyth traveled north and inspected "A" Division of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan; then rode south to visit the Assistant Commissioner at Fort Macleod. On the way, he met two hundred Blackfeet, under Chief Crowfoot, and by the light of great camp fires held council with them on the cliffs above the dark waters of the Bow. They reported "great satisfaction" with the work of the Mounted Police, who, since Fort Macleod had been established, had wrought a change in the land greater than anyone unfamiliar with the anarchy that had existed could imagine. The whiskey traders, the chiefs said, had been suppressed, law had been established, crime had become rare, and any Indian could lie down in his lodge at night without fear of the attacks that previously had been so frequent. What they most needed now, the chiefs emphasized, was a treaty with the Government to protect their rights and to provide them with the necessities of life in this land which, until such a treaty should be signed, they still regarded not as Canada's, but as their own.

Impressed by the Indians' statements and by what he had seen of the Force while traveling in the West, Major-General Smyth reported to the Government that "too much value cannot be attached to the North-West Mounted Police, too much attention cannot be paid to their efficiency." The most glaring weakness of the Force, he pointed out, lay in its dependence on purchased oats which sometimes had to be transported for nearly two thousand miles. So much time was spent in the transportation of supplies and in maintaining posts remote from civilization that few of the constables or junior officers knew how to serve a warrant correctly, how to care for their equipment, or how their ceremonial duties should be carried out, and no one could be spared from more

urgent tasks to teach them. For the correction of these conditions, the growing of oats and the establishment of a Police training depot should be undertaken without delay.

Though Smyth's criticisms were sharp enough and his strictures upon the equipment the Government had provided were in some instances severe, there was no mistaking the warmth of his tribute to the success of the Force in establishing friendly relations with the prairie Indians, particularly with the Blackfeet, whose hostility the Government had most profoundly feared. How important this success proved was shown in the following year, 1876, when Sub-Inspector Denny¹ of the Calgary station rode out to serve a warrant for minor crime on one of the Blackfeet who were wandering on their restless occasions some two hundred miles away. Reaching the Indian camp, Denny made the arrest without difficulty and was mounting for the return ride with his prisoner when a number of the chiefs asked him to stay. An urgent matter was troubling them and they wanted in a formal pow-wow to ask for the advice which he, as an officer of the Queen's men, could give.

Persuaded by the chiefs, Denny attended a pow-wow that night and, when the council-fires were blazing, listened as Crowfoot told the Blackfeet's tale. The American Sioux, the old chief explained, had sent a messenger calling upon the Blackfeet to cross the American border and join in warfare which the Sioux were waging simultaneously against their old enemies the Crows and against the "Long Knives" whom Denny identified as the cavalry of the United States. The Sioux, Crowfoot added, had promised to reward the Blackfeet with horses and mules already captured and, if the Blackfeet wished, with white women who could easily be seized in the settlements which the combined forces would raid. As a further inducement, the Sioux promised that when matters south of the border had been settled they would pour into Canada and help the Blackfeet wipe out the Mounted Police. This done, all the West would revert to the Indian tribes who could hunt and fight happily among themselves as they had in the golden days of yore.

¹ Sub-Inspector Denny, later Sir Cecil E. Denny, Bart., died in Edmonton, Alberta, July 25, 1928.

To this message, received some months before, the Blackfeet had answered that they were friendly with the Mounted Police and had decided to obey the Queen's law; but now a second message had come and the messenger was waiting to ride off with an answer. The Sioux had repeated their offer, but had threatened if it was again rejected to ride north in all their might and take vengeance on the Blackfeet for deserting them. The Sioux, Crowfoot explained, outnumbered his warriors many times and, knowing this, there were among his men some who thought the invitation to ride south should be accepted. He and his principal chiefs did not agree but wanted to know, in the event of a Sioux attack, if they could count upon the Mounted Police to help them. Denny, though only a junior officer of the Force, answered without hesitation that they could. They were subjects of the Queen and the Police were servants of the Queen. If they were attacked without provocation, the Mounted Police would fight to protect them as long as a single one of their enemies remained on Canadian soil.

Heartened by Denny's promise of support, the Blackfeet repeated their refusal to join the Sioux and Crowfoot told the young Police officer that if the Sioux carried out their threat to invade Canada he would place two thousand Blackfeet in the field to fight them. Explaining his policy, the wise old chief said: "We all see that the day is coming when the buffalo will all be killed and we shall have nothing more to eat, and then you will come into our camp and see the poor Blackfeet starving. Tell the Great Mother," he added in effect, "that we have been loyal and that we know she will not let her children starve." Touched when this humble message from the proud old warrior of the plains was eventually placed before her, Queen Victoria sent a gracious message in reply; and later, in 1877, a treaty between the Blackfeet and the Canadian Government was signed.

Meanwhile, the importance of a friendly attitude towards the Government on the part of the Indians of Canada was immeasurably increased by events in the United States, where the Sioux were on the warpath under the leadership of that grim old chieftain, Sitting Bull. Advancing to suppress a rising of the Sioux, Major-General George A. Custer, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 7th

United States Cavalry, had encountered Sitting Bull on June 25, 1876, on the Little Big Horn River and had determined to attack without waiting for the reinforcements that a short delay would have brought to his support. Rashly, as it now appears, he divided his force and with five companies, comprising 264 officers and men, found himself fighting against odds that were overwhelming. Precisely what happened within the circle of enemies who closed around him is a matter of dispute. Historians still argue over the details. The picture for a time is mercifully blurred. But when the fog of war drifts slowly from the scene, Custer is lying dead; his brother lies dead not far away; his five companies have been slaughtered and among their bodies on the stricken field swarm the triumphant Sioux, hurrying to pillage, to scalp the dead, and to be away before vengeance shall fall upon them.

But escape within the borders of the United States was now more than the Sioux could expect. Angered by the massacre of Custer's men, the American cavalry struck hard and harassed the Indians so effectively that in December five hundred Sioux warriors, with one thousand women, one thousand four hundred children, and three thousand five hundred horses, were driven across the Montana boundary and sought refuge at Wood Mountain on Canadian soil. To control this vengeful and dangerous throng, which grew eventually to a total of more than five thousand souls, the Dominion Government had available only the North-West Mounted Police under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., who had succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel French¹ as Commissioner in the previous July. In December, Frederick White, Comptroller of the Force, proudly reported that the Police had been "massed" along the frontier to meet the need, but as the officers and men on the seven-hundred-mile frontier numbered only 214, a statement that "a thin red line" had been drawn would have been more accurately descriptive.

Though all Canada was alarmed by the news that the men

¹ Upon his retirement from the command of the North-West Mounted Police, Lieutenant-Colonel George Arthur French returned to duty with the British Army. He took a notable part in the organization of the defense forces of Australia, attained the rank of Major-General, and was elevated to a knighthood in the order of St. Michael and St. George, upon his retirement from the Army in 1902.

who had defeated Custer were at large on Canadian soil, the North-West Mounted Police soon had the situation under control. With no such forces as those which had driven the Sioux across the border, the Police realized that a moral ascendancy over the Indians must be gained and that the uniform of the Force must be made the symbol in their minds of an authority which no effort on their part could overthrow. It must be borne in upon them that a solitary rider in scarlet was to be obeyed, that his person was inviolate, and that, as long as his orders were obeyed, he could be accepted without fear or hesitation as the Indians' friend. Charged with the duty of making the first contact with the refugees, Inspector Walsh rode eastward from Fort Walsh on December 13. Eight days later, he reached Wood Mountain, where the Sioux had established their central camp, and conferred at once with White Eagle, chief of the Santee Indians, in whose district Wood Mountain lay. White Eagle was badly frightened. The Santees, he said, had long obeyed the laws of the Queen, but these strangers were ignorant of the law, were truculent at times, and would cause trouble if given the opportunity. The Sioux at the moment were war-weary and starving, but, once rested and properly fed, their presence would bode the country no good and White Eagle, for one, would be thankful when he had seen the last of them.

Having consulted with the Santee chief, Walsh sent a message to Black Moon, leader of the Sioux, instructing him and a number of his chiefs to attend a council, which, with White Eagle acting as interpreter, would be held that night. When the Sioux had obediently assembled, Walsh appeared in the impressive glory of his scarlet and gold and asked three questions. First, did the Sioux know they were in the country of the Queen? Second, why had they come to Canada? Third, did they hope to find refuge in Canada during the winter and return to the United States to make war on the Americans in the spring?

After prolonged discussion among themselves, the Sioux announced that they found the questions fair and wished to answer as follows: First, they did know they were in the country of the Queen. They had crossed the "Medicine Line" and, in so doing, knew they had left the country of the "Long Knives" behind

them. Second, they had been driven from their homes and had sought refuge in this country of the redcoats, where their grandfathers years before had told them that, should need arise, refuge could be found. Third, they intended to remain permanently in Canada and begged, being in dire need, that the Great Mother would have pity upon them and grant them the sanctuary they required.

Though the words of the Sioux were humble and their condition was pitiable, Walsh was too experienced to view their presence with unconcern. He realized that they outnumbered the Mounted Police, that they would inevitably tempt the Canadian Indians to join with them in warfare on the whites, and that their hunting would meanwhile sharply reduce the Canadian Indians' all too scanty supply of food. He realized, too, that their camp constituted a dangerous source of friction between the Dominion and the United States, for the Indians, in spite of promises, would raid and pillage south of the American border if the slightest chance for success in such a venture were given them. Sternly, therefore, he told them of the Canadian laws they must obey and warned them that, in no circumstances, would the Queen allow them to leave her country to make war on the Americans and return to claim her protection. She was at peace with the people of the United States and from her soil no attack upon them would be tolerated.

Next day, with White Eagle again acting as interpreter, the Sioux chiefs visited Inspector Walsh and begged that traders at Wood Mountain should be allowed to sell them ammunition. They had been forced, they said, to hunt the buffalo with bows and arrows and knives and the kill they had been able to make was not enough to keep their women and children from starving. As the truth of their story was established by evidence too pitifully convincing to doubt, Walsh permitted the traders to sell a few rounds to the huntsmen of each lodge, but warned the grateful Indians that the Police would stop the supply abruptly if a single cartridge made its way to the pouches of those Sioux still engaged in warfare with the soldiers of the United States.

With ammunition in their possession, the Sioux hunters spread far and wide over the prairies and through the Cypress Hills,

while the Police from Fort Walsh and from an outpost at Wood Mountain strained every nerve to keep order among the wandering bands and to preserve the integrity of the international frontier. For the handful of men available, the task involved thousands of miles in the saddle, often in bitter cold and deep snow, but somehow it was accomplished and spring came in 1877 without fulfillment of the dire events that many fearful persons had so gloomily predicted. Unfortunately, spring brought the overworked Police no relief. On March 3, Four Horns, head chief of the Teton Indians, with more than fifty lodges of his tribe, was driven across the border by American cavalry. On May 25 Sitting Bull himself, having escaped from a net the United States troops had flung around him, led a host of his finest fighting men to sanctuary on Canadian soil.

With the arrival of Sitting Bull, the fuse attached to the barrel of gunpowder on which the whole of Western Canada was seated sputtered ominously. It sputtered at intervals in the three and a half years that followed, and the fact that no explosion brought disaster to the land stands among the glories of the Mounted Police. As soon as the news of Sitting Bull's arrival reached him, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Irvine who had become the Force's Assistant Commissioner rode eastward and, as Walsh had done when the first refugees crossed the border five months before, warned all in the Sioux camp that the Queen's law must govern their actions while they sojourned north of the international line.

Meanwhile, the Canadian Government was discussing the problem of the Sioux with the Government of the United States, and in August, 1877, the Mounted Police were ordered to meet a group of American commissioners at the boundary and to secure for them an opportunity to negotiate with Sitting Bull for a peaceful return of the Sioux to American soil. On receipt of these orders, Inspector Walsh rode to Sitting Bull's camp to arrange for the conference, but the moment of his arrival was unfortunate. One hundred Nez Percés Indians, wounded and bleeding after an encounter with United States troops, had just ridden in, and the camp was surging with hatred of all things American.

Nevertheless, Sitting Bull agreed to meet the American dele-

gates and, accompanied by a group of his principal chiefs, rode back with the Inspector to Fort Walsh. Suspicious of treachery, he refused for a time to enter the fort, but when he saw that the uniforms worn by the men on duty within were scarlet, not blue, he rode in, settled down in what he said were the most comfortable quarters he had known for years, and awaited the American delegates' arrival.

Though delayed by Indian warfare on their own side of the line, the American commissioners eventually reached the boundary on September 15 and were welcomed by Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod. Escorted by a troop of Mounted Police, they continued on to Fort Walsh where, on the afternoon of September 17, a council of the Sioux chiefs assembled to meet them. From the outset it was clear that the negotiations would fail. Heading the American delegation was Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry who had led strong forces of the United States Army in operations against the Sioux and whom the Indians hated and mistrusted. Sitting Bull ceremoniously shook hands with Macleod, but would not touch the hand that Terry extended. At Macleod's request, he listened attentively to the terms the American delegates offered but he would not consider them. The Sioux had often been deceived by fair words in the past, he said. They would not be deceived again.

When several chiefs had echoed Sitting Bull's scornful words, and an early advocate of women's rights, the squaw of Bear that Scatters, had reproached the Americans for driving her so that child-bearing had been impossible, General Terry brought the futile conference to a close. With thanks to the Mounted Police for escorting them, the American commissioners returned to the United States, the Indians simultaneously resumed their interrupted hunting, and the Police, riding for thousands of miles, renewed their vigilant watch. In the winter that followed, the far western buffalo strayed from their usual range, with the result that the Sioux and Blackfeet, in hunting them, gradually approached one another until a junction seemed imminent. Sitting Bull and Crowfoot actually met, and sinister rumors of their intentions alarmed the Canadian East, but Macleod whose reading of the Indian mind was uncanny assured the Government that

the Blackfeet were loyal and that from the meeting of the two great chiefs no harm was to be expected.

For more than two years after Sitting Bull and Crowfoot met, the Sioux chief stubbornly maintained his position of authority on Canadian soil but gradually his power was broken. In September, 1879, the Bishop of Dakota with an escort of Mounted Police visited the Sioux camp to renew the American offer of peace, and his visit, though unsuccessful at the time, marked the beginning of the end. In the winter months that followed, one hundred lodges of the Sioux slipped away from the Wood Mountain camp and surrendered to the American authorities. In April, 1880, when disease and starvation beset the camp, the original hundred were followed by many more. Eight months later, Low Dog led a further contingent away; but it was not until July 21, 1881, that Sitting Bull, deserted by nearly all his chiefs, rode dejectedly south and surrendered to the officer commanding the United States Army post at Fort Buford. Unreconciled, he remained a disturbing figure in the history of the American West until in 1890 he was killed in a skirmish with the Indian Police.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LAW OF THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN

THOUGH SITTING BULL AND THE REFUGEE SIOUX MONOPOLIZED public interest during the years of their sojourn in Canada, the work of the North-West Mounted Police in the period was varied and highly eventful. Even the unit's official reports, though restrained as usual, convey an impression of ceaseless activity as they describe how three hundred officers and men enforced the law in a land which, to use the words beloved by an early historian of the Force, was "equal in size to half a dozen European kingdoms." It was a period of rapid change. The closing chapters in the history of the "Great Lone Land" were being written, and the old order was already yielding to the new. Buffalo, though still present in great herds, were rapidly decreasing. Indians still roamed the plains, but the days of their free and independent life were numbered. Settlers, forerunners of the millions to come, were drifting into the land. Farming and ranching, though still in their infancy, were not unknown. And far off—too far to be clearly heard as yet, but borne by winds of evil omen to the Indians' ears—sounded the ghostly whistle of the coming locomotive.

From an historical point of view, no achievement of the Police in this period was equal to their success in obtaining the acceptance by the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, and Peigans of Treaty No. 7, which extinguished in the Dominion's favor all the Indians' sovereign rights in the fifty thousand square miles of land lying north of the international boundary, east of the Rocky Mountains, and west of the Cypress Hills. Last of the important treaties of its kind, this historic document was signed on September 22, 1877, at the Blackfoot Crossing of the Bow River by Crowfoot and his principal chiefs and, on behalf of Canada, by the Honorable David Laird, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, and

Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod.¹ Five thousand Indians, under the supervision of a gleaming detachment of Mounted Police, gathered to negotiate the treaty, and their decision to accept the Government's terms was made upon the advice of Macleod. When he said the terms were fair, Crowfoot announced that the Indians would sign. "First of my people," he declared, "I shall sign, and I shall be the last to break my bond." He then made his mark upon the parchment. Old Sun and lesser chiefs followed, their signatures, affixed in the shadow of the eternal mountains to the west, officially ending the uncounted years of Indian sovereignty in Canada.

With the complete disappearance of Indian autonomy in the Canadian West, there opened the period which an Indian, if questioned, would have described as the period of rule by the North-West Mounted Police. The Police, of course, only administered the Dominion's law, or, as the Indians preferred to call it, the law of the Great White Queen, but to the Blackfeet, Crees, and Assiniboins law and the Police were the same thing. Courts might sit and dignitaries preside, but the redcoat in the saddle was the arbiter to whom the wrong-doer must answer and from whom the righteous Indian might expect his reward. Deeply impressive evidence that the wrong-doer would be relentlessly pursued was first afforded to the doubting tribes in the case of the Blood Indian, Pox. This man, who roamed the district near Fort Macleod, beat his unattractive squaw to death and, fearing that the bloody remains would incur the wrath of the Police, vanished from his usual haunts, leaving no traces. Baffled completely in their efforts to trace Pox when the body of his squaw was found, the Police booked him as "wanted for murder" and for more than a year tried without success to get news of him. Meanwhile, Pox, having hunted for many months in Montana, recrossed the Canadian border and rode eastward to the Cypress Hills where he boasted to the Crees of the crime he had committed and of how he had outwitted the Mounted Police. The redcoats had poor

¹ In addition to the official signatories, Treaty No. 7 was signed as witnesses by a number of white men and women. Of the women present, at least two, Mrs. Annie McDougall, widow of the Reverend John McDougall, and Crowfoot's widowed daughter, residing on the Blackfeet Reservation, were living when plans to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the signing of the treaty were made in 1937.

memories, he said; they talked much but did little, and soon he intended to return to Fort Macleod where he was sure no harm would overtake him.

Tired of Pox's boasting, one of the Crees, Little Black Bear, decided to find out if the men in scarlet were as poor a lot as the Blood Indian suggested. Had the Crees been fools to regard the Police with a measure of awe? Could their orders be disregarded? Were they, in short, the bluff that Pox declared them to be? Little Black Bear could not answer but saw a way to put the matter to the test. He would tell the Police that Pox was in the Cree camp and see what happened. If they did nothing, Pox would be proved correct; but if, as he secretly hoped, they took prompt action, he would be rid of the tiresome Pox and his own high opinion of the Force would be dramatically justified. So he loped in the thirty miles to Fort Walsh, told his news, and was elated by its effect. In no time, it seemed, Sub-Inspector Welch and a detachment of five men had saddled up and ridden off in the direction of the Cree camp whose location Little Black Bear had accurately described. Next day, when Little Black Bear returned home, ostensibly from a hunting trip, the unsuspecting Crees told him what had happened. The Police, they said, had swept into their camp like a prairie fire, had arrested Pox, and had vanished with the prisoner as quickly as they had come. The Crees had considered giving chase but had decided that it might be wiser not to interfere.

The arrest of Pox created a sensation among the Crees and later, when the news traveled westward, impressed the Blackfeet and Bloods, as did the accounts of an incident that took place in the following year. Again the scene of action was the Cypress Hills, but this time the Indians concerned were Salteaux and Assiniboins. It all started when Little Child and fifteen lodges of his Salteaux joined a camp of Assiniboins and found that two hundred young braves in the camp had formed a war-lodge and were planning trouble. Crow's Dance, a scatter-brained youth, had taken command, and the old chiefs, a little proud of his exuberance, were unwilling to suppress him by an exercise of their patriarchal authority. Not liking the situation, Little Child ordered his Salteaux lodges to move away, but Crow's Dance interrupted the move

and, backed by the excited members of his war-lodge, forced the frightened Salteaux to remain. Little Child protested and said he would inform the Mounted Police, but Crow's Dance answered that he cared nothing for the Police and if they interfered it would be the worse for them. So Little Child, as Little Black Bear had done the year before, hastened to Fort Walsh to tell his story.

There was, of course, only one thing the Police could do and without delay Inspector Walsh made his move. Little Child reached the fort early in the morning; before noon a column of fifteen men, led by the Inspector and accompanied by Surgeon Kittson, rode towards the Assiniboin camp. Winding in and out among the low-lying hills, the detachment rode until 10:00 P.M. when it reached the point where the trouble between the Assiniboins and Salteaux had occurred. All around, visible in the half-light of the clouded moon, lay traces of the encampment, but the Indians had moved on. Halting for four hours to rest his men and horses, Walsh picked up the Indians' trail at 2:00 A.M. and followed it until at dawn his detachment, from the crest of a commanding hill, sighted the Indians' new camp in a valley three-quarters of a mile away.

As soon as he saw the camp with the war-lodge conspicuous in the center, Walsh realized that the task before his small detachment involved more than ordinary risk. It might involve disaster. But if his men were willing, he determined to carry out a raid, the only alternative being to ride back to the fort with his tail between his legs and drum up adequate reinforcements. But were his men willing? To make sure, he asked them, and they said they were. To turn back now, they added, would disgrace the Force and unless he so ordered they would have none of such a plan. Pleased with their answer, Walsh reconnoitered the valley anew, and, ordering the men to follow, led the detachment straight as an arrow into the heart of the sleeping Indian camp. Breaking into the war-lodge, the Police seized thirteen of the principal braves and before they clearly realized what had happened, carried them as prisoners out of the camp.

Though his raid thus scored a quick success which, as he knew, would greatly enhance the Force's prestige, Walsh was not yet through. The lesson, he decided, must be well rubbed in. Accord-

ingly, he halted his detachment as soon as an advantageous position was reached and sent a peremptory message to the leading chiefs in the camp that he wished to see them without delay. When they arrived, angry but impressed by the drastic action they had witnessed, Walsh delivered a memorable rebuke. Ignoring the fact that the Assiniboina had hundreds of armed men at their backs while he had only fifteen, he told them bluntly that what had happened to the Salteaux must not happen again. It was the privilege of all who lived under the Queen's law, he sternly explained, to go where and when they would upon their lawful occasions. This was a basic right and the Police would tolerate no interference with it, a fact which the chiefs would do well to remember. Walsh then dismissed the chiefs and, with his prisoners, rode back to the fort. Eleven of the arrested braves were subsequently released with a warning; two who proved troublesome were punished by short terms of imprisonment with hard labor.

Not long after his raid upon the Assiniboina, Walsh nearly met his death in an encounter with a band of Sioux, and it was only the Police uniform that saved him. Riding close to the American border on a cold and blustery autumn day, he and a constable chanced upon the Sioux who had just crossed the line after a brush with the blue-coated American cavalry. Forgetting that a greatcoat concealed his identity as an officer of the Mounted Police, Walsh turned aside to question the Sioux who promptly covered him with their rifles and ordered him to halt. As the Police tradition forbade obedience to such unlawful orders, Walsh rode slowly on and for a moment his fate hung in the balance. But the quick-witted constable, realizing what the Sioux were thinking, flung open his coat, revealing, not the hated blue uniform but the scarlet tunic of the Mounted Police. At the flash of red, the Sioux lowered their rifles and begged Walsh to forgive their mistake. "We kill the 'Long Knives' when we can," they explained, "and the 'Long Knives' kill us. Until we saw your friend's red coat, we did not know we had reached the country of the Queen."

Although the Police uniform had attained a peculiar status among the Indians of the West, a day came in the late autumn of 1879 when for the first time its spell was broken and members

of the Force looked upon the body of a comrade, Constable M. Graburn, lying dead in the woods near Fort Walsh with a murderer's bullet in his back. He had been sent out on fatigue duty the day before to a point some four miles distant in the Cypress Hills and there, with a group of recruits, had carried out the work assigned. Then, as the party was riding in to the fort, he had turned back to recover some forgotten piece of kit, telling his comrades not to wait for him. As he was given when duty would permit to enjoying a solitary gallop amid the hills, no alarm was felt when he failed to return to the fort promptly; but when night fell an uneasy comrade reported his absence to the sergeant on duty and the Inspector in charge of the Orderly Room was notified. A search party then pushed back for some miles into the hills but, in the darkness, no trace of Graburn could be found.

With a premonition that a more than ordinary accident had occurred, a strong search party rode out from the fort at dawn under the leadership of Jerry Potts. A warm wind was rapidly melting snow which had fallen the day before, but Potts, when shown where Graburn had last been seen, soon picked up the constable's trail. Bending low in his saddle, Potts followed almost invisible marks in the sodden turf and at intervals proved his interpretation of these clues by pointing to unmistakable hoof-prints in patches of melting snow. Fascinated as they watched his exhibition of wizard-like skill, the Police were startled when, abandoning all pretense of calm, Potts leaped from the saddle and crouched, staring hard at marks upon the ground. Beside the hoof-mark of Graburn's horse was the imprint of an Indian pony. Side by side, further prints showed, Graburn and the unknown Indian had ridden on together, quietly, it seemed, for there was no sign of haste or commotion. But printed clearly for the understanding eye to read was proof that Graburn and his companion had not ridden alone. Behind them—hoof-prints obliterating their own made this certain—had ridden a second Indian, keeping out of sight and, as was later proven, closing in to commit a crime born of hatred for the Mounted Police. Graburn he had never seen before; but Graburn was of the Police and must die in consequence.

Soon Jerry Potts found the place where the murder had been

committed. There was blood in the watery snow, a deep imprint where Graburn had fallen from his horse, and a confused mass of hoof and moccasin prints. From this point on, the clear trail vanished, but the Police knew that Graburn's body must lie not far away. For an hour they searched in vain, then a shout from one of the party told the others the search was ended. Amid dense brush where the Indians had flung his body, Graburn was lying, shot from behind as Potts had foretold. And nearby, proof that vengeance, not robbery, had prompted the crime, lay the carcass of Graburn's horse, killed by two bullets in the brain.

By this time, the snow that had whitened the hills on the previous day had disappeared completely, and all the wizardry of Jerry Potts could not draw from the silent shrubs or the stunted trees the slightest clue as to who the murderers were or where they had gone. He searched with all the concentration of a blood-hound on the trail, but finally had to admit that he was baffled. So Graburn, still in his scarlet tunic, was carried back to Fort Walsh and buried there, while far and wide over the prairies spread patrols of the Mounted Police, questioning the Indians in the hope that someone would reveal the secret of the murderer's identity. Such matters, the Police knew, were seldom as secret as they seemed and they believed that many Indians in the Cypress Hills could tell about the murder if they would, but none could be induced to speak. Graburn had been dead for more than six months before the story of his murder was revealed.

It was Superintendent Crozier who first heard the tale. Two Blood Indians were brought before him charged with horse-stealing and were remanded for a few days until witnesses could be brought to testify against them. While awaiting trial, they broke out of their cells, ran to a spot where their squaws handed them rifles and ammunition, and then broke like frightened rabbits for the shelter of the underbrush in the nearby hills. They would probably have escaped had not Crozier and Inspector Cotton, who were playing tennis at the time, pounded after them and kept them in sight until a hastily mounted squad of Police closed in, rearrested them, and bundled them back to Fort Walsh. Late that night when Crozier visited their cell, they told him that Graburn had been murdered by Star Child, a Blood Indian, who was then

hunting in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana. They could give no reason for the crime but said that the Indian who rode alongside Graburn—they did not know his name—had been a frightened and unwilling accomplice.

Convinced that the Indians' tale was true, Crozier sped a messenger to Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod who tried to arrange with the sheriff of the Bear Paw Mountain district for Star Child's arrest. The sheriff demanded five thousand dollars for his services and this was more than the Force could pay, so for another year the murderer roamed at large. Then news came that Star Child, wearying of his exile in Montana, had returned to Canada and joined a camp of Blood Indians about twenty-five miles from Fort Macleod. The Bloods at this time were hostile to the Police, and the camp Star Child had joined was the most hostile of all. This circumstance suggested difficulty in making an arrest, but Corporal Patterson, Corporal Wilson, and two constables, with Jerry Potts as guide, were ordered to bring Star Child in.

Employing tactics the Police had often found successful, Patterson marched his small detachment throughout the night and at dawn swept into the camp where Star Child was supposedly sleeping. But the surprise was not complete. Star Child heard the thud of hoofs and darted out of a lodge with his rifle in his hand. He flung it to his shoulder, but Patterson tricked him by calling to an imaginary redcoat behind Star Child and leaping at him when he instinctively turned to see who was there. In the scuffle that followed, Star Child's rifle was discharged and the shot roused every Indian in the camp. As they surged angrily to the rescue, Patterson seized Star Child by the throat, snapped handcuffs on his wrists, and dragged him to where the Police horses were waiting. Meanwhile, Jerry Potts, Wilson, and one of the constables, with the unexpected help of Red Crow, Strangling Wolf, One Spot, and a few others who were paying off some private grudges of their own, fought their way to the clear and reached the saddles. "Ride, boys!" Patterson shouted, swinging into his own saddle with the half-choked Star Child tucked under his arm, "ride like blazes or this crowd will finish us!" Spurring their horses, the Police rode for their lives but, looking back, they saw the Bloods pounding after them. Twenty-five miles to go and a throng bent

on murder at their heels. It was a nasty situation but the Police had the better horses. Gradually they pulled away and before noon they rode with the prisoner into Fort Macleod.

With Star Child under arrest, it seemed to the Force for a time that the murder of Constable Graburn would be lawfully avenged, but the Police failed to realize that fear sometimes affects the verdicts of timid juries. Star Child admitted his guilt in the course of his trial and the Police marshaled convincing evidence against him. The jury, however, frightened it would seem by the uproar his arrest had caused among the Bloods, weakly brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Accordingly, the first man to murder a member of the Mounted Police walked from the dock with his innocence established in the eyes of the law and the crime he committed stands still unavenged.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

IN NOVEMBER, 1880, WHEN LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. G. IRVINE succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Macleod as Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, more than two-thirds of the Force's strength was concentrated along the American border to control the refugee Sioux. But when Canada had thankfully seen the last of the Sioux and particularly of Sitting Bull, the main scene of the Force's operations shifted almost at once to the line of construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Foreseeing that the border posts would rapidly lose their importance once the Sioux had gone, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine advised the Government to seek a permanent site for the Headquarters of the Force in the heart of the prairie country and simultaneously pointed out that he would need at least two hundred additional men to deal with the problems that construction of the railway would involve. Acting upon these recommendations, the Government increased the strength of the Force to a total of nineteen officers and 455 other ranks in 1882 and arranged for the transfer of Headquarters from Fort Walsh to a newly constructed depot at Pile of Bones Creek, known thereafter as Regina.

But before this move could be made and the posts at Fort Walsh and Wood Mountain demolished, it was essential for the preservation of friendly relations with the United States to induce the Indian population of the Cypress Hills to move from the neighborhood of the international boundary to reservations provided for them at Battleford and Qu'Appelle. Moving the Crees was a matter of no great difficulty—their roots were not deeply planted in the soil—but the Assiniboin had always lived in the Cypress Hills and the thought of living in unhallowed reservations to the north filled them with dismay. It was true that the buffalo had gone and that consequently the Indians could live now

only with the help of a Government bounty, but why must that bounty be conditional upon a trek to the north? Better starvation in the hills that were their own, the Assiniboina argued, than a feast in permanent exile.

When agents of the Indian Department failed to secure the northward movement of the Assiniboina, or even of many Crees, the Government turned for help to the Mounted Police and particularly to Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine who was ordered to persuade the reluctant Indians to move without delay. It is a tribute to Irvine's character and to the position he had attained in the Indians' regard that his efforts, after weeks of apparently fruitless negotiation, were at last rewarded, despite the counter-efforts of a group of American traders who, coveting the treaty-money that would elude them if the Indians moved north, tried hard to offset all the arguments in favor of the move that Irvine could offer. It was a battle of character and integrity against self-interest and greed. Eventually character and integrity won. In May, Chiefs Jack and Long Lodge, by leaving for Qu'Appelle, gave the first sign of Irvine's victory, and not long after when Bear's Head and Poor Man with a following of more than one thousand Assiniboina left for Battleford the issue no longer stood in doubt.

It stood in no doubt, however, only if the Police could effectively supervise the Indians on the journey. When the time came for the Battleford party to move off, Irvine found to his dismay that he could spare only one man, Constable D. Davis, to lead the homesick and half-starving train, to guard the twenty-five wagon loads of Government provisions from seizure, to issue rations, to protect the tempting convoy from wandering horse-thieves, and, in the phrase so familiar to the Force then and since, to see to "the preservation of law and order." Though Constable Davis actually carried out this duty and escorted the Assiniboina to Battleford without mishap, war parties of Blood Indians, attracted by the possibility of looting future convoys, were soon reported to be lurking in the Cypress Hills. Hence, when Pie-a-Pot, with five hundred followers, left Fort Walsh for Qu'Appelle on June 23, a strong detachment of Mounted Police was required to convoy his column as far as the Old Wives Lake. Soon afterwards, upon the departure on a hunting expedition of the Cree Indians—

Big Bear, Lucky Man, Little Pine, and others—the Fort Walsh district stood shorn of its Indian population for the first time since the Police post had been established there seven years before.

With the Indians and particularly the intractable Pie-a-Pot and the ruffian Big Bear out of his way, Irvine turned with relief to the task of preparing the Fort Walsh and Wood Mountain posts for evacuation. But in August, Big Bear and the Cree parties arrived back, too destitute after an unsuccessful hunt to travel to the northern reservations; and in September, Pie-a-Pot trooped in, with the majority of his people trailing wearily after him. He did not like Qu'Appelle, he explained, so he had traveled back to the Cypress Hills where he intended to remain.

With Pie-a-Pot and his starving horde on their hands again, to say nothing of the perverse Big Bear, the Police entered upon a period that severely taxed their patience and resources. Out of their limited food supplies they had to supplement the meager results of the Indians' hunting and, as the Indians in their misery turned for entertainment to their old sport of horse-stealing, there was great difficulty in maintaining even a semblance of law and order. Upon Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, too, fell the wearisome duty of securing Pie-a-Pot's promise to try the Qu'Appelle reservation once more in the spring, and simultaneously the task of getting Big Bear, the last non-treaty Indian chief of consequence in the Canadian West, to sign an adherence to Treaty No. 8 and travel in the spring to the Fort Pitt reservation, east of Edmonton, where he rightfully belonged. Having secured Big Bear's signature on October 8, 1882, and somewhat later the promise he sought from Pie-a-Pot, Irvine departed, leaving a strong detachment of Police to watch the Indians throughout the winter, moved north, and, on December 6, occupied the new Headquarters depot of the Force at Regina.

Though old-timers in the Mounted Police grieved when it became clear that the days of Fort Walsh were numbered and grieved anew when the fort was demolished in the spring of 1883,¹ the transfer of Headquarters to Regina was clearly expedient. Dufferin, Swan River, Fort Macleod, and Fort Walsh

¹ All trace of Fort Walsh had disappeared by August 12, 1927, when a cairn erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada to mark the site was dedicated.

had each served a special need, but now the Headquarters would stand at the hub of the Force's wheel, in closer touch with the neglected northern posts and in a position to command effectively the new posts and detachments that construction of the C.P.R. and settlement of the areas the railway opened would bring into being.

At the time when the Regina depot was opened, the C.P.R. was laying track across the prairies, sometimes at a speed of several miles a day. In 1882, 417 miles of track were laid, grading was completed beyond the head of steel to Medicine Hat, and the company was planning an aggressive thrust further to the west in the spring. During the year, the Police had contributed notably to the company's success by warding off from the railway's hard-bitten construction gangs a host of illicit whiskey traders, by grappling with another host, mostly Indians and half-breeds, who were engaged in the profitable sport of stealing the company's horses, by protecting track-layers and working parties from Indian attack, and, on many occasions, by settling disputes between angry employees and harassed contractors. Proud as he was of the record established as he drove his lines of steel into the west, W. C. Van Horne, General Manager of the Company, was not too proud to write gratefully to Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine on January 1, 1883:

Without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid Force under your command, it would have been impossible to have accomplished as much as we did. On no great work within my knowledge where so many men have been employed has such perfect order prevailed.

William Van Horne was the dynamic force which drove the gangs of the C.P.R. to amazing records in construction, but he could understand the dismay his beloved line of steel stirred in the heart of the prairie Indian. To the Indian, the cursing labor gangs and the black smoke from the hissing engines were symbolic not of the inspiring birth of a prairie empire but of the end of all things that for untold ages had made the redman's life worth while. As Walter Vaughan wrote in his biography of Van Horne, the General Manager of the C.P.R. found no incident of the railway's progress more melancholy than the appearance one evening of an Indian chief who slipped from his pony on the

summit of a knoll and sat in moody silence watching the turmoil of construction below. He was a man of dignified bearing, and an upright eagle feather in his hair disclosed his rank. For a long time he sat, watching the line being driven relentlessly across what must have been the hunting ground of his fathers for generations. Then, just as the sinking sun silhouetted his splendid form, he rose, lifted his arm in a gesture of hopeless resignation, and vanished as suddenly as he had come.

Dignified resignation, however, was not the Indians' invariable attitude towards the C.P.R. One day the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories notified Irvine that there was trouble on the line, and Headquarters ordered the Police detachment at Maple Creek to investigate. Saddling up, as they had done so often in answer to similar orders, a sergeant and a constable rode to the head of steel and found that Pie-a-Pot, Long Lodge, and a strong band of their followers had provocatively camped on the right of way, whence no argument of the angry contractors had sufficed to move them. When the Police arrived, excitement had reached a peak. Scores of Indians, encouraged by screaming squaws, were riding madly round and round, firing their rifles in the air and defying the construction gangs. Track-laying had stopped and Pie-a-Pot, seated in front of his lodge, planted squarely on the right of way, was smoking a pipe and viewing the scene with malevolent satisfaction.

When the Police rode into sight, the turmoil increased, but the sergeant was too cool a hand to be impressed. Taking in the situation at a glance, he rode up to Pie-a-Pot and told him he would have to move. Pie-a-Pot answered that he would move when he was ready and not before.

"I give you fifteen minutes to move," announced the sergeant, who pulled out his watch, sat quietly on his horse, ignored the tumult around, ignored rifles fired almost in his face, ignored as far as possible the insolence of the Indians who bumped and backed their horses against him, and above all ignored Pie-a-Pot who, though anxious to maintain a bold front, grew uneasy as time passed and the crisis approached.

Psychologically, that fifteen minutes of calm inaction won the

sergeant's battle. Though outwardly unconcerned, he watched the Indians keenly and sensed when his moment had come.

"Time's up!" he announced abruptly. Then he dismounted, gave the reins of his horse to the constable, stalked into Pie-a-Pot's lodge, kicked out the tent-pole, and, despite the protesting squaws within, brought the teepee down upon their heads. Before anyone could interfere, he repeated the process in the next lodge; then in the next and the next.

"Now, go!" he ordered sternly, and the overawed Indians obeyed.

More serious than Pie-a-Pot's effort to stop the line was the situation that developed in 1883, when track-laying reached the eastern limits of the Blackfeet reservation and the first rails laid upon the reservation's soil were angrily torn up in the night. Though warned by the Commissioner of the Mounted Police in 1882 that the Blackfeet would oppose construction of the line across their lands unless compensated for the surrender of their rights, the Government had taken no adequate steps in the matter. The young men of the tribe, believing that Treaty No. 7 was willfully being broken, were spoiling for a fight. Even Crowfoot believed that his people were being wronged and doubted if he could restrain his young braves from the open warfare they demanded.

In this instance, it was not the Mounted Police who poured oil on the troubled waters, but that most noted Roman Catholic missionary priest, Father Albert Lacombe. Summoned hastily by a fellow-priest who realized that the situation was tense, Father Lacombe visited Crowfoot and found that armed opposition to the railway was the young men's plan. Any spark, the aggrieved old chief admitted, would fire the explosive train, though so far, by the exercise of all his authority and by assurances that the Government would ultimately see that justice was done, he had prevented the violent outbreak that seemed to be impending. Realizing that the danger permitted no delay, Father Lacombe assumed emergency powers and promised that the Government would give the Blackfeet the compensation that was their due. In council, the tribe considered the promise, with the young braves urging war and Crowfoot and the anxious priest striving to avert

the calamity that threatened. It was touch and go, but the priest and Crowfoot won. As a mark of appreciation, both were given life passes over the lines of the C.P.R. and Father Lacombe, for the space of one hour, became the railway's president.¹

Having passed the Blackfeet reservation, track-laying of the C.P.R. continued without further serious interruption and in 1884 the line stretched unbroken from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains. Meanwhile, the Mounted Police had kept pace with the advance of steel, had established order in the districts fast being settled in the rear, and had coped with the epidemics of horse-stealing and whiskey-smuggling that broke out as the line progressed. In addition to work of this nature, the Force in 1883 established a new post at Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan, under the command of Inspector F. J. Dickens, opened a recruiting depot in Winnipeg, and rebuilt Fort Macleod. Less building was undertaken in the following year, but five murder cases were solved, the inflow of settlers was supervised, help to the C.P.R. was furnished, and many detachments were employed in the never-ending duty of keeping the peace among the Indians and half-breeds, particularly on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River where there was more unrest and discontent than usual.

In the spring of 1885, as the railway line was driven into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, the company's treasury was emptied, strikes of labor gangs multiplied, and upon the Mounted Police fell the duty of protecting the company's officers, stores, and equipment from the organized attacks of unpaid employees. Completion of the Northern Pacific Railway had released as lawless a set of foreign construction gangs as the United States had ever seen and these, with a parasitic train of gamblers, whiskey-traders, horse-thieves, and women of ill repute, had swarmed northward to find employment in the building of the C.P.R.

Claiming that they had been unpaid for weeks, a gang of these men organized a strike at the head of steel in March, 1885,

¹ The election of Father Lacombe as President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company took place when the directors celebrated the arrival in Calgary of the first train from the East. Lunch was served in a private car, and George Stephen (later Lord Mount Stephen) resigned the presidency, to which, for the period of the luncheon, Father Lacombe was unanimously elected.



THE RIOT AT THE BEAVER, 1885

Superintendent Steele hastens to the aid of his hard-pressed men.

(From the painting by R. Lindemere)

threatened to beat the company's officials at the Beaver—a construction center—and to destroy all the equipment they could lay hands on. Defiantly a delegation of their leaders visited Superintendent S. B. Steele, in command of the Mounted Police post at the Beaver, aired their grievances, and gave warning that trouble could be expected. Steele was ill with mountain fever at the time and had under his orders only Sergeant Fury and seven men; but he dragged himself from his bed, met the delegates, and cautioned them that no matter how just their complaints might be neither attacks on the company's officials nor destruction of property would be tolerated.

Though Steele placated some of the strikers by promising to intercede with the company on their behalf, the majority, after heated discussion in the saloons of the Beaver, determined to take the law into their own hands. Surging out to attack a track-laying gang at the head of steel, they reached a rock cutting behind the gang and prepared to launch an assault. But Sergeant Fury was holding the pass. When they ordered him to stand aside, he answered by drawing a line from side to side in the dust of the cutting and threatened to shoot the first man who came across.

Overawed by the conviction that to step over Fury's line meant death, the strikers withdrew to the Beaver, where, after many more drinks, they gathered in the street to hear the advice of a notorious desperado. As this man reached the climax of his blasphemous speech, urging the crowd to violence, a hand fell upon his shoulder and Constable Kerr placed him under arrest. It was a brave act but it could not succeed. With a roar the crowd closed in, tore the prisoner loose, and, under a rain of kicks and blows, drove the constable out of the town.

"I did my best, sir," Kerr reported to Steele, "but the crowd were too much for me."

Owing to dire events in Saskatchewan, Steele knew that his small detachment could hope for no reinforcements from the east, but this defiance of the Force was too flagrant to condone. Accordingly, he turned to Sergeant Fury:

"Go," he ordered, "and bring that man in!"

It was a perilous order, but Fury showed no hesitation. With two constables, he forced his way into one of the Beaver's crowded

saloons and came out, dragging his prisoner after him. But again the mob closed in, rescued the prisoner who was fighting like a wildcat, and sent the battered Police staggering back to Steele for further orders.

"They took the prisoner from us, sir," Fury reported grimly, "we must go after him again."

To this Steele at once agreed. But he would not impose on his men responsibility for what might now happen without definite orders.

"Take revolvers," he commanded curtly, "and shoot anyone who interferes!"

On receipt of these clear orders, back over the bridge between the Police post and the Beaver strode Sergeant Fury and Constables Fane, Craig, and Walters; while Steele, with the mountain fever upon him—it was believed in the Beaver he was dying—lay weakly on his bed, wondering if his men could carry out the almost impossible orders he had given them. Then he heard a shot and simultaneously the roar of an angry mob bent on murder or destruction. Stumbling to a window, he saw Craig and Walters dragging the infuriated prisoner across the little bridge, while Fury and Fane, with revolvers drawn, held the bridge-head against an armed mob of more than five hundred men. In the foreground, her shrill curses rising above the roar of the men, was a woman in flaming scarlet, urging the mob to kill the Police and set the prisoner free.

Though a moment before, Steele had been so weak that to drag himself to the window had called for an effort almost beyond his strength, the sight of his men facing death at the hands of the howling mob sent a surge of new life through his veins. In an instant he flung on his uniform and rushed to the rescue, seizing a rifle from the lone sentry on the guard-room as he ran, and calling on a justice of the peace who was present to follow him and read the Riot Act.

Reaching the bridge just as Walters, with a blow of his fist, knocked the prisoner senseless, Steele pushed to where Fury and Fane still faced the armed mob which was grimly closing in. Seeing that a rush was coming, Steele stepped to the front, his rifle ready for use.

"If any man sets foot on this bridge, I shoot!" he thundered, and the crowd, amazed by the appearance of this supposedly dying man, drew back with almost superstitious fear.

Meanwhile, the Riot Act had been read, and Craig and Walters were dragging off their prisoner, still unconscious from the blow Walters had given him. The woman in scarlet was still screaming, and Steele had had enough of her.

"Take her in, too!" he ordered, and, as a constable obeyed, he faced the crowd once more:

"You have heard the Riot Act," he shouted, "now scatter! If any crowd gathers again, I shall fire without hesitation."

Though the mob continued to threaten for some time, the crisis had passed. That night, Steele shipped off his prisoners by train, and the Police stood on guard at their post, but the strikers, though noisy, could find no one to lead an attack. In the morning Steele attacked. He gave orders for the arrest of all the ring-leaders in the riot of the day before, and his men made the arrests without serious difficulty.

At this time, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had not obtained the funds to save the line from disaster. Bankruptcy was once only three hours away. On July 20, 1885, however, Parliament voted an immediate grant of five million dollars and subsequently, when fifteen million dollars of first mortgage bonds were bought by Baring Bros., of London, England, the company's ability to complete the line was assured. At a point in Eagle Pass between Sicamous and the slopes of the Gold Range track-laying gangs from east and west met on November 7, 1885, and the last spike in the famous line was driven. To mark the spot a station named Craigellachie was built, the word in the Scottish tongue meaning "Stand Fast." It applied to the manner in which officials of the road had stood fast when, with all they had in the world at stake, bankruptcy and the failure of their plans seemed inevitable. It might have applied to the manner in which many detachments of the Mounted Police had stood fast in the face of overwhelming odds and had contributed to the success of the line in a degree which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has always generously acknowledged.

CHAPTER SIX

THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885

WHILE THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY WAS PENETRATING the Rocky Mountains in the winter of 1885, a sinister situation was fast developing on the Canadian prairies. On July 13 of the previous year, Superintendent Crozier, commanding the post of the North-West Mounted Police at Battleford, had reported that the half-breeds of the district were more than usually restless and were demanding redress of grievances which had long been given less consideration than was their due. Amplifying his report, Crozier informed the Government on July 27 that Louis Riel, leader of the Red River Rebellion in 1869-70, had returned from exile in the United States and had held meetings of the dissatisfied half-breeds at Prince Albert and Duck Lake. No immediate result of these meetings was to be feared, Crozier reported, but the danger of rebellion was increasing and a settlement of the half-breeds' political grievances was greatly to be desired.

Though Sergeant Brooks, Sergeant Keenan, Superintendent Gagnon, and other members of the Force reported an intensification of the unrest in the summer and autumn of 1884, the Government took few steps in the matter beyond ordering Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine to increase the strength of the Police detachment at Prince Albert to a total of one officer and twenty men. Throughout the following winter, meetings of the half-breeds continued. Speeches at the public meetings were moderate and advocated constitutional methods of obtaining redress, but there was an undertone of excitement, and Sergeant Keenan of the Police detachment at Duck Lake reported that serious trouble was undoubtedly being planned in secret. Confirmation of this report was afforded in January when the half-breeds invited many Indian bands to gather at Duck Lake in the spring, and Little Pine, a



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, 1886

An officer and his Indian escort on a winter patrol.

(From the painting by the late Sergt. Taylor)

Cree chief, carried the invitation to the Blackfeet with promises of great rewards if events turned out as the half-breeds expected.

Deaf to warnings by the Police and others, the Government took the danger lightly until, on March 13, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine forwarded a telegram from Superintendent Crozier: "Half-breed rebellion liable to break out at any moment. Troops must be largely reinforced. If half-breeds rise, Indians will join them." Startled by this message, the Government ordered Irvine with all available men to march from Regina to Crozier's assistance. There was still a chance, the Government believed, that the Police might nip the rebellion in the bud and pacify the half-breeds before actual hostilities took place.

Though Crozier telegraphed on March 17 that the danger seemed less acute and that there was no immediate cause for alarm, Irvine marched from Regina at six o'clock on the morning of March 18 with a sleigh-column comprising four officers, eighty-six non-commissioned officers and men, and sixty-six horses. By noon he had reached Pie-a-Pot's reserve and by night he had covered nearly forty-five miles. Marching again before dawn next morning, the column reached Fort Qu'Appelle in about six hours, halted until the afternoon to purchase additional transport, then hurried forward once more. In the next two days, though hampered by extreme cold, the column pushed for more than eighty miles through the Touchwood Hills and on March 22 it traveled for forty-five miles over the snow-covered Great Salt Plain.

On this unsheltered plain, a number of the Police suffered severely from frost-bite and others were temporarily blinded by the glare of the sun on the vast sheet of untrodden snow. But there could be no delay, for Crozier had sent a message to say that looting by the half-breeds had begun, that Chief Beardy's band had joined the breeds, that telegraph wires were cut, and that an attack on Prince Albert or Fort Carlton was impending. Learning that four hundred half-breeds had gathered at Batoche to prevent his column from joining Crozier at Fort Carlton, Irvine outmaneuvered the breeds by marching over the frozen South Saskatchewan at Agnew's Crossing and proceeding towards Carlton by way of Prince Albert.

Reaching Prince Albert at 8:00 P.M. on March 24, after his

forced march of 290 miles in seven days, Irvine notified Crozier that his reinforcements were close at hand. After a halt of less than thirty-six hours to refit and to help in the organization of the Prince Albert Volunteers, Irvine and his reinforcements marched for Fort Carlton at two-thirty o'clock on the bitterly cold morning of March 26. That afternoon, when within nine miles of Carlton, Irvine learned with dismay that Crozier, though aware that Irvine's reinforcing column would arrive later in the day, had rashly marched out that morning to Duck Lake with a force of Police and Prince Albert Volunteers and, in a sharp engagement with the half-breeds and Indians, had been seriously defeated.

Hurrying on to Carlton, Irvine arrived soon after the defeated force regained the shelter of the fort. Crozier, it seemed, had first sent out a small party of Prince Albert Volunteers, under command of Sergeant Stewart of the Police, to retrieve supplies and ammunition abandoned by a Mr. Mitchell in his store at Duck Lake. This party had been turned back by half-breeds under the command of the rebel leader, Gabriel Dumont. Crozier, misinformed as to the strength of Dumont's party and influenced by the eagerness of his Police and the plucky volunteers, had marched out to complete the work the original party had undertaken.

With Inspector Howe, Surgeon Miller, fifty-three Police, and Captains H. S. Moore and John Morton and forty-one Prince Albert Volunteers, Crozier reached a point about two miles from his objective when opposition was encountered. Halting his sleighs, he extended his men on both sides of the road and attempted to parley with the half-breeds who sent forward a flag of truce. But it soon became clear that no genuine parley was possible as the breeds used the delay to sneak around Crozier's flanks and take up positions of deadly vantage.

In the engagement that soon opened, Crozier's outnumbered force fought gallantly but to no avail. From shelter on the right of the road, the half-breeds poured in a deadly fire. From positions on the left and in front their fire was also effective. Under the hail of bullets, officers and men fell fast. Constable T. J. Gibson was killed by a shot through the heart; Constable G. P. Arnold was fatally shot through the neck and left lung; Constable G. K. Garrett was mortally wounded; Inspector Howe and

five other Police were wounded; and Crozier, though he did not permit the casualty to appear on the official list, was painfully wounded by a shot in the face.

Sharp as were the losses among the Mounted Police, those suffered by the Prince Albert Volunteers were worse. Within thirty minutes, Captain Morton and nine of his men lay dead, Captain Moore and five others had been wounded, and, if the whole column was to escape annihilation, a prompt retreat upon Fort Carlton was essential. Orders were accordingly issued and, partly owing to the deep snow which hampered the enemy's attempts to cut the line of retreat, were successfully carried out; but the detachment was compelled to leave the majority of its dead lying in the blood-spattered snow and was forced to abandon several sleigh-loads of stores and ammunition.

Having heard the grim details of this disastrous fray, Irvine realized that news of the half-breeds' success would fast spread over the prairies and that the situation, previously critical, was now entirely out of hand. After conferring with his officers and with the leaders of the Volunteers, he determined to abandon Fort Carlton in order to give the more important settlement at Prince Albert the protection from attack which the majority of the settlers were insistently demanding. He evacuated Carlton accordingly and on March 27 moved with his entire strength to Prince Albert. Meanwhile, he had been notified by Ottawa that Major-General Frederick Middleton, commanding the Canadian Militia, was proceeding to the West forthwith and that in all military operations the North-West Mounted Police were to serve under Middleton's orders.

Before Middleton and the troops who followed him could intervene on the banks of the Saskatchewan, however, the duty of protecting the main white settlements in the area must be carried out with the help of volunteers by the Mounted Police. After the evacuation of Fort Carlton, the Police held Prince Albert, Battleford, Fort Pitt, Fort Saskatchewan, and Edmonton, all of which lay under a constant threat of attack either by the elated half-breeds or by the Indians who, impressed by the half-breeds' success at Duck Lake, were sorely tempted by the prospect of easy looting that the weakly garrisoned settlements afforded.

As Irvine had foreseen, the danger spread rapidly, so rapidly that on March 30 Inspector F. J. Dickens,¹ in command of twenty-two Police at Fort Pitt, realized that the country round about that fort was in a state of rebellion. He promptly notified Mr. Quinn, Agent of the Indian Department at Frog Lake, and urged that all settlers should move into Fort Pitt for protection. As an alternative, Dickens offered to reinforce the small detachment of Police which, with Corporal R. B. Sleigh in command, was serving at Frog Lake under Quinn's orders.

To Dickens's surprise, Quinn replied that he needed no protection, that the Indians of Big Bear's band at Frog Lake were behaving well, and that, as the presence of the Police served only to offend the Indians, he had ordered Corporal Sleigh to withdraw to Fort Pitt. Though Sleigh protested these orders and argued that it was his duty to protect the white men and women who stood in danger, Quinn insisted that the settlement was safer without the Police and repeated his order to withdraw. Realizing that further protest would be useless, Sleigh obeyed, but with deep misgivings which were only too well founded.

Soon after the Police left Frog Lake, Big Bear and the Indians of his band grew insolent. They threatened the white inhabitants and by the night of April 1 serious trouble was impending. Nor was the trouble long delayed, for on the morning of April 2, after the Hudson's Bay Company's store had been looted, Traveling Spirit murdered Mr. Quinn, The Worm shot and killed an American half-breed named Gouin, Bare Neck murdered Mr. Delaney, and Fathers Fafard and Marchand of the Roman Catholic Mission were murdered as they sought to protect white members of their flock. Three other whites were shot, and the Indians, mad with excitement, raged about the settlement, firing their rifles, taking prisoners, looting, and threatening to kill the white men and women who had escaped the slaughter earlier in the day.

Horried by news which soon reached him of the massacre at Frog Lake, Dickens took prompt measures to protect Fort Pitt. Knowing that the Indians would almost certainly attack the fort

¹ Inspector Francis Jeffrey Dickens, known to his own family as "Chickenstalker," was the third son of Charles Dickens, the novelist.

as soon as the supplies looted at Frog Lake were exhausted, the Police and civilians joined in the work of strengthening the fort to meet the coming need. On April 7, Little Pine and his band of Crees arrived from Frog Lake and camped on the far bank of the Saskatchewan River, where they remained for a week, waiting with true Indian patience until Big Bear should arrive and an attack on the fort could be attempted.

Reaching Fort Pitt on April 13, with two hundred and fifty Indians in his train, Big Bear at once sent in an insolent demand for the fort's surrender, which Dickens curtly refused. Then for two anxious days both sides waited without hostilities; but on April 15 when Constables Loasby and D. L. Cowan and Special Constable Quinn, who had been out on patrol, tried to regain the fort, the Indians opened fire. Hit by the first volley, Cowan fell from his horse, and the Indians, all their savagery aroused, closed in, tore his scalp from his head, and cut the heart from within his quivering body. Loasby fell too, badly wounded, and nearly suffered the same fate as Cowan but tricked the Indians by feigning death and eventually, under covering fire from the fort, staggered to safety. Quinn who had tried a roundabout route was captured by the Indians and was held as a prisoner until the rebellion was over.

At this stage in what had become the siege of Fort Pitt, Mr. Maclean, senior officer of the Hudson's Bay Company's employees in the fort, who had gone out to negotiate with the Indians and had been taken prisoner, sent in a written message advising his family to join him in the Indian camp. To Inspector Dickens's horror, as the letter had almost certainly been written under compulsion, Mr. Maclean's family decided to go, and the Hudson's Bay Company's men, some twenty in number, determined to go with them.

With his force reduced by the departure of the Hudson's Bay contingent to a strength which made retention of Fort Pitt impossible, Dickens faced disaster. To surrender as the civilians had done was a step he could not consider. To defend the fort was to invite a massacre of his men. The only remaining course was to attempt to retire down the ice-filled Saskatchewan to Battleford

in the only craft available, a leaking scow, and face the danger that his men would drown, freeze to death, or be killed by the rifle fire of Indian parties on the banks.

Carrying the seriously wounded Loasby, whose fortitude was inspiring, the Police party embarked on their forlorn hope on the night of April 15. The scow at once filled with water and nearly sank. The wind blew bitterly from the north, the men's saturated clothing was soon frozen stiff, and great blocks of floating ice threatened to crush the scow; but somehow the craft was kept afloat and piloted to the far shore where the men camped until dawn. Continuing the journey in the leaking scow on each of the seven days that followed, the suffering little party reached Battleford on the morning of April 22 and was welcomed by the garrison which paraded and presented arms in tribute to their fine achievement.

That night, it is recorded in the diary of Corporal Sleigh, those members of the party able to attend were given "a grand dinner" by the ladies of Battleford, and a reception worthy of the officer who had led the party so bravely, of Sergeant Martin and Constable Rutledge whose devotion to duty on the journey had been outstanding, of the wounded Loasby from whom intense suffering had drawn no complaint, and of those others who, facing death unafraid, had added to the traditions of the Force whose scarlet uniform they wore.

While Dickens's party was on its icy journey from Fort Pitt to Battleford and Irvine was holding the area of the white settlement at Prince Albert, the crisis in the rebellion was approaching. Driving northward from the east-and-west line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, two parallel columns of Militia, each with a strong force of Mounted Police attached, were nearing the Saskatchewan and were daily expected to encounter the enemy. In the first clash which occurred at Fish Creek on April 24, the main column under the immediate command of Major-General Middleton fought an action which, though indecisive, forced the General to delay his advance until reinforcements and further supplies of food and material were brought forward.

While Middleton waited, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Otter, commanding the column on the left, reached Battleford and de-

terminated to launch an attack upon the Indian chief Poundmaker who, with a strong force of his Crees, lay in his reservation at Cut Knife Hill some thirty miles away. Organizing a wagon-column, comprising 165 infantry, eighty artillerymen with two seven-pounder guns and one Gatling, and seventy-five North-West Mounted Police, under Superintendents W. M. Herchmer and P. R. Neale, Otter marched from Battleford on the afternoon of May 1 and at dawn next morning reached Poundmaker's camp.

Though great bravery was displayed by the troops and the Police in the engagement that followed, the Indians, fighting on familiar ground, soon gained a dangerous advantage, and casualties among Otter's men mounted steadily. First among the Police to fall was Constable R. B. Sleigh, of the Fort Pitt detachment, who was killed by a bullet in the mouth. Later, Corporal W. H. T. Lowrey and Trumpeter P. Burke were fatally wounded and Sergeant J. H. Ward was wounded seriously.

After seven hours of fighting, in the course of which eight of his men were killed and thirteen wounded, Otter, with the Indians seriously threatening his flanks and rear, succeeded in disengaging his force and retiring to Battleford. During his retirement, as during his advance, he looked for the protection of his column mainly to the Mounted Police who served as advance-guard, rear-guard, and flank-guards and carried out their duties to his entire satisfaction.

Upon the return of the Cut Knife Hill column to Battleford, the Mounted Police resumed their efforts to maintain order in that disturbed and dangerous area. It was in the course of duty of this nature that a patrol of Police under command of Sergeant Gordon was attacked by a strong party of half-breeds and Indians on May 14. Seven miles from the town the detachment rode into an ambush and, under heavy fire, with Constable Spencer wounded, was dispersed. As the Police united, after escaping from the imminent danger, a riderless horse appeared and Sergeant Gordon realized with a sinking heart that Constable F. O. Elliott was missing. As no one had seen him fall and as the Indians held the field, rendering a search at the time impossible, the detachment retired to Battleford whence, at a later date, a reconnaissance party was

sent to the scene of the fight to discover the details of Elliott's fate. From the evidence gained, it was clear that Elliott had been thrown from his horse and had found cover in a patch of bush where he had fought until his ammunition was exhausted. Killed then by shots in the back of the head and spine, he had been hastily buried where he fell by a Roman Catholic priest who was a prisoner in the Indians' hands. Finding his shallow grave, his comrades later retrieved the body which, with full military honors, was given final burial in Battleford.

Meanwhile, General Middleton, who had resumed his advance from Fish Creek, had crushed the rebellion by his capture on May 12 of the half-breeds' headquarters at Batoche. Serving under the General's orders, the Police had been assigned less onerous duties in the engagement at Batoche than they had sought or expected and, as Irvine had been tacitly forbidden by the General to report direct to Ottawa, a misconception of the Force's accomplishment in the whole campaign resulted. In consequence, amid the deserved praise accorded in the press and in Parliament to the Militia, the Police were the object of much criticism, warranted possibly in minor respects, but entirely unjustified in the main.

Proof that even Sir John Macdonald—no one was prouder of the Force than he—had been misled into the belief that the Police had done less than their share was afforded by the telegram the Comptroller sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine on May 23:

Minister considers Crozier's report of engagement at Duck Lake very incomplete and wishes detailed particulars; also explanation why he went to Duck Lake, knowing you were about to join him. From yourself he wishes full report from time you left Regina till arrival of General Middleton at Prince Albert. Why you abandoned Carlton and why you did not go to Duck Lake, why you did not scour the country around Prince Albert, and why you did not join General Middleton, also any further particulars you can furnish.

To this censorious message which indicated the disfavor into which the Police had fallen and the fact that Crozier, though he had been made Assistant Commissioner after Duck Lake, was considered by Ottawa to have committed an egregious blunder, Ir-



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, 1886

A constable on a prairie patrol.

(From the painting by the late Sergt. Taylor)

vine replied briefly by wire on June 5 and later in a full report. Referring to the main cause of the misunderstanding, Irvine reminded the Government that in all the military operations with the exception of Duck Lake his Force had served under Middleton's orders. He further pointed out that there had been great difficulty and delay in the transmission of messages, and that the General, despite the outstanding services the Police serving with his columns had performed, had seemed determined to avoid consulting with the Force's senior officers or using the unique knowledge of half-breed and Indian tactics these officers possessed. Referring to specific points in the Comptroller's telegram, Irvine pointed out that, contrary to what the Government seemed to believe, he *had* scoured the country around Prince Albert, and had carried out the duty so successfully that, in spite of the proximity of the rebel concentration at Batoche, not a house in the settlement had been pillaged or burned. He pointed out also that he had not joined in Middleton's attack on Batoche because the General's orders had not permitted him to do so. His scouts, however, had constantly threatened the rebels with attack from the rear and had forced them, in the engagement with the General, to hold in reserve a large number of men whom they were ill able to spare.

After the engagement at Batoche and the subsequent capture of Louis Riel—of his three captors two, Constables Armstrong and Diehl, were members of the Mounted Police—Middleton entered Prince Albert, proceeded to Battleford where he accepted the submission of Poundmaker, and continued up the North Saskatchewan River to Fort Pitt. Here he joined forces with Major-General T. B. Strange's column which, with many adventures on the way, had advanced from Calgary to Edmonton and Fort Pitt and was moving eastward in pursuit of Big Bear. Known as the Alberta Field Force,¹ Strange's column included a detachment of nearly eighty Mounted Police under Superintendent S. B. Steele, with a sub-detachment from Fort Macleod under Inspector A. Bowen Perry. It is of interest to note that, while on this expedi-

¹ The Alberta Field Force was a vital factor in saving the far West from Indian massacres and depredations. Among the column's casualties were Sergeant Fury and Constable McRae of the Mounted Police. Fury was seriously wounded in a skirmish with Big Bear's Indians at Loon Lake, and McRae was wounded in the engagement at Frenchman's Butte.

tion, Perry's detachment accomplished a march of more than thirteen hundred miles.

Though columns under Lieutenant-Colonel Otter and Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine were sent northward from Battleford and Prince Albert to intercept Big Bear's eastward flight, the Indian chief for a time evaded capture. Slipping between the northward marching columns, he turned south, crossed the North Saskatchewan near Fort Carlton, and remained in hiding on the south bank of the river until on July 2 he was found and arrested by Sergeant Smart and Constables Sullivan, Nicholls, and Kerr of the Mounted Police.

With the capture of Big Bear, the rebellion of 1885 ended, and at once the troops from the Canadian East began moving homewards. Upon their departure, the Mounted Police, again serving as an independent command, reassumed responsibility for the maintenance of order in the whole of the North-West Territories. Five new divisions of the Force were created, and the distribution as the year ended was as follows:

DIVISION	STATION	STRENGTH
H.Q. & Depot	Regina	121
"A"	Maple Creek	
	Medicine Hat	
	Swift Current	102
"B"	Regina & outposts	103
"C"	Fort Macleod & outposts	112
"D"	Battleford	94
"E"	Calgary	101
"F"	Prince Albert	96
"G"	Edmonton	
	Fort Saskatchewan	99
"H"	Fort Macleod	104
"K"	Battleford	107
	TOTAL	1,039

Though all divisions of the Force shared in the arduous duties of the post-rebellion period, perhaps the heaviest work fell on those stationed at Fort Macleod and Regina. Taking advantage of the departure from Macleod of strong detachments to serve in the north, the whiskey traders from Montana had swarmed into

the district with a temerity unequaled since the first arrival of the Police in 1874; and the Blood Indians, inflamed by the whiskey and by news of the fighting in the north, had taken to horse-stealing on a major scale. North and south of the border they were raiding almost at will, and it was clear that a sustained effort would be required to re-establish the Force's authority.

Meanwhile, in Regina all ordinary Police work had been complicated by the duty of guarding the many prisoners charged with offenses arising from the rebellion. On May 23, Louis Riel had reached Regina to await trial for his leading part in the insurrection; on June 18, forty rebel prisoners had arrived in charge of a Police escort under Inspectors White-Fraser and G. E. Sanders; on July 17, Big Bear and fourteen of his band had been brought in by a detachment under Inspector Drayner; and other prisoners, reaching Regina at intervals, had taxed to the utmost even the special quarters built to house them.

Perhaps in the whole of Canadian history, no trial has stirred more passionate partisanship than that of Louis Riel. Those opposed to him cited his heinous crimes and sternly demanded that he should atone for them on the gallows. His friends, chiefly of French-Canadian descent, pleaded for mercy on the grounds that the Government, by willful failure to redress the half-breeds' grievances, was more responsible for the rebellion than was Riel. Scorning a plea of insanity advanced on his behalf, Riel boldly assumed responsibility for his acts and received a sentence of death with a composure commanding admiration. On November 16, in the yard of the Police barracks in Regina, Riel was hanged. Disturbing rumors immediately began to circulate to the effect that Riel's corpse had suffered mutilation at the hands of vengeful enemies. Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine therefore ordered the casket to be opened in his own presence and that of a number of Riel's supporters. By this means it was established that the rumors were without foundation; the coffin was once more closed and turned over to Riel's friends, as the Government had ordered.

In addition to Louis Riel, eight Indians who had taken part in the rebellion and had been guilty of murder were hanged; eighteen half-breeds and some thirty Indians were awarded prison

sentences of from one to seven years. Though partisans were convinced that more executions should have been ordered and that the total of prison sentences should have been multiplied many times, the majority of Canadians approved of the measures taken and the country as a whole looked forward to a renewal of that peaceful development in the West which the rebellion had interrupted.



Packing over the Chilcoot Pass.



The race down the Yukon River.

THE GOLD RUSH OF 1898

CHAPTER SEVEN

NORTH TO THE YUKON

FOR TEN YEARS AFTER THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION OF 1885, the North-West Mounted Police continued their governance of the Canadian prairies, at first under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine and later under Lawrence W. Herchmer who was appointed Commissioner on April 1, 1886. As an aftermath to hasty recruiting which marked the post-rebellion period, discipline was impaired for a time, and there was insubordination, notably at Fort Saskatchewan, which reflected unfavorably upon the Force's reputation. The Police suffered temporarily in morale and public regard, but Commissioner Herchmer and the dependable veterans of the Force soon restored the unit's prestige and established a discipline stricter, according to contemporary reports, than any the Force had experienced in the past.

It was a period in Western history of rapid change and development. Settlers were pouring into the land in a mighty stream, bringing with them the complex problems that always attend the advance of civilization into a primitive country. The Indians, with the exception of the Bloods, Peigans, Sarcees, and Blackfeet, who still regarded horse-stealing as the noblest of occupations, were slowly adopting a life as ranchers and farmers, though with frequent lapses into savagery and crime. Whiskey traders, in the manner of their kind, were smuggling spirits in hollow Bibles, imitation eggs, false boot-soles, and a thousand contrivances. Over all these, the Mounted Police with the scarlet uniform symbolic as always of law and order were exercising a vigilant watch, tireless in their efforts to aid and protect the settler, unremitting in their stern suppression of crime and disorder. So successfully were these duties carried out that in 1895 the Government considered it safe to reduce the strength of the Force to 750 officers and men, despite the fact that in the preceding years the area of Police

operations had been extended to Fort Cumberland, two hundred miles down the Saskatchewan from Prince Albert, and into the Peace River district, north of Edmonton, and despite the fact that a call for service such as only the Mounted Police could render had sounded insistently from the distant Yukon.

It has always been a glory of the Mounted Police that the Force, when need arises, can supply from within its ranks men peculiarly well equipped to deal with the situation confronting them. Thus in 1894 the Government sent Inspector Charles Constantine to report upon the establishment of order in the Yukon where the discovery of gold and the knowledge of the lawless element that had seized power in the mining camps of adjacent Alaska gave warning that strong measures in defense of the law would assuredly be required. Having served in the Red River expedition of 1870 and later as Chief of the Provincial Police of Manitoba, Constantine had been the adjutant of a volunteer regiment in the campaign in 1885 and had then joined the Mounted Police. Possessing great physical strength and an alert mind, versed in judicial procedure, Constantine studied the situation in the Yukon and reported that it could be brought under control by a carefully chosen detachment of officers and not less than fifty men.

The expense of maintaining fifty men in the Yukon was greater than the Government was willing to assume. Therefore Constantine was ordered north in the summer of 1895 with a detachment composed of Inspector D. A. E. Strickland, Assistant Surgeon A. E. Wills, and seventeen non-commissioned officers and men. Accompanied by Mrs. Constantine whose services were of great value, the party traveled by ocean steamer to the mouth of the Yukon River and up the river by steamer for fifteen hundred miles. Disembarking late in July at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek not far from a collection of shanties known as Fort Cudahy the party set to work to build Fort Constantine, at the time the most northerly military outpost in the British Empire. Though hampered at first by intense heat and before long by numbing cold, the party cut logs for the fort sixty miles upstream, and by November had completed nine substantial buildings, one of which was seventy-five feet long. Four hours of daylight was

the average at this time of the year and candles, costing one dollar each, were the sole means of illumination.

Once established in his solid but far from comfortable fort—the temperature indoors was often zero and the mud roofs poured floods of water when it thawed—Constantine set to work upon the task before him. He was, as he wrote at the time, “chief magistrate, commander-in-chief, home secretary, and foreign secretary” of a turbulent kingdom and he labored often for twenty hours a day, but his effort was not barren of fruit. Despite the fact that miners and prospectors from Alaska resented his collection of customs duties and angrily protested against his enforcement of Canadian law, he rapidly gained their respect and even their grudging admiration. Using the weapons employed years before by Commissioner Macleod in dealing with the Indians—truth, fearlessness, and integrity—he so impressed the miners with the Force’s power that on the only occasion when serious trouble loomed, a near-rebellion on Glacier Creek, the prompt arrival of Inspector Strickland and ten men ended the disaffection before harm resulted.

Just when Constantine and his Police, having established their authority in the country, were attempting to deal with the routine problems of administration, George Carmack, a placer miner, discovered gold on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, in such fabulous quantity that one of the greatest gold rushes the world has ever seen promptly resulted. Up the Pacific Coast by steamer to Skagway and Dyea in Alaska came a wild-eyed throng: men, women, and children; rich and poor; law-abiding and criminal; miners, farmers, clerks, gamblers, merchants, murderers, thieves, desperadoes, and prostitutes; all maddened by the lure of the Klondike’s gold and determined by fair means or foul to reach the El Dorado and share in the dazzling wealth without delaying a moment more than was essential.

In Skagway where power was usurped by criminal gangs under the leadership of the notorious “Soapy” Smith,¹ the peak of the rush was reached in the late autumn of 1897 when, with winter

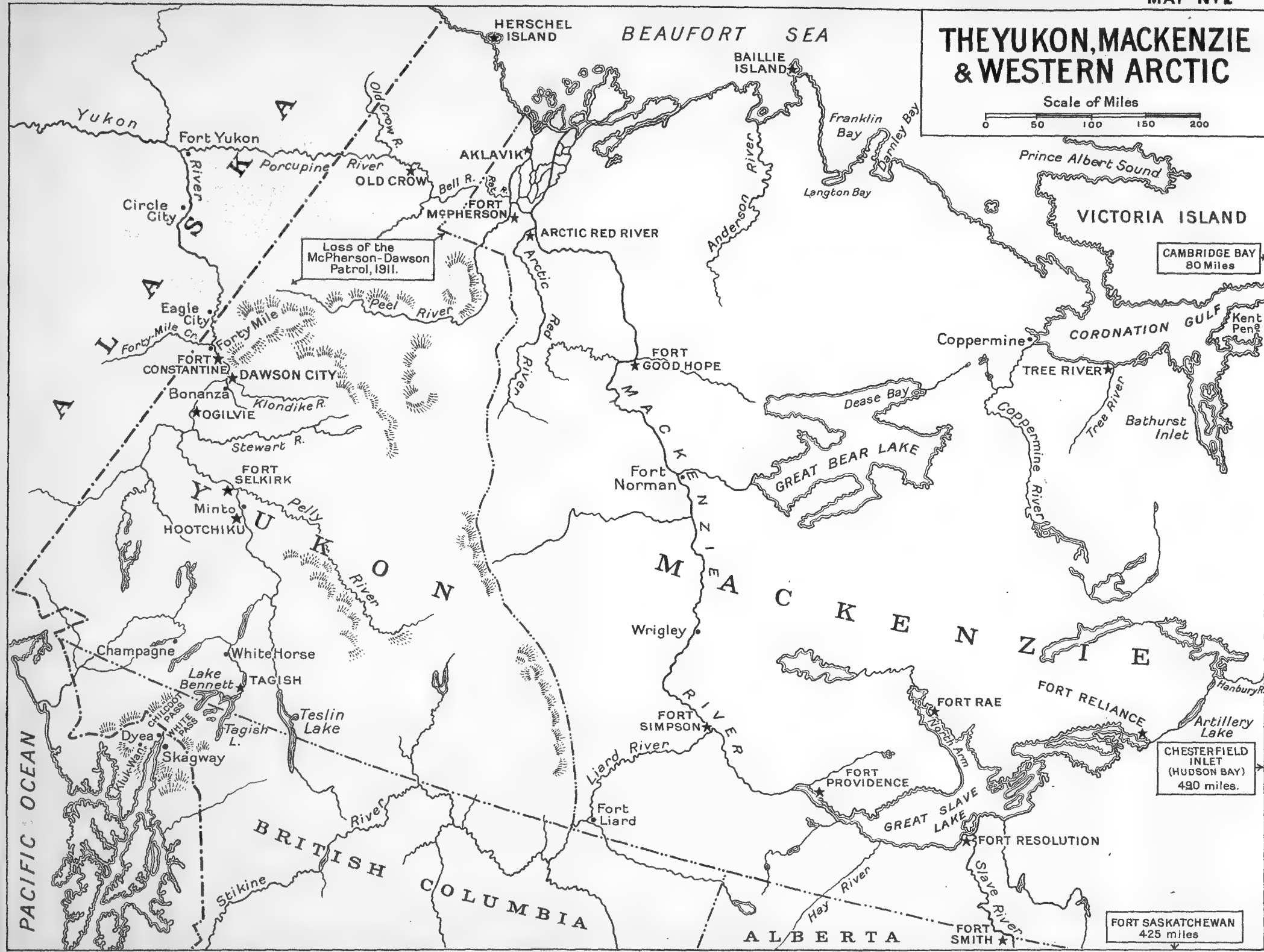
¹ Jefferson Randolph (“Soapy”) Smith led the gangs preying on Skagway until the night of July 8, 1898. Then he killed, and was simultaneously killed by, Frank Reid, a member of a newly formed citizens’ protective committee.

fast closing upon them, many of the gold-seeking throng realized for the first time the difficulty and dangers of the route before them. Up into the mountains fringing the shore they must trek for some twenty miles, following the Chilcoot Pass or the White Pass, until at the summits of the passes Canadian soil was reached and a downhill journey of twenty-five miles or more would bring them to Lake Bennett on the frozen headwaters of the Yukon River. Here, while icy winds howled from the north and a temperature of forty degrees below zero was normal, they must camp until spring, meanwhile feeding from the supplies they carried, as none could be bought, and building boats in which, when the lake and the turbulent waters of the river below were free of ice, they could travel downstream to the Klondike.

Warned by Constantine of the impending rush and determined to profit by knowledge of what had happened in Skagway and Dyea, the Canadian Government in 1897 appointed a commission of six to administer the law in the Yukon and, to support the commission, threw into the district strong reinforcements of the Mounted Police. As a result, by the end of the year, eight officers and eighty-eight men of the Force were serving in the Yukon under the orders of the Yukon Administration which took over responsibility from the Commissioner of the Mounted Police as soon as the men were landed at Skagway. By the end of the next year, the strength had been increased to a total of ten officers and 254 men under Superintendent S. B. Steele. Steele, summoned from the command at Fort Macleod, arrived at Skagway in February, supervised the work of the Force on the upper reaches of the Yukon River in the spring, and succeeded Constantine in September. Headquarters of the Force had meanwhile been moved from Fort Constantine to Dawson City, at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers, where barracks, named Fort Herchmer, had been erected.

At the time when Steele reached Skagway, the Police had just taken a momentous step by establishing detachments on the international boundary at the summits of the White and Chilcoot Passes. Under the supervision of Superintendent A. Bowen Perry and under the command of Inspectors Strickland and R. Belcher respectively, these posts had been pushed out to the frontier to

THE YUKON, MACKENZIE & WESTERN ARCTIC



mark precisely, as by a line cut with a sword-blade in the piled-up snow, the points where entry upon Canadian soil must be effected, where customs duties must be paid, where each person who crossed must prove that he was in possession of sufficient food and equipment, and, above all, where the operations of predatory gangs of gun-men and criminals must cease abruptly.

Having seen to the placing of these posts, Perry returned to the office maintained by the Mounted Police in Skagway and informed Steele of what had been done; but before Perry could sail for Vancouver and report to the Government that his mission in the north had been completed, it was essential to make sure that the posts on the summits of the passes were ready to operate, that rifles, machine-guns, ammunition, and food supplies were in order, and that, once the Union Jack had been set flapping in the wintry gales, uninterrupted operation of the posts could be maintained. To check upon all these points, Steele, after discussing the problems involved with Perry, set out from Skagway without delay.

In his autobiography, *Forty Years in Canada*, Steele has painted a memorable picture of his progress up the Chilcoot Pass and of the scenes he witnessed on the way. Skagway, he noted, was "about the roughest place on earth," as "Soapy Smith and his gang of about 150 ruffians ran the town." Dyea, at the entrance to the Chilcoot Pass, was little better, and Sheep Camp, on the way up the pass, where thousands of men were squatting while engaged in packing their supplies to the summit, was a hotbed of robbery and murder. No artifice or use of force was spared by the criminal gangs infesting the place to plunder a victim before he could escape over the summit of the pass to the sanctuary of Canadian soil.

Toiling up the Chilcoot from Dyea, Steele's party encountered a gale so bitterly cold that progress could at times be made only by dashing from the shelter of one tree to the next, or crawling in the lee of the heavily laden sleighs. Next day, after passing scores of men staggering under heavy loads in a blinding storm, Steele reached Sheep Camp and prepared to climb the steepest part of the pass where steps cut in the ice and a life-line to mark the way were essential. But on the morrow the storm swept down

the pass so fiercely and the cold was so intense that progress was out of the question.

Again on the next day the storm raged without abatement, and it seemed that no human could face the blast and live, but Corporal Pringle of Belcher's detachment proved that this surmise was wrong. Down the mountainside he came and, reaching Steele's camp, undramatically delivered his report. Hardships in establishing and maintaining the post above, he admitted, had been severe, especially when the water of a frozen lake on which the tents were temporarily pitched had risen through the ice and soaked the men's clothing and equipment. With the nearest wood for fuel seven miles away, this had caused much suffering, nevertheless Belcher wished to report that all was well and that his post was prepared to function as soon as orders to do so were received. Upon hearing this, Steele sent orders to Belcher to begin operations at once. Accordingly, on the next day, February 25, 1898, in fine cold weather the flag was hoisted, giving notice that on the summit of the Chilcoot Pass the Queen's authority had been established.

For a week, fine weather continued on the Chilcoot, but on March 3 a storm struck again and until May 1 it beat down upon the pass with few interruptions of more than five or six hours. Six feet of snow fell on one day, and a blanket of snow nearly sixty feet deep eventually covered the whole area. Through all this, with unbelievable hardships involved, the gold-hungry swarm from Skagway continued to struggle up the pass, over the summit, and down the trail on the Canadian side to the vast camp of people awaiting the opening of Yukon River navigation at Lake Bennett.

On April 27, after a lull in the long-continued storm on the Chilcoot, disaster struck suddenly from the mountainside. Seventy-one men and a woman were killed by a sudden landslide on the trail above Sheep Camp. Though the avalanche took place on United States soil, Belcher, on receipt of orders from Steele, hastened to the scene, was present when the bodies were dug out, and organized a group of American citizens whom he knew into a committee to identify the dead and deal with the property belonging to them. Without argument, Belcher released to this com-

mittee supplies the dead men had packed over the summit to caches in Canadian territory; and Steele, informed by Belcher, was able to supply the Comptroller's office in Ottawa with a complete list of the dead and to write letters to their next of kin. The great majority of the dead were Americans, and Steele was pleased to be able to render to the people of the United States this token of the Force's friendship.

Forty-eight hours after Belcher flung his flag to the breeze on the summit of the Chilcoot, Strickland's post swung into action on the summit of the White Pass. No timber for the construction of cabins being obtainable within twelve miles, the detachment was forced to camp in tents and to endure as best they could the blizzards which, as on the Chilcoot, swept the pass with icy fury. On March 3, when the rush of gold-seekers over the pass was growing in volume, Strickland was hard hit by bronchitis and threatened with pneumonia, as were a number of his men, but somehow, despite the difficulty that resulted, the post was kept in effective operation.

Setting out from Skagway late in March, though suffering from bronchitis himself, Steele reached the summit of the White Pass and, finding Strickland critically ill, ordered Inspector F. L. Cartwright, a new arrival in the north, to relieve him. At that time, gang operations were being carried on boldly within a few hundred yards of the post, but the border had so far been held inviolate. More than once, armed gangs which outnumbered the Police detachment overwhelmingly had gazed angrily at some intended victim safe beyond the line, but in every instance the prestige of the Police had prevailed and no attempt had been made to force matters to an arbitrary conclusion.

Having gained a thorough knowledge of the conditions prevailing on the White and Chilcoot Passes, Steele dropped down on the Canadian side to Lake Bennett where the trails from the two passes unite. Camped on the shores of this frozen lake, he found some ten thousand people, hurriedly building boats, impatiently awaiting the opening of navigation, and governed meanwhile without fear or favor by a small detachment of Mounted Police. Realizing that this mob, flooding down the Yukon in the spring, would require careful supervision, Steele systematically

made his plans so that no boat nor the occupant of any boat could disappear for long or suffer mishap without the Police knowing what had occurred.

Steele ordered that every boat, canoe, and scow in the district must be given a number which must be painted clearly on the craft before it was launched and must be entered in a register kept by the Police for the purpose. There must also be entered the name of each man, woman, and child on board, with the name and post-office address of the next of kin. Failure to observe these orders, Steele made clear, would not be considered a minor offense and, as the Police would check the lists at obligatory stopping places downstream, no evasion of the orders could be successful. Mr. John Godson of the Customs Service, Steele announced, would make up the lists at Lake Bennett, and Inspector Strickland who had recovered his health would be responsible for checking them at Tagish. Further checks would be made as the Police might see fit.

While at Lake Bennett, Steele received a steady flow of visitors, all seeking the help of the Police in some peculiar difficulty. There was, for example, the manager of a Canadian bank about to open a branch in Dawson City who was uneasy about the safety of the packages of bank notes entrusted to his care. Steele took them from him and shoved them under his own bunk where, he assured the dubious banker, no harm would come to them. Then there was the lovely bride who, having broken through the ice of a Yukon stream and been rescued by a Policeman in circumstances where drying of her clothing was not possible, arrived at Bennett in the scarlet jacket and yellow-striped trousers of the Force. Steele welcomed her and her husband gravely and said he was delighted that his constable had dealt so gallantly with a distressing occasion.

All visitors to Police detachments in this period received courteous consideration of their pleas, but none was accorded more instant attention than the miner who on May 11, 1898, reported to Strickland at Tagish that William Meehan had been murdered by Indians while prospecting on the McClintock River and that his companion, Christian Fox, had been severely wounded. Realizing that punishment for this crime must strike like a bolt from

the blue if the reputation of the Force was to equal that long previously established on the prairies, Strickland at once sent a doctor to the help of the wounded man and sent out Corporal Rudd, Constable Swartz, and a small party with orders to find the murderers and bring them in. After a quick night march over rotting ice, on May 12 at 1:00 A.M. the party reached the camp where the wounded Fox lay and having heard his story set out to find the four Indians whom he had sighted when the attack took place.

Enlisting the help of Indian scouts and local prospectors, Rudd organized a search of the district and soon found a wood in which an Indian camp was concealed. Surprising the occupants, Rudd searched the camp and when he found Fox's valise and objects he believed to be Meehan's he placed Jim Nantuck, the head of the Indian party, under arrest. Confronted by the damning evidence of Fox's valise, Jim Nantuck confessed that he and his brothers, Joe, Dawson, and Frank, had committed the crime, adding that the other three, fearing the consequences of their act, had fled into the woods.

Realizing that these three must be rounded up and that the body of William Meehan must be found before the case was complete, Rudd doggedly combed the woods of the district for more than a week with Constable Swartz and the local prospectors assisting, but no sign of the missing Indians nor of Meehan's body could be found. Believing, nevertheless, that the Indians were not far away, Rudd then resorted to guile. Leaving a trusted Indian scout, Sam Faller, on watch, he withdrew his detachment and camped some distance away. As he had hoped, the missing Indians soon appeared in search of food and when charged by Faller with their crimes surrendered without more than a show of resistance.

Summoned by Faller, Rudd made the formal arrests and obtained from Frank Nantuck a confession that Meehan's body, heavily weighted, had been flung from the edge of the melting ice into the McClintock River. As recovery of the body was essential if a charge of murder was to be laid, Rudd and a special constable dragged the river for two days. The rotting ice on which they were forced to stand was dangerous, but they stuck to their

work and on the second day dragged the body they sought from eighteen feet of water. Murder charges were then formally laid against the Indians who, after a coroner's jury had found them responsible, were sent to Dawson City for trial and punishment.

Meanwhile, as the ice cleared from the frozen Yukon, the throng of men and women at Lake Bennett awaited the moment when their water journey to the Klondike goldfields could begin. On May 29, the route was declared open, and at once the rush started. From a hill behind the Police post, Steele with some anxiety viewed the memorable scene. Within sight on Lake Bennett floated more than eight hundred craft, the crews in many instances already straining at the oars as if fearful that, in the long race downstream to the waiting hoards of gold, some other crew would forge into a commanding lead and win a more magnificent prize.

Following in the wake of the throng, Steele reached the Miles Canyon-White Horse Rapids area and found several thousand boats tied up in a bewildering jam. In an effort to get ahead, many boats had tried to run the rapids with no experienced swift-water man in charge. More than one hundred had been smashed to pieces in the attempt, ten men had been drowned, and the Police on duty, at the risk of their lives, had rescued a number of men, women, and children. Realizing that the folly shown by the ignorant boat crews would be repeated if no check were placed upon the manner in which passage of the rapids must be effected, Steele assembled the people, most of whom were Americans, and addressed them as follows:

"There are many of your countrymen who have said that the Mounted Police make the laws as they go along, and I am going to do so now for your own good. Therefore, the directions that I give shall be carried out strictly, and they are these." Continuing, Steele said that Corporal Dixon, who was experienced in such matters, would be in entire charge of the passage of Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids. No woman or child was to be carried through in a boat or canoe in any circumstances. They must walk the five miles to the foot of the rapids, and the Police would see that they were given protection on the way. Further, no boat was to attempt the passage until its load had been inspected and

approved by the Corporal whose decision in the matter would be final. Pilots, selected by the Police, would be listed and would serve in rotation at a stated fee. No boat without a registered pilot would be allowed to proceed. With these orders in force, thousands of boats made the passage in the season of 1898 without loss of life or serious accident; and there were few, even among the hurrying gold-seekers of that impatient time, who did not admit that Steele's assumption of law-making powers was abundantly justified.

Having supervised the departure of the gold-seeking throng for Dawson City where Constantine, who was about to leave the Yukon, and Inspector Cortlandt Starnes, who temporarily replaced him, had made preparations to receive them, Steele and Superintendent Z. T. Wood met to make plans for shipping to Vancouver the \$150,000 in gold and notes which the Force had collected as customs duties. Up to the summit of the Chilcoot Pass, the messenger could be protected by an escort of Police, but from that point down to Dyea and across the bay to Skagway, he would be exposed to the enterprise of Soapy Smith's gang which, with a prize of \$150,000 to be gained, might resort to an organized hold-up and robbery.

In the circumstances, it was decided that Wood, carrying the money in ordinary Police dunnage bags, should undertake the mission himself, accompanied beyond the frontier only by the smallest possible escort. Carrying out this plan, Wood crossed the summit of the Chilcoot and dropped down to Dyea without misadventure. But, when crossing from Dyea to Skagway in a small boat, the party was followed so closely by a gang of toughs in a similar boat that Wood threatened to open fire. Warned by this incident that, in spite of all precautions to guard the secret, the purpose of his mission had become known, Wood was not surprised to find Soapy Smith and a strong party of his gunmen lounging on the wharf at Skagway between the point where the Police must land and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's S.S. *Tartar* in which Wood had arranged to sail.

As the small wedge of Mounted Police moved out along the wharf, the gunmen closed around them, and Soapy, smiling but wholly dangerous, lounged forward to supervise the kill. That a

killing had been planned seems likely, but Soapy had forgotten that the Police would notify the captain of the *Tartar* of their coming and would count upon him for assistance. Just when it appeared that the Police were cornered, a strong squad of sailors, armed to the teeth, marched out from the *Tartar* onto the quay, and Soapy, looking up, saw that a similar squad, with rifles ready, had lined the hurricane deck whence they commanded the wharf completely. Quick to appreciate that the tables had been turned, Soapy called off his gang and grinningly watched while Wood, with the dunnage bags of money, strode aboard the *Tartar* to safety. Apparently, after this experience, Soapy decided to leave the Mounted Police money-escorts alone. Millions of dollars later passed through Skagway in the charge of the Police, but in no instance was the escort molested.

The Canadian Government foresaw that in the task of administering the Yukon the resources of the Mounted Police would be taxed to the utmost and that a menace with which the Police alone might be unable to deal could develop as a result of the lawless conditions in Alaska. In the summer of 1898, therefore, the Government threw into the district a detachment of sixteen officers and two hundred men, known as the Yukon Field Force and drawn from the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry and other units of the Permanent Force of Canada. Under Lieutenant-Colonel T. D. B. Evans of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, this force reached the Yukon in September and for nearly two years thereafter, at half strength in the second year, helped the Police in achieving an administrative triumph of the highest order.

It is not possible in a work of this nature to list even a fraction of the duties the Police performed or to describe the many dramatic incidents that marked their successful subjugation of serious crime. The fight against crime was never-ending. The proportion of the population with criminal records or tendencies was high. Yet Dawson City, with its abundant saloons, gambling dens, floating population, and suddenly acquired wealth, was, perhaps, the best-governed gold-boom town the world has ever seen. And in the surrounding country, in the gold-camps, on the rivers in summer and on the frozen trails when the short summers had

gone, the degree of authority established and maintained by the Police is a legend at which the world still wonders.

Perhaps no incident contributed more to the legend of the Force's infallibility than the case of the man O'Brien. The tale has often been told, notably in Major Harwood Steele's *Policing the Arctic* and in T. Morris Longstreth's *The Silent Force*, but it is worth repeating. The first scene was enacted on the morning of Christmas, 1899, when Ole Olsen, a Norwegian telegraph linesman, Will Clayson, a young man who had made a modest fortune in the goldfields, and Linn Relfe, well known in Dawson City, started for "outside" from Fussal's roadhouse at Minto on the frozen Yukon River. Before they left, Olsen remarked that he hoped to take Christmas dinner with his friend, Corporal Ryan, who was in charge of the Mounted Police detachment at Hootchiku. Traveling cheerfully along the lonely river trail between Minto and Hootchiku, as was later proved, the three men walked into an ambush prepared by O'Brien and a certain "Little Tommy" Graves and were foully murdered. Under a stream of bullets, Clayson, it seems, was killed at once, and Relfe, with a bullet which broke off a tooth and passed on into his brain, fell dead only a few feet away. Olsen, though wounded, apparently tried to escape, but was shot down by the murderers who were now firing wildly, and was clubbed to death as he lay bleeding in the snow. Fearful that their ghoulish work would be interrupted, O'Brien and Graves then dragged the bodies ashore and rifled the dead men's packs, while O'Brien's great St. Bernard dog howled with instinctive excitement. Having completed this gruesome task, the murderers piled the still bleeding bodies on O'Brien's sleigh, dragged them back to the frozen river, cut a hole in the thick ice, and pushed them through into the dark and swift-running waters beneath.

One can only wonder if at this stage of the revolting scene, as the murderers divided the dead men's gold and possessions between them, the half-witted Graves was aware of the calculating eye that the designing O'Brien cast upon him. No one now knows, or will ever know. Nor can anyone with complete assurance describe the events that followed. But it seems that O'Brien remembered that "dead men tell no tales," and his rifle was close at

hand. There was a shot, or shots, and where two murderers had stood, one stood alone, staring at the hideously crumpled thing before him. Again, it would seem, the sleigh was dragged to the river with a bleeding burden and again the ice closed over a murdered form, while the dog, tied in the tent O'Brien and Graves had shared, barked again with excitement.

Having disposed of the bodies of his victims, O'Brien, desperately anxious to be gone, set about destroying the evidence of his crime. He burned some articles of clothing and flung some of the dead men's small possessions far into the surrounding woods. Satisfied that the fast-falling snow would conceal all evidence of crime, at least until he had escaped from the Yukon and vanished into the great "outside," he abandoned the ambush tent and struck out on the river trail for Tagish.

As snow fell heavily on Christmas Day, Corporal Ryan was not surprised when Ole Olsen, whom he had expected, did not arrive at Hootchiku for dinner, but when arrivals later in the week reported that Olsen, Clayson, and Relfe had left Minto on Christmas morning, Ryan set out on the trail between Hootchiku and Minto to investigate. He was not seriously alarmed but, governed by the traditions of the Force, he considered it his duty to make sure that the missing men had left the usual trail of their own accord and had suffered no accident or harm. Accompanied by Special Constable Young, he accordingly searched the Hootchiku-Minto trail with care, found at one place a faint trail leading into the bush, followed it, and came upon the tent which O'Brien had not long previously abandoned.

Puzzled by the forsaken tent, but suspecting that some of its contents had been pilfered from nearby caches, Ryan sent for Constable A. Pennycuick, who had been assigned to cache-protection duty, and together the two searched the tent on January 5. Pennycuick at once identified the stove as the property of two cache-thieves, Miller and Ross, for whom he had been searching, and Ryan found a pair of linesman's pliers which closely resembled a pair he had last seen in Olsen's hands. As a matter of routine, the results of this investigation were wired to Dawson and Tagish. The next day, descriptions of Miller and Ross were

wired out from Dawson to all Mounted Police detachments in the Yukon, with orders to arrest the pair if found.

As it happened, the orders to arrest Miller and Ross reached Staff-Sergeant Graham at Tagish just as O'Brien was "checking out" on his way over the White Pass to Skagway. As certain items of O'Brien's equipment were not in order, Graham wired to Dawson for instructions and received orders to arrest O'Brien, as Dawson believed him to be either Miller or Ross. On receipt of these orders, Graham sent out Constable T. A. Dickson who made the required arrest. When searched, O'Brien was found to possess a rifle, two revolvers, field glasses, and more money than he could satisfactorily account for. And on his sleigh were ugly stains, strongly suggesting blood.

While the Police at Tagish held O'Brien—at first he was suspected only of robbery but soon he was connected with the disappearance of Olsen, Clayson, and Relfe—Ryan and Pennycuick intensified their search of the trail between Minto and Hootchiku and of the area around the abandoned tent. Deep snow hampered their efforts for weeks, but they found the ashes of the fire in which the murdered men's clothing had been burned and, nearby, a crumpled sheet of paper which, when flattened out, proved to be a receipt for lodging in the Fussal road-house made out to Olsen. Encouraged by this important find, they searched the woods and the river bank inch by inch and finally became aware of two depressions in the snow so slight that they were discernible only when the last rays of the sinking sun cast their longest shadows. Digging deep where these depressions appeared, Ryan and Pennycuick at last found evidence of the murders they suspected—great patches of frozen blood where, as they judged correctly, the bodies of the murdered men had lain.

Convinced by the blood that there had been no error in their reasoning—in their own minds they could now reconstruct the crime in most of its detail—Ryan and Pennycuick with Inspector Scarth, Detective McGuire, and many other members of the Force assisting, redoubled their efforts to discover evidence that a jury would find convincing. As the snow melted in the spring, they found a fragment of human tooth, a belt, later identified as Olsen's, a knife belonging to Clayson, and several articles that beyond

question had been the property of Relfe. They found where bullets, apparently fired wildly at the wounded Olsen, had struck in the surrounding trees and they found where the murdered bodies had been shoved through the Yukon ice.

Though a prolonged effort was made to recover the bodies by cutting the thick ice and dragging the waters beneath, it was not until the months of May and June that the river gave up its dead. Then, miles away, it cast upon a series of sandbars first the bullet-riddled body of Clayson, then the bodies of Relfe—the tooth found at the murder-camp fitted the broken stump in his jaw—and Olsen. Finally, it spewed up a decomposed body which, though never positively identified, was believed to be the corpse of the murdered murderer, Graves.

Meanwhile, the Police had gathered a convincing file of evidence. Charged with murder, O'Brien appeared before a judge and jury in Dawson City on June 10, 1901, and after a trial lasting eleven days was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Commenting on the case, the trial judge complimented the Police. Never in his experience, he said, had more perfectly marshaled evidence been presented before him, nor evidence that was more conclusive. In Parliament, too, warm tributes were paid to the Police, and the press of the Dominion proudly declared that in no frontier settlement in the world had a finer example of crime detection been afforded.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DEFIANT INDIANS

WHILE THE MOUNTED POLICE IN THE YUKON WERE WRITING A memorable chapter in Canadian history, the main body of the Force, under the command of Commissioner Herchmer, was adding to the laurels the Police had won on the prairies. Though less spectacular than the effort in the North, the work in the older territories was almost as varied, and the unit's official reports, though characterized by the usual understatement of difficulties and dangers, present an inspiring record of helping the settlers in the land and simultaneously tell a tale of continuous warfare on all varieties of crime. If a murder was committed, if a theft took place, if someone went insane, if a child was lost, if prairie fires threatened, if some lone household was stricken by disease, the settler solved the problem by sending for the Mounted Police. Rarely was the help he sought denied him. On receipt of his call, a sergeant, or a constable, or a small squad would ride out from the nearest detachment—there were many detachments now—until it seemed that the scarlet tunic of the Riders of the Plains, even more definitely than in the past, had become the symbol to which all prairie dwellers turned confidently in danger or need.

Among the dangers of the period were those caused by the ambition of the young Indian braves to rival the exploits of the leaders of the past. They were tired of hearing about the deeds of Crowfoot and Poundmaker and Big Bear and Sitting Bull and, as tribal warfare no longer provided an outlet for their bellicosity, they sought to prove their bravery and prowess through the medium of crime. Crime brought them into conflict with the white settlers and with the Mounted Police, and if they could defeat the Police in a battle of wits or brawn their place in tribal history was assured. It is true that their own kin, when weary of

their boastings, would often betray them to the Police without a qualm, but meanwhile they could bask in the adulation of the squaws and savor the jealous admiration of other young braves, who from fear of consequences refused to take part in these criminal pursuits.

Kakee-manitou-wayo, known to the white settlers as Almighty Voice, was a young brave of this type. Son of the Cree Indian, John Sounding Sky, he was a baby when the Mounted Police rode into the West in 1874 and had grown to manhood with the Force, as it seemed to him, forever standing as an obstacle in the path which any spirited Indian must follow if he valued the right to do as he pleased—a right which for generations had been his people's heritage. Whether Almighty Voice was thinking such thoughts when he killed a settler's cow in October, 1895, is of no importance now, though the killing involved him and the North-West Mounted Police in a series of clashes which still rank among the memorable incidents of prairie history.

As was usual, the settler whose cow was killed reported the matter to the Mounted Police and was able to name the culprit. Sergeant C. C. Colebrook of the Duck Lake detachment thereupon rode to the Cree reservation near Batoche and arrested Almighty Voice who was tried and sentenced to one month's imprisonment in the Duck Lake cells. No special difficulty in guarding the prisoner was foreseen, but that night he tricked the sentry on duty, escaped from his cell, swam the icy Saskatchewan in the dark, and by morning had disappeared, leaving no trail that could be followed.

For a few days, as later events proved, Almighty Voice lurked in the woods near the Cree reservation, skillfully evading the Police who ranged the district in search of him, and meanwhile collecting supplies to enable him to travel for a long time and camp in the open. When he had secured the food and equipment he needed, he persuaded a young squaw to share his lot and, with her as his working companion, he set out upon his enforced flight into the wilderness.

Had he been content to travel alone, he might have escaped, but his capture of the girl's heart stirred jealousy among the Cree braves. News of his flight was carried at once to the Mounted

Police, with details of the route he would probably follow. Upon receipt of this information on October 28, Sergeant Colebrook and a half-breed scout named Dumont saddled their horses and, after riding hard all night, caught up with the fugitives early on the morning of October 29. At once Colebrook rode forward to make the arrest, but the Indian, with the girl at his side, was determined not to be taken. As the sergeant approached, Almighty Voice shouted to Dumont in Cree:

"Tell him to stop, or I shall shoot."

Dumont translated the shout, but Colebrook had orders to bring Almighty Voice in, and the traditions of the Force did not permit him to halt in the face of armed resistance. Accordingly, though Almighty Voice shouted again and brought his rifle to his shoulder, Colebrook, with one gauntleted hand raised in an appeal for peace, rode slowly forward. Awed by the Policeman's unwavering courage, Almighty Voice stood motionless. Then, when Colebrook was only a few feet away, he fired. Without a word, Colebrook fell. The bullet had pierced his throat, and he was dead almost before his body slithered from the saddle to the ground.

Frightened by the murder, Dumont galloped off to get help, while Almighty Voice and the young squaw, without touching the crumpled figure in the scarlet coat which lay motionless on the ground, fled in the opposite direction. Several hours passed, then, news of the murder having spread, Corporal Tennant, who was on prairie-fire duty in the district, reached the scene and soon detachments of Police followed. But there was little they could do. Colebrook was beyond all need; and Almighty Voice, though patrols searched for him day and night, had covered his tracks so cleverly that no trace of him could be found.

For nineteen months, while the Indians of the prairies jeered, the Police were helpless. They investigated rumors that Almighty Voice was dead, that he was camping in Montana, that he was hunting in the Rocky Mountains, but until May 27, 1897, no authentic trace of him was found. Then suddenly he appeared in the Minnichinas Hills some twenty miles from Duck Lake and, to celebrate his return, shot and seriously wounded a half-breed Police scout named Napoleon Venne.

Riding out promptly when the news of Venne's wounding was reported, Inspector J. B. Allan led eleven men of "F" Division into the Minnichinas Hills and at dawn next day launched an organized search. Combing every gully and copse, the party soon sighted three Indians who scuttled into the shelter of a long, heavily underbrushed, willow and poplar wood a half-mile away. Convinced that one of the Indians was Almighty Voice and that the others were confederates, Allan deployed his men around the wood to cut off the Indians' escape and, with Sergeant Raven, advanced towards the position where the three men the Police had seen lay concealed.

For a time, as Allan and Raven approached, the Indians hidden in the wood gave no sign of life; then there was a crackle of rifle fire and both Policemen fell, Allan with a bullet in the shoulder and Raven dangerously wounded in the groin. While a party crept forward to rescue Raven, Allan crawled to safety, as he thought; but he lost his way in the long grass, crawled towards the place where Almighty Voice lay hidden at the edge of the wood, and suddenly found himself covered at short range by the Indian's rifle:

"Throw me your cartridge belt, or I fire," Almighty Voice shouted and though he spoke in Cree Allan understood.

In a flash, he understood too why the belt was needed. The Indians were running short of ammunition and only from his belt could they get a fresh supply. But they could not get the belt unless he threw it to them, and throw it he would not, though death seemed the alternative. Almighty Voice called angrily again and took deliberate aim—Allan was staring into the barrel of the rifle—but before the shot came the Indian was sighted by the Police and was forced to crawl hastily back into the wood to escape their fire.

With Inspector Allan and Sergeant Raven down, Corporal C. S. Hockin took command and ordered the Police to set the wood on fire. They tried this plan, but the green underbrush would not burn, and late in the afternoon the defiant Indians were still masters of the situation. Then Hockin, fearing that the three Indians would bring disgrace upon the Force by escaping through the slim Police cordon in the night, ordered a stealthy attack.

Bravely he led the creeping advance himself, but the effort though courageously prolonged ended in disaster. One of the Indians was shot through the brain and Almighty Voice, as it later appeared, was wounded, but when the firing ceased, Hockin and Constable J. R. Kerr lay dead, and not far away, killed by a shot at close range, lay the Postmaster of Duck Lake, Mr. Grundy, who had volunteered to help the Police when he heard that Almighty Voice was cornered.

The repulse of the late afternoon attack left the two surviving Indians triumphant, but the end of their lawless effort was near. At dusk Superintendent S. Gagnon arrived from Prince Albert with a squad of Police and volunteers and a seven-pounder gun; and at ten o'clock Assistant Commissioner J. H. McIllree, with two Police officers, twenty-four men, and a nine-pounder gun, arrived from Duck Lake after a fast run by special train from Regina. Surrounding the wood with a strong cordon, the Police awaited the dawn when, in accordance with the Assistant Commissioner's orders, the guns would open and under their supporting fire a swift attack would bring the tragedy to an end. Meanwhile, from every settlement and reservation for miles around, white men and Indians were riding in to watch the action with tense excitement.

For two hours after the Police cordon was drawn tight, the wood gave no sign of occupation, but at midnight Almighty Voice hobbled to the edge of the bush and cried to the Police in Cree:

"Brothers, we have fought a good fight. Send me food, for I am starving, and tomorrow we will fight it to the end."

When his appeal met with no answer, the Indian drew back into the heart of the wood, and at dawn the guns opened fire. Simultaneously, Almighty Voice's wizened mother who had hastened to the scene and seated herself in a commanding position on a nearby knoll, raised the death-song of her erring son. She praised his skill and courage, sang of his exploits, and called upon him, in this his final hour on earth, to meet death without fear or shrinking.

While the smoke of the shells was still dense in the wood, Assistant Commissioner McIllree led the Police forward in a sweeping attack, but no action was required. Lying dead in a concealed

gun-pit, they found Almighty Voice; beside him lay the dead body of Little Salteaux; and nearby the body of the unidentified Indian who had been killed on the previous afternoon. Almighty Voice's leg had been broken by a bullet, but death had come to him and Little Salteaux from the burst of a single shell.

Even more spectacular than the drama provided by Almighty Voice, though lacking the impressive roar of guns, was the pursuit in the Macleod district in the autumn of 1896 of the Blood Indian known as Charcoal, Dried Meat, or Bad Young Man. Possessed of a superb physique and intelligence far beyond the usual, Charcoal was a master in all Indian sports and approached, as one officer of the Police wrote, the status of the legendary Indian of North American fiction. He was the idol of many of the Bloods and was liked by the Police who, none the less, were aware that he was crafty at times and that his friendliness, though genuine enough in its way, rested upon highly insecure foundations.

Under provocation of some sort—even now the details are not clear—Charcoal killed a fellow-Indian, Medicine Pipe Stem, on October 13, 1896, and flung the body into a shed on the Cochrane ranch where it was soon discovered. Excited by the kill, it would seem, Charcoal decided he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb and fired a shot, which missed, at Mr. Macneil, the Government Farm Instructor on the Blood reservation. He then confided the story of his crimes to Little Pine who, for reasons of his own, at once sent news of the confession to the Mounted Police. A coroner's jury thereupon brought in a verdict of murder; Superintendent S. B. Steele issued a warrant for Charcoal's arrest; and all Police detachments were notified that the Indian was "wanted."

News of the warrant spread rapidly and soon a rancher sent in a message that an Indian resembling Charcoal was camped with a following of squaws and children in the deep woods a few miles from Big Bend. Riding to this district, a party of Police located the camp and tried to reach it by creeping silently through the surrounding woods. But, as was almost inevitable, a member of the party trod on a dried twig which cracked sharply and gave the alarm. Rushing out of the lodge which stood in

the center of a clearing, Charcoal—for the occupant was indeed he—opened fire in the direction whence the noise of the snapping twig had come. The Police attempted to reply, but a screen of squaws and children intervened. Taking advantage of this protection, Charcoal, two of the squaws, and a half-grown lad crossed the open, plunged into the underbrush, and disappeared.

As there was no chance of capturing the Indians by direct pursuit, Inspectors A. M. Jarvis and H. J. A. Davidson, who were in command, extended their men around the five-hundred-acre wood, sent the detachment's horses to stable at a ranch some six miles away, and, as darkness was falling, made plans for an organized search of the wood at dawn. But they were dealing with an Indian too crafty to be caught in so simple a way. Without once permitting the vigilant Police to see or hear him, Charcoal slipped like a cunning fox through the cordon around the wood, ghosted across the open country to the ranch where the detachment's horses were stabled, stole the whole ill-guarded train of horses, and rode off into the dark.

Though the Police were chagrined when they found how neatly the Indian had tricked them, within twenty-four hours Inspector Sanders had picked up the fugitive's trail at a point on the Bow River nearly fifty miles away. Following the trail relentlessly, detachments of Sanders's men, with Indian guides, soon forced Charcoal to abandon the horses he had stolen. But on foot, with his moccasins leaving no prints that could be followed, he evaded the pursuit and once more vanished completely.

Baffled in their efforts to catch the Indian, though hundreds of cowboys and ranchers joined in the pursuit, the Police struck hard at Charcoal's sources of supply. On charges of helping the fugitive, they arrested his brothers, Bear's Back Bone and Left Hand, his half-brother, Long Mane, and twenty-five of his other relatives. Without the help these allies had given him, Charcoal was driven hither and yon over the rolling hills—on consecutive days he was sighted in positions many miles apart—but always he evaded the scores of traps that were set for him and shook off all direct pursuit. Had he wished, he could have escaped into Montana without difficulty, but the excitement of outwitting the Police had gripped him and each time when his flight approached

the border he deliberately doubled back to taste the dangerous joys anew.

On November 5, Left Hand and Bear's Back Bone, wearying of their confinement, agreed to help the Police in the hunt for their brother and were allowed to go to their home on the Blood reservation. At this time, Charcoal had been lost to sight for days, but not long afterwards he was sighted by Sergeant W. B. Wilde and a party of Police near the north fork of the Kootenay River many miles away. Snow lay deep on the ground, and Wilde who had a spirited horse believed he could ride the Indian down. Without waiting for his dismounted party, therefore, he spurred in pursuit and gained so rapidly on Charcoal, whose horse was tired, that an arrest seemed certain. But the Indian, seeing that he could not escape by a gallop through the snow, decided to shoot. He waited until Wilde was only a few yards behind, then turned and fired a quick shot which rolled the sergeant from his saddle.

For a few moments, as Wilde lay bleeding in the snow, Charcoal rode on; then, satisfied by a glance over his shoulder that Wilde was helpless and that neither the distant Police party nor an unarmed ranchman nearby could interfere, he turned and rode back to where the wounded sergeant lay. Whether Wilde saw him coming or not, no one will ever know. But there is no doubt that murder was his intent. Without hesitation he dismounted, fired a shot into the sergeant's prostrate body, made sure that the shot had done its work; then, with a defiant wave of his hat to the still distant Police and scouts, mounted Wilde's horse and galloped off, leaving the dead body of the sergeant on the ground behind him.

Though Many Tail Feathers, a noted Indian scout, reached the scene of the murder while Charcoal was still in sight and, swinging into the saddle of the Indian's abandoned horse, attempted a pursuit, the effort was of no avail. Later a Police party under Inspector G. E. Sanders, and guided by Many Tail Feathers and Green Grass, grimly followed the trail, caught sight of Charcoal, and opened fire at long range, but the Indian rode into the shelter of a wood, cleverly hid his tracks, and, as he had done so often before, left no trail that it was possible to follow.

Having shaken off Sanders and his party, Charcoal rode for seventy miles across country, evaded the scores of Police and ranchmen's parties on the lookout for him, and on November 12 arrived unexpectedly on the Blood reservation. Riding to the house occupied by Left Hand and Bear's Back Bone, he called those worthies to the door, but when they appeared he sensed in a flash that they could no longer be trusted. Turning, he tried to get away but before he could mount his horse, the two Indians were upon him. He fought, but they beat him down, tied him securely, and sent word of his capture to the Mounted Police.

Betrayed thus by his own kin, Charcoal was placed under arrest by a sergeant of the Mounted Police and was taken first to Fort Stand Off, then to Fort Macleod. He might have escaped the extreme penalty of the law for his not unprovoked killing of Medicine Pipe Stem, but for the deliberate killing of Sergeant Wilde there could be no excuse. Accordingly, he was found guilty of murder, was led from his cell to the scaffold, and, with his death-song on his lips, as Superintendent Steele has attested, paid the penalty for his savage crime.

CHAPTER NINE

NORTHERN PATROLS AND SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE

IN THE CLOSING YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, THE NORTH-West Mounted Police continued their work on the prairies and in the Yukon and gradually assumed responsibility in the lonely northern areas between the Saskatchewan River and the shores of the Arctic Ocean. A day was to come when the Arctic itself would acknowledge the Force's authority, but that day lay far ahead and the great archipelago of the north, though formally transferred to Canada by the British Government nearly twenty years before, still silently awaited the establishment of Canadian jurisdiction. But if the Arctic was at this time beyond their reach, patrols of the Police, through many journeys in the North, were unconsciously training for the great Arctic adventure that lay before them. As early as 1890 when Inspector J. V. Begin carried the Force's flag for the first time to Hudson Bay, the northward movement had begun. Compared with later northern patrols, Begin's journey was simple but, as his effort constituted the Force's first major patrol into the North, the details are of historic interest.

Having established a land detachment and a water-patrol, using the vessel *Keewatin*, on Lake Winnipeg, Begin started out from Norway House in a Peterborough canoe with a constable and two Indian guides, traveled by the east branch of the Nelson River for two days, turned up the Echamamish on August 15, and reached the height of land on the following afternoon.

Portaging over the height, the party started down the Jackfish River, reached Oxford House, continued downstream, crossed ten portages, and entered the Steel River on August 22. Aided by the swift current of this stream and later of the Hayes, the Police canoe covered 160 miles on that day and the next, and at 6:45 P.M. on August 23 arrived at York Factory. Twenty-four

portages had been made in all and 492 miles had been covered in eleven days, or, as the Inspector meticulously noted in his report, in 117 hours and fifteen minutes of actual travel. No attempt at unusual speed had been made, as Begin was anxious to study the route and to make notes for the guidance of Police parties in the future.

For eleven days, with the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company's station as his hosts, Begin remained at York Factory, compiling a report on local conditions with special reference to the habits and economic status of the district's Eskimos and Indians. It would be an exaggeration to state that immediate improvement in the lot of either Indians or Eskimos resulted, but the members of both races were impressed by the visit of an officer in the scarlet uniform of the Queen, with its suggestion that to the remote Government at Ottawa affairs on the shores of Hudson Bay were of greater interest than any of them had previously suspected.

After gathering as much information as he could, Begin left York Factory on September 3, stopped for two days at Oxford House to study conditions there, and arrived back at Norway House on September 25. Here he found his small land detachment of Police operating effectively, but heard with dismay from Indians that disaster had overtaken the patrol-boat, *Keewatin*. Details at the time were hard to obtain but soon he learned that the boat, after a period of successful work, had been driven onto a sandbar by a sudden storm and had rolled over, drowning Corporal H. O. Morphy and Constable G. Q. R. de Beaujeu, two of the most capable and trusted men in Begin's command. Captain Watts, the sixty-six-year-old Sailing Master of the vessel, had clung to the wreck for days, had eventually been rescued, and had been hurried to a hospital in Winnipeg. Exhausted by his ordeal, the old Sailing Master had lived to report the story of the wreck to Commissioner Herchmer but his heart had afterwards failed. Almost with his last breath he had mourned the men whom the stormy waters had swept from his side. Braver lads, he said, it would not be possible to find.

For some time after Begin's patrol to Hudson Bay, the Police were so fully occupied on the prairies that expansion northward

was impossible, but in 1893, when an opportunity offered, Inspector D. M. Howard and eight constables were sent to establish a post at Athabaska Landing with subsidiary detachments at Lesser Slave River and Grand Rapids. This was an important northward step, but four years later Inspector A. M. Jarvis led a winter patrol from Fort Saskatchewan to Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake and by so doing, as Major Harwood Steele has written, secured the approaches to the Yukon from the east and "carried the Force in one great stride half way to the Polar Sea."

Jarvis's effort was noteworthy, but more so was the great patrol led by Inspector J. D. Moodie later in the same year. Lured by the richness of the Yukon's streams in gold and unwilling for many reasons to travel to the El Dorado of their dreams by the Skagway route, many prospecting parties had tried to reach the goldfields by the "back door," that is to say by the overland route from Edmonton to the far north and across the Rocky Mountains. Death and disaster had overtaken some of these parties and few had succeeded in penetrating far, but the Government sympathized with their desire to travel to the Yukon by an all-Canadian route and called upon the Mounted Police to find the way. Upon receipt of the Government's orders, Commissioner Herchmer picked Inspector Moodie to command the patrol required. No officer in the Force, he considered, could deal more effectively with the difficulties and dangers the journey would involve.

Aware that the patrol of more than a thousand miles through wild and rugged country would test the resources and endurance of his party to the utmost and that failure would involve grim consequences, Moodie chose the group to serve under him with care. As his right-hand man he named Constable F. J. Fitzgerald who was to prove one of the most daring northern travelers the Force has ever seen, and to complete the roll he chose Special Constables R. Hardisty, F. Lafferty, and H. S. Tobin, also one Indian and one half-breed guide. With this staunch party and a pack-train, he left Edmonton on September 4, 1897, and disappeared into the northern blue.

Though confident that Moodie would not fail, Commissioner Herchmer left as little as possible to chance and in December launched three northern patrols, charging all with various Police

duties and two with specific orders to obtain news of Moodie's progress. The first patrol under Inspector W. H. Routledge was to travel from Fort Saskatchewan by the frozen Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers to Fort Simpson, seeing to all matters requiring Police attention on the way. No news of Moodie would likely be picked up on this route, but the patrol would be historic as it would set a new northern record for the Force east of the Rocky Mountains and would mark the first time that Police on duty had traveled the mighty Mackenzie. The second patrol under Inspector A. E. Snyder was ordered to proceed by way of Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River to Fort St. John; and the third, led by Sergeant-Major A. E. C. McDonell, was to push through by way of Lac Ste. Anne, the McLeod River, Sturgeon Lake, and Spirit River to Dunvegan. The three patrols were to carry Her Majesty's mails and pick up return letters at all stopping points on the way.

Returning after a successful patrol to Fort St. John—the other patrols were successful too—Snyder brought word that Moodie, after a series of calamities, including the loss of several ponies, the desertion of half-breed packers he had hired, and a dangerous threat to the safety of his whole party by forest fires, had passed through the outposts of civilization and driven forward into the unknown. No attempt could be made to chart his probable route; all that could be said was that he hoped to find in the bewildering mountain passes ahead of him a way to the headwaters of the Pelly River in the Yukon.

For months after Snyder's report, no further news of Moodie emerged from the mountains of the desolate north. Spring came and went, summer passed, the first anniversary of the patrol's departure from Edmonton passed, and winter, closing in, painted in the minds of all those who anxiously awaited news a grim picture that none cared to mention. Then, when hope had almost gone, a telegram from the Yukon joyfully reported that Moodie was through. A half-breed guide, crazed by the hardships, had been lost in the mountains; all others of the party were at Fort Selkirk alive and well. But it had been a narrow squeak. Disaster which had dogged the party all the way had nearly overtaken it at the end. On October 1, 1898, thirteen months after leaving

Edmonton, the patrol fought its way to the headwaters of the Yukon and, turning over its hired pack-horses to the Indian owner, started downstream in a canvas canoe. Rapids and floating ice wrecked this craft, but in another canoe, bought from a chance-met prospector for \$450, and on rafts, for the canoe would not hold them all, the journey was continued. Haste was essential as supplies were running low, but no fast progress could be made. Time and time again the canoe was punctured by rocks or ice and had to be carefully repaired; hours without end were lost in portaging the canoe and rafts over ice-coated rocks; the men, ice-coated themselves, could at times move only with difficulty; and food was so scarce that starvation weakened them alarmingly. Then, when they were still many miles from Selkirk, the rivers froze up, and the only chance of winning through to safety lay in a perilous overland dash on foot.

Realizing that the dash was hazardous but that no alternative could be found, Moodie ordered the party to cache the canoe and rafts and to set out on the overland trail without delay. Too experienced in northern travel to panic with the goal in sight, the party avoided the fatal mistake of attempting excessive speed and plodded manfully through the deep snow and biting cold, meanwhile husbanding their strength and the last crumbs of their food supply. They were uncertain of their course and often it seemed that the two days and nights of staggering painfully onward would end only in some deep drift of snow, but their courage met a more fitting reward and on October 24 they stumbled dazedly into Fort Selkirk.

Though Moodie reported that the back-door route to the Yukon was clearly one that should be used only by travelers of experience, many tenderfoot prospectors, deaf to warnings and blindly confident in the infallibility of guesswork maps, plunged recklessly into the wilderness of rivers and mountains of the north and suffered grievous harm. Death in many forms stalked in those lonely valleys and hills, as Moodie's patrol had found, and the Police were called upon to rescue starving and accident-ridden parties time and time again. Sometimes the men of the Force knew nothing of the need until it was too late; then it was their duty to investigate, to bury the dead, or find their lonely graves,

to make sure if they were already buried that no one had interred them to conceal a crime, to report the manner of their deaths to Police Headquarters and, whenever possible, the details of the accidents they had suffered to their next of kin.

Typical of a long patrol in which such duties were involved was that led out from Dawson City by Acting Corporal G. M. Skirving on August 30, 1899. Three men, Moffatt, Holmes, and Belliveau, had disappeared in the unfrequented Bell River district and the details of their fate were unknown. To get the information, though it seemed like hunting for a spicule of ice in a mountain of snow, Skirving was ordered to push a patrol through from Dawson City to Fort McPherson on the Peel River and to search for the missing trio on the way. Leaving Dawson, accompanied by two brothers, Constable E. P. Boake and Special Constable A. F. Boake, Skirving traveled to Fort Yukon in Alaska, picked up a guide who had known the missing men, and proceeded by canoe to the Old Crow River. Here, as winter had set in, he abandoned his canoe, hired an Indian guide with a dog-team, and pushed on into the lonely district where Moffatt, Holmes, and Belliveau had last been seen more than two years before.

By chance, after mushing for many days without finding a trace of the men they sought, Skirving's party met a group of Indians who, when questioned, remembered finding and burying the dead bodies of two white men many months before. As often happened, the Indians were suspicious at first, but once they were convinced that the Police were not trying to saddle them with a crime of which they were innocent they led Skirving to the place at the mouth of the Bell River where the bodies had been interred and stood by, wondering at the ghoulish curiosity of the Police, as the graves were opened. Inside, as the Indians had said, were two bodies, mangled by wolves but, though Skirving examined them minutely, showing no evidences of death by crime. Identification was difficult, but it was possible, as the result of physical peculiarities, to be sure that the bodies were those of Moffatt and Holmes. What had happened to Belliveau no one could say. The Indians knew nothing about him, and the Police could find no sign. All Skirving could do was to report that in all probability

he had wandered away and died, as Moffatt and Holmes had seemingly died, of starvation and exposure.

Having reburied Moffatt and Holmes and decided that further search for Belliveau would be in vain, Skirving led his patrol on over the mountains and dropped down the eastern watershed of the range to Fort McPherson. Arriving safely, he remained only long enough to rest his men, then struck back over the mountains to Dawson City. Though a brief chase after an escaping criminal and an injury by the glancing blow of an ax retarded his speed, he made a successful run and drove triumphantly into Dawson on December 17. In 110 days, including the time lost on the outward journey in the Bell River district, he had carried the Force's colors to a new "farthest north" and had achieved the memorable feat of conducting the first two-way patrol between the Yukon River and the Peel. His "farthest north" did not stand for long but it cannot be forgotten in the tale of the Force's nineteenth century accomplishments.

At the time when Skirving returned from the Peel, the Yukon was seething with excitement. Superintendent A. Bowen Perry had succeeded Steele in supreme command; Superintendent P. C. H. Primrose was commanding at Dawson City; Superintendent Z. T. Wood was in command at Tagish; thirty detachments were strung along the eight-hundred-mile line from the Stikine River to the Alaskan Boundary at Forty Mile; and there was hardly an officer or man who was not trying by fair means, or even by foul, to get an appointment to the Canadian contingents being recruited for service in the South African War. For a time it was hoped that a cavalry unit bearing the name of the North-West Mounted Police would be authorized but when, to the keen disappointment of the Police, this hope failed, there was a scramble to join the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles and Lord Strathcona's Horse. Permission to serve with these units was eagerly sought, but the Government, pointing out that the normal Police work must continue even in time of war, refused many of the applications that were presented.

Though widespread disappointment resulted, the Police nevertheless were represented in the contingents by a body of officers and men that was outstanding. Under the command of Commis-

sioner (Lieutenant-Colonel) L. W. Herchmer and under direct Police supervision, the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles was recruited in December, 1899, and sailed from Halifax for Cape Town on January 27, 1900. In addition to Lieutenant-Colonel Herchmer, 134 non-commissioned officers and men of the Mounted Police joined this unit; also Superintendent J. Howe, Inspector A. C. Macdonell, Inspector J. D. Moodie who had led the memorable thirteen-month patrol from Edmonton to Fort Selkirk, Inspector J. V. Begin, the first officer of the Force to tread the shores of Hudson Bay, Inspectors T. A. Wroughton, G. E. Sanders, A. E. R. Cuthbert, H. J. A. Davidson, F. L. Cosby, and M. Baker, and Inspector J. B. Allan, who had completely recovered from the wound he had suffered in the action with Almighty Voice.

Two weeks before the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles sailed, recruiting opened for Lord Strathcona's Horse, and again the North-West Mounted Police contributed a splendid quota. In command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was Superintendent S. B. Steele, whose brilliant period of command in the Yukon had ended only a few months before. With him were twenty-six non-commissioned officers and men of the Force and a group of those officers who had ably helped him in the North: Inspector R. Belcher, whose detachment had established Canadian jurisdiction on the icy summit of the Chilcoat Pass, Inspectors A. E. Snyder, A. M. Jarvis, and D. M. Howard, leaders of famous northern patrols, and Inspectors F. L. Cartwright and F. Harper, whose work in the Yukon had been outstanding.

It is not possible in these pages to describe the adventures of the 245 officers and men of the Mounted Police who served with the Canadian Forces in South Africa, but to convey an impression of the distinction they won, the following list of their honors and casualties is given:

THE VICTORIA CROSS: Sergeant A. H. Richardson (Lord Strathcona's Horse).
COMPANION OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH: Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Steele.¹

¹ Further distinction was achieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Steele in the Great War, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, commanded the 2nd Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in England, and was knighted for the services he rendered. He died in England in 1919, and is buried in the cemetery of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg.

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COMPANIONS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE: Major R. Belcher, Major A. M. Jarvis.

COMPANIONS OF THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER: Major G. E. Sanders, Captain A. C. Macdonell,¹ Captain F. L. Cartwright.

MEMBER OF THE VICTORIAN ORDER (4TH CLASS): Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Steele.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL: Regimental Sergeant-Major J. Hynes, Sergeant-Major Richards, Private A. S. Waite.

KILLED IN ACTION: Constable Z. R. E. Lewis, Constable F. Davidson, Corporal J. R. Taylor, Sergeant H. R. Skirving.

DIED OF DISEASE: Corporal G. M. O'Kelly, Constable R. Lett, Constable H. H. Clements.

COMMISSIONS WON IN FIELD: Nine.

CONTRIBUTED TO SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY: Four officers and thirty-eight non-commissioned officers and men.

¹ In the Great War, Captain Macdonell rose to the rank of Major-General. He commanded the 1st Canadian Division in the field in 1917-1918 and was created Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

CHAPTER TEN

CRIME IN THE YUKON

ON THE TWENTIETH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1900, IN THE DEPOT OF the North-West Mounted Police in Regina, former Superintendent A. Bowen Perry, Commissioner of the Force since August 1, completed his first report to the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion.

SIR,

I have the honour to submit herewith my annual report of the work performed in the North-West Territories by the Force under my command for the year ending November 30, 1900. . . .

The report contained the list of the senior officers serving at that time. Each name added to Perry's plans for the Force's future. There was no limit to what a force under such men could do: McIllree, the Assistant Commissioner; Deane, now commanding the divisions at Macleod and Lethbridge; Griesbach, the first man to sign the roll in 1873 and now commanding "G" Division at Fort Saskatchewan; Moffatt, in command of "A" Division at Maple Creek; Constantine, who first had governed the Yukon; Wilson, commanding "E" Division at Calgary; Strickland of Yukon fame who was in command at Prince Albert; Demers, commanding "C" Division at Battleford; the South African contingent, many of whom would soon be in harness again; and finally the old reliables, under Wood, Primrose and Cortlandt Starnes, who were staunchly maintaining the Force's prestige in the Yukon.

In its senior officers, the Force possessed experienced, capable, and highly trained men. That was happily beyond dispute. But what about the subordinate personnel? Perry's report described "divisions shorthanded and somewhat disorganized," and all including too high a proportion of recruits. The horses, too, gave

the Commissioner cause for concern. More than 150 of the best had been shipped to South Africa and of the remainder too many were unfit for the work required. This shortage was serious as the Force's duties were increasing. Mention of this increase appeared in Perry's report on crime. Excluding the Yukon, his figures recorded 1,351 arrests, 936 convictions, 405 charges dismissed or withdrawn, and ten settled out of court or awaiting trial. Of the arrests, four had been for murder, nine for manslaughter or attempted murder, 171 for assault, fourteen for rape or seduction, ninety-six for theft, sixty-six for horse or cattle stealing, eleven for housebreaking, 304 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, fifteen for prostitution, sixty-eight for selling liquor to Indians, fifty-five for stealing railway rides, seventeen for causing prairie fires, three for illegally practicing medicine, and the remainder for crimes and misdemeanors as varied as it is possible to imagine.

Crime and the pursuit of criminals, however, were only part of the Force's work, as the Commissioner made clear. He mentioned that every constable on patrol was a cattle quarantine inspector, serving the Agriculture Department; that the Indian Department was aided by the annual escorts for treaty moneys; that the Customs Department depended upon the Force for the collection of duties at Wood Mountain and Maple Creek; that the Interior Department looked to the Police for protection of timber lands; and that the Department of Justice took it for granted that prisoners would be held in the Force's guard-rooms and escorted to the penitentiary when required. All these duties, the Commissioner noted, were being carried out on the prairies by twenty-four officers and 496 men and by ten officers and 244 other ranks in the Yukon. In addition, seventeen officers and 145 other ranks were carried officially on the Force's roll, but actually were serving with the Canadian contingents in South Africa. Thus, in the organized portion of the North-West, there was only one constable to five hundred square miles of territory and to 350 of the population.

Turning from the statistics of crime and personnel to a consideration of equipment, the Commissioner stated bluntly that the Force must be rearmed. Only one division, he explained, carried

up-to-date weapons; the others used obsolete carbines and revolvers, all so badly worn that replacement was essential. Saddlery, harness, and wagons were also worn and out of date, but a modernization of uniform had already been approved. Under the new regulations, effective on January 1, 1901, obsolete helmets, forage caps, white gloves, white gauntlets, black boots, moccasins, and ill-designed tunics and trousers disappeared and were replaced by a uniform including the Stetson hat or the service cap, brown gloves or gauntlets, brown knee or ankle boots, a smart field-service jacket, and riding-breeches, and, for winter wear, coats, jackets, gloves, boots, hose, and furs designed to meet the country's varied needs.

Eleven days after Commissioner Perry completed his report, Superintendent Z. T. Wood reported on the Yukon. He, too, recorded the help the Police had given to other branches of the Government service, and he mentioned the guards furnished at night to protect the Dawson City branches of two Canadian banks. The discipline of his men was good, he stated, and their efforts to suppress crime had been relentless, but it was his unpleasant duty to report, none the less, that serious crime was on the increase. Five murders had been committed in the Yukon in the year, robberies on the creeks had been more frequent, and gambling, with attendant drunkenness and disorder, had flourished so brazenly that more than eight hundred men and women had been convicted.

Wood presented a more favorable crime report in 1901, but in 1902—he had meanwhile been promoted to the rank of Assistant Commissioner—he was obliged to report the most shocking crime the Yukon had ever known. The first hint of sinister developments came in July when Constable A. J. Cudlip of the Yukon River watch reported to Dawson City that he had sighted what seemed to be the body of a man floating in the water not far from the Police detachment at Ogilvie. Knowing that Cudlip was not likely to sound a false alarm, though he had been unable to make sure that the floating object was a corpse, Wood ordered Inspector D. M. Howard and Corporal Piper to take a canoe up the river and investigate. At the time, there was no reason to suspect foul play, but whether a crime had been committed or not a body in

the river cried aloud for explanation in a voice which the Police could not ignore.

In obedience to Wood's orders, therefore, Howard and Piper took a canoe to Ogilvie, got Cudlip to point out where the floating object had been seen, studied the currents below that place, noted how flotsam drifted, and were rewarded by the discovery in a backwater nearby of the grisly object they sought. Naked except for trousers and overalls hanging on one leg and a boot on the same foot, the body was that of a man of medium height and weight, with long black hair. It was badly decomposed, but Howard noted a wound in the head and probed this with a slender willow stick which passed through the head and out the other side so easily that Howard knew at once that a bullet track had been found. Apprised of a crime by this discovery, Howard and Piper cut off and washed the dead man's trousers and overalls, then searched the pockets in which they found a key-ring, three keys, and, what was beyond all price, a key-tag bearing the words, "Bouthillette, E. Broughton, Beauce, P.Q."

Carefully saving these scraps of evidence, Howard and Piper lifted the sodden body of the dead man into their canoe and paddled the thirty miles back to Dawson. There, after a post-mortem examination had confirmed the suspicion of murder, a coroner's jury found that the victim had died of "bullet wounds at the hands of a person or of persons unknown." Acting meanwhile on the key-tag clue, the Police telegraphed to Beauce County and in reply received a message stating in effect that Leon Bouthillette, a well-known carpenter and small contractor in the village of St. François, had gathered all the means he possessed and left to seek his fortune in the Yukon on June 4. A week later he had written from a lodging-house in Vancouver to tell friends at home that, in company with two chance-met French-Canadian friends, Alphonse Constantin and Guy Beaudoin, he was leaving for the Yukon that night. Since then, Beauce County had had no news of him.

Once the approximate date of Bouthillette's arrival in the Yukon was known, it took the Police only a few hours to pick up his trail. Using the effective system for checking the movements of travelers introduced by Superintendent Steele, they soon found

that he, Constantin, and Beaudoin had arrived safely at White Horse and, accompanied by two men listed in the River Watch's records as La Forest and Ladoceur, had started downstream in Boat No. 3744 on June 16. The party had later been sighted at several points, but near Stewart River the boat and its occupants had disappeared. Boat No. 3743 and Boat No. 3745 had reached Dawson without misadventure, but of No. 3744 there was no sign.

Though an intense search up and down the river at first yielded no trace of the missing men, the Police were encouraged when in Circle City, Alaska, Constable Egan found Boat No. 3744. It was easily identified by a peculiarity in the rudder design, and the builders, Messrs. Rook and Cleveland of White Horse, gave the Police a good description of the five French-Canadians to whom it had been sold. Four of these men were missing at the time, but on July 31 Constable Graham of the Police detachment at Ogilvie found Guy Beaudoin's body on a sand-bar in the river. The head had been shattered by a shot-gun charge, but the identification was convincing, and a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder by persons unknown.

With the discovery of Beaudoin's body, the case began to resemble the infamous O'Brien murders, and with the same tenacity that had marked the tracking down of O'Brien the Police followed every possible clue. Off to Skagway and Seattle went Detective Welsh, and in Dawson City there appeared a young man, speaking fluent French, whom none of the French-Canadian residents, though many of them knew him well, recognized as Constable J. H. Burns. He listened more than he talked, the old-timers noted, and he displayed a sympathetic interest in all their varied affairs. He was even interested by the tale of Victor Fournier and Ed Labelle who, under assumed names, had gone up river to White Horse in June. They had been seen in White Horse and had spoken of returning to Dawson soon, but so far they had not put in an appearance.

Surmising that the mysterious La Forest and Ladoceur of Boat 3744 were really Fournier and Labelle, though he had no proof, Burns continued his investigations in Dawson City and on August 8 learned that Fournier had arrived in town. For two weeks, Burns and other Police shadowed Fournier day and night. On August

22, Mr. Cleveland positively identified the suspect as one of the men to whom Boat No. 3744 had been sold, and Burns made the arrest. Meanwhile, Detective Welsh had picked up Labelle's trail in Seattle and had wired for instructions. The trail led east, he said, possibly to Chicago. Should he follow it or not? In reply, Dawson wired that Labelle was said to be in Butte City, Montana, and should be arrested as soon as possible, but, to avoid the risk of mistaken identity, not before Mr. Rook, who knew him by sight, could arrive from the Yukon.

With the identification and arrest of Labelle in Wadsworth, Nevada, early in September, the case of Boat No. 3744 entered upon its last phase. On the way back to the Yukon to stand trial, Labelle, realizing that the Police had welded a damning chain of evidence against him, babbled a dreadful confession. He and Fournier, he admitted, had murdered Bouthillette and Beaudoin, also Constantin—whose body was not found until the spring of 1904—on an island in the Yukon about ten miles below Stewart River. There had been nothing spontaneous about the crime. Robbery had been the motive, and every detail had been planned. It had even been settled in advance that the victims should be French-Canadians; only their identity had been left to chance. Bouthillette, Beaudoin, and Constantin, arriving at White Horse and delighted to meet friendly compatriots, had walked right into the trap. As they slept on the island to which they had been led—Murder Island, it is now called—Labelle and Fournier cold-bloodedly shot them. The murder plan worked to perfection. There was no opposition and hardly any fuss, but the proceeds of the crime—\$140 in cash, a gold watch, and some odds and ends—were most disappointing. So the murderers resentfully flung the stone-weighted bodies into the stream, continued down river in Boat No. 3744, sneaked past Dawson City and other Police posts in the night, and crossed into Alaska. There, near Eagle City, they met a seemingly prosperous French-Canadian named Archie Gilbault and their hopes of profit by murder suddenly revived. They killed Gilbault without a qualm but, when his corpse yielded only a trifling sum, they disgustedly broke up the partnership and each went his own way, Fournier back to Dawson City and Labelle to the United States.

"I do not think," Inspector Routledge later reported, "that in all the annals of Canadian criminal history there was ever such a cold-blooded and premeditated story of murders." This was indeed so, but the tale told by Labelle—and Fournier's later confession, to which Routledge referred—had to be confirmed at the trial by evidence that no cross-examination could weaken and that no jury could doubt. To supply the conclusive links in the chain, Corporal Piper and Constable Woodill proceeded to Murder Island and later, when they returned with a number of damning exhibits, a photographer was sent to the island from Dawson so that pictures of the place where the murders had been committed could be produced for the jury's information. On October 27, Labelle's trial opened before Mr. Justice Craig, and on the 31st, after the presentation by the Police of completely incontrovertible evidence, a verdict of guilty was returned. Fournier's trial, marked by a similar marshaling of evidence, opened on November 4 and ended with a verdict of guilty the same day. Eleven weeks later, on January 20, 1903—the thermometer registered fifty-three degrees below zero that morning—Fournier and Labelle were hanged on the same gallows at the same time. All Dawson City was stirred by the event but no voice could be found to argue that the punishment was more than the murderers deserved.

In addition to the murders by Fournier and Labelle, the year 1902 was marked for the Police in the Yukon by a number of interesting cases, the oddest, perhaps, being the rescue of an Indian boy, Kodik, or Willie Jackson, from the elders of the Chilcat tribe who, believing that his witchcraft had caused the illness of Chief Yakesha, were slowly torturing him to death. This case opened on the night of February 1 when Mr. Sellon, a missionary stationed in the Alaskan village of Kluk-wan, a few miles away, arrived breathless at the Police detachment at Wells, panted out the story of Kodik's plight, and called upon Constable A. G. Leeson, who was in command, for assistance.

As Kluk-wan was in United States territory, Leeson was placed in a dilemma. On Canadian soil, he could act at once in the name of the King—His Majesty King Edward VII had ascended the throne a year before—but the King's authority could not be extended into Alaska without the risk of an international "incident"

in which Leeson was unwilling to become involved. Immediate action, however, was required. Leeson solved the difficulty by announcing formally to Mr. Sellon that as a constable of the North-West Mounted Police he would have nothing to do with the case, but as a "private person"—the definition was his own—in civilian clothes, armed only with his "personal" revolver, he would hasten to Kluk-wan and see what he could do. Much taken with the "private persons" plan, Constables R. Brown and C. P. Simpson changed hurriedly out of uniform as soon as they heard the missionary's tale and insisted on going to Kluk-wan too.

Carrying their privately-owned revolvers, and a pick, a shovel, and an ax, the party rapidly covered the trail to Kluk-wan and reached the house where Mr. Sellon said that Kodik was concealed. The house lay silent in the frosty night, and the party forced an entry without resistance. A quick glance around revealed no sign of Kodik and the "private persons" wondered if they had been the victims of a false alarm. But just as they were about to abandon the search they noticed that firewood was piled in an odd way on the plank flooring of the unheated outer porch. Flinging the firewood aside, the party lifted two planks, and beneath, crushed into an ice-coated hole in the ground, was Kodik. He hardly moved when the boards were lifted and could not stand when dragged from the dreadful hole, but, though he was half-dead from cold and starvation, it seemed that the rescue-party had arrived in time. Hurriedly they wrapped him in blankets and rushed him to Mr. Sellon's house where, after food and stimulants had been given to him, he told his fantastic tale.

As Mr. Sellon had said, witchcraft causing Yakesha's illness was the charge the Chilcats laid at Kodik's door. To exorcise his evil power, they had kicked his head—Kodik pointed to the huge lumps the kicks had raised. Then they had starved and beaten him, cut his chest with sharp-pointed sticks, tied his hands behind his back and fastened the wrists by a cord to the front lock of his hair, scalded him behind the knees with steam from a boiling kettle—the great burns covered the back of his legs—and finally crushed him into the icy hole beneath the floor in the hope that he would die from the effects of the forty degrees below zero cold. Apparently, the rules of witchcraft exorcism did not permit them to kill

the boy outright, but only if he died within ten days could Yakesha's recovery be assured, and all the Chilcats were anxious to see the popular Yakesha alive and well.

Having heard the boy's story and dressed his wounds, Leeson, still acutely aware of the fact that he had no authority on Alaskan soil, "requested" Brown and Simpson to return at once to the Police detachment at Wells. They complied with the request and were hardly out of sight when the Chilcats surrounded the house and demanded Kodik's surrender. Yiltcock, a chief of importance, led the group and threatened to shoot Mr. Sellon, but when he recognized the "private person" who stood at the missionary's side with revolver drawn, his tone changed abruptly. All his friends were dying as the result of witchcraft, he whined, and he was doing his best to stamp out the evil. Kodik was a wizard and should be handed over to him for the good of all concerned. For hours after Yiltcock's demand was peremptorily refused, the Chilcats prowled around the house but at dawn they disappeared, and at noon Constable Brown, arriving from across the Yukon border to make sure that all was well, reported that most of the Indians in Kluk-wan were asleep. Taking advantage of this, Leeson, Brown, and Mr. Sellon hustled Kodik out of the house, through the village, and over the border to the Police detachment at Wells. There he remained, following the constables about with dumb devotion until, when Mr. Sellon had pacified the angry Chilcats and secured their consent, a refuge was found for him in the Alaska Industrial School at Sitka.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CRIME ON THE PRAIRIES

THOUGH THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE WAS ALWAYS IN THE main a frontier force—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are treading far horizons even today—the years after the South African War were marked by such an inflow of settlers to the Canadian prairies that a highly organized police system was essential. No longer was it sufficient for a scarlet-jacketed constable to ride out and deal with whatever problem was presented in the rough-and-ready manner so appropriate in the past. The Indians of the prairies remained, as did the ranchers and settlers of English speech, upon whom the Police could rely in time of need; but the cities were growing, and the whole land was attracting a flow of foreign immigrants, each group complicating the problems of government from a police point of view. On the whole, these people were industrious and well behaved; as a rule, they drank of their newly found freedom without excess; but they required supervision, and some of their religious sects so exasperated the more orthodox settlers that clashes were prevented only by constant vigilance on the part of the Police.

To meet the problems born of the foreign immigration and of the spread of settlers over the face of the land, Commissioner Perry improved the system of Police patrols. With the limited number of trained men at his disposal—ten percent of the Force's experienced personnel was replaced by recruits each year—he could not provide the number of stationary posts that adequate supervision of the immense territory would require. But, by keeping patrols forever on the move, with each patrol covering the maximum number of farms, ranches, and settlements in the minimum of time, he policed the country most effectively. Into each divisional headquarters, through the channels that were prescribed, the patrols sent reports—no item related to the suppression of

crime or the welfare of the community was considered unworthy of note—and into Regina poured digests of the information the patrols had gathered. Old-timers in the Force complained that the endless filling of forms and writing of reports were killing Police initiative, that the last shred of romance in a Policeman's life had gone, that riding breeches were now worn thin on desk stools, not by the friction of the saddle. What were the Police coming to? The veterans flung the question sarcastically at one another and guardedly flung it at Perry in their reports. But the Commissioner only smiled, though sometimes a trifle grimly. His card-index system at Regina, fruit of the many reports, was beginning to yield results, and he knew that as proof of its efficiency spread the storm of criticism would subside.

Despite the efficiency of the Police patrols, the opening years of the twentieth century were marked not only by an increase in population, but by a corresponding increase in the volume of crime. In 1900, the Police made 1,351 arrests, in 1901 the number was 1,746, in 1902 it grew to 2,017, and in 1903 it reached a total of 3,315. The variety of offenses was great. It ranged from the serio-comic, as exemplified by the case of the Idaho Kid, through the gamut of drunk and disorderly, assault and battery, robbery, theft, and arson, and culminated in several cases of cold-blooded murder.

There was no case to compare in horror with the crimes committed in the Yukon by Fournier and Labelle, but there were many cases which taxed the resources of the Force and in which convictions were secured only after the Police had carried out detective work of a high order. Other cases required no detective skill but considerable courage. Of this type was the case of the Idaho Kid.

The Wild Man from Idaho, or, as he called himself, the "Idaho Kid," blew into Weyburn one afternoon in May, 1903, and decided to "shoot up the town." He started by shooting at the front of the local hotel. Wearying of this, he accosted a citizen of note and shot a few holes in his hat. He then drilled shots at random round about and announced that he was boss of the town. Someone thereupon threatened to have him arrested. He said there was no one in Canada who *could* arrest him, so the idea

was no good. A bystander suggested sending for the Mounted Police. The Idaho Kid laughed. But the bystander meant it. He telegraphed for help to the Police detachment at Halbrite. Constable Lett, who received the wire at 8:50 P.M., flagged a freight train and hastened to Weyburn to find out what was wrong. When he arrived, a group of angry citizens told him. The Idaho Kid had them scared.

"Where is he now?" Lett asked.

The citizens explained that he was in his room in the local hotel.

"Well," Lett said, calmly, "suppose we rout him out."

The citizens were startled but agreed that this was a splendid plan—if Lett would do the routing. Lett was quite willing. They showed him Idaho's door. Lett bashed it in. Confronted by the Policeman, Idaho pulled a gun. But Lett took it from him. It was as easy as that. Or almost as easy. They fought for a time, each gathering a few scars. And the hotel room was wrecked. But Lett won. He proved it by bringing Idaho out with handcuffs on. Idaho was battered, and looked sheepish. Lett looked battered and well pleased. As a result of the fight, Idaho acquired a tremendous admiration for Canadian law. Lett, it is interesting to note, acquired a corporal's stripe on his scarlet sleeve. And the citizens of Weyburn, with a shot-up hotel and a riddled hat as souvenirs, acquired a conviction that when "bad men" appeared the best way of dealing with them was to send without delay for the Mounted Police.

In a sense, the "crime" of the Idaho Kid in Weyburn could be regarded as "good clean fun," but there was nothing funny and little that was clean about the visit to the Calgary district in 1902 of the twenty-two-year-old Wyoming criminal, Ernest Cashel. This youth, charged with forgery, was arrested by the Calgary city police on October 14, but escaped, fled into the open country, and was pursued by the Mounted Police. For a week, no trace of him was found. Then he stole a pony near Lacombe and again dropped out of sight completely. Nearly a month later, no clue to Cashel's whereabouts having meanwhile been discovered, D. A. Thomas, a settler from Pleasant Valley, reported to the Police that he was uneasy about his brother-in-law, J. R. Belt, who

ranchd some thirty-eight miles east of Lacombe, but of whom, since about November 1, he had had no word. The ranch, he said, was deserted, and no one could tell him where Belt had gone.

Investigating Belt's disappearance, Constable McLeod found that about November 1 the missing rancher had given shelter to a young man named Bert Elseworth who remained with him for some days. No one knew where Elseworth came from or where he had gone, but, from the descriptions of him supplied by neighbors of Belt, McLeod soon identified him as Ernest Cashel. And when a search revealed that Belt's horse, saddle, shotgun, and clothes, also a fifty-dollar gold certificate, were missing from the ranch—to say nothing of Belt himself—McLeod became suspicious of a murder, with robbery as the motive. Sharing the suspicion, when he heard the constable's report, Superintendent Sanders, commanding the Calgary Division, assigned to the case Constable A. Pennycuick who, as a result of the O'Brien murder case in the Yukon, was recognized as one of the finest detectives the Force possessed.

With all the painstaking brilliance that had marked his previous work, Pennycuick concentrated on the mystery of Belt's disappearance—no body, it must be remembered, had been found—and the Police detachments continued their search for Cashel. On January 17, 1903, a man who later proved to be Cashel borrowed a horse from a Mr. Healy, of Jumping Pound, and rode to Kananaskis, where he abandoned the horse and stole a diamond ring. With the Police hot on his trail, Cashel rode the rods of a freight train to Canmore, where the trainmen reported that clothing had been stolen from their caboose. Next he appeared in Anthracite, and there, while wearing corduroy trousers similar to J. R. Belt's and while in possession of the diamond ring stolen at Kananaskis, he was arrested by Constable Blyth. As no evidence to connect him with Belt's disappearance could be offered, he was tried on charges of stealing the horse at Lacombe and the diamond ring at Kananaskis, was found guilty, and on May 14 was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Meanwhile, Pennycuick had discovered that Bert Elseworth—he knew but could not yet prove that Elseworth was really Cashel

—had lived with a group of half-breeds near Calgary just after Belt had disappeared. In a search of the half-breed settlement, Pennycuik found a coat of Belt's matching the trousers Cashel was wearing when arrested, and found witnesses to testify that in November Cashel had had a fifty-dollar gold certificate corresponding to the uncommon one missing from Belt's ranch. With the links thus forged in his chain of evidence, Pennycuik believed Cashel could be convicted of murder if only the victim could be found. He was sure that Belt had been murdered but he had no proof. To get proof, he and Constable Rogers dragged the Red Deer River near Belt's ranch and searched the banks downstream for miles. They carried on this work for weeks, but no trace of the missing man was found.

So matters stood until July 20, when a farmer found a body floating in the Red Deer River, twenty miles below Belt's ranch. He dragged it ashore, flung a blanket over it, and sent for the Mounted Police. It had a bullet hole in the left breast—the caliber was the same as that of the revolver and rifle carried by Cashel—and it was badly decomposed, but the Police identified it in a few moments. A deformed toe on the left foot and an iron clamp on the heel of the left boot made it certain that the body was that of J. R. Belt.

Upon the finding of Belt's body, Cashel was charged with murder, was found guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged on December 15. It seemed, with Cashel sentenced, that another creditable case in the history of the Mounted Police stood complete, but the end for the Police had not been reached.

On December 10, John Cashel, Ernest's brother, arrived in Calgary from Wyoming and was granted a pass to visit the murderer in his cell. Through the gross negligence of the prison guards, John Cashel was able to smuggle in two revolvers, and, using these to intimidate his jailers, Ernest Cashel escaped. The alarm was sounded at once, and Constable Goulter pounced on John Cashel who was waiting at a street corner to give his brother a pair of sturdy boots, but the murderer heard somehow of John's arrest, fled out of the city in the dark, and, knowing the district well, escaped the Police who followed.

Next day, all Police divisions in the West were informed of

Cashel's escape, and Superintendent Sanders sent out parties to warn the settlers near Calgary to be on their guard. Cashel was armed, a death sentence had already been passed on him, and it was realized that he would stop at nothing to effect his escape. On December 12 Commissioner Perry, accompanied by Inspector Knight, arrived from Regina to take charge of the pursuit. He announced that a reward of one thousand dollars would be paid for information leading to Cashel's capture and he threw into the chase all available Police reserves, but when he was compelled to return to Regina on December 23, Cashel was still at large.

By the end of the third week in January, 1904, however, Cashel had robbed several ranches, and Sanders had sharply narrowed his field of search. By checking the times and places where the murderer had shown himself, Sanders knew that Cashel must be operating at night from a hide-out in the Shepard district. The only way to capture him would be to search the district in the daytime, leaving no ranch, root-house, cellar, or hay-stack unexplored. To carry out such a search, Sanders decided, if the Commissioner would permit, to enlist the help of a force of volunteers. As soon as the permission was granted, Sanders swore in twenty men as special constables, added twenty of his own Police, divided the force into five parties of eight men each, took command of one party, placed the other four under Major Barwis, Inspector Knight, Inspector A. W. Duffus, and Sergeant-Major T. S. Belcher, and ordered all the parties to start the search at eight-thirty o'clock on the morning of Sunday, January 24.

Swinging methodically into action, the five parties carried out their search without incident until 11:30 A.M. Then, as Constable Biggs, of Inspector Duffus's party, started down a steep flight of stairs on the Pitman ranch, a revolver cracked in the cellar below and a bullet smacked into the woodwork at his side. He fired in reply, but could not see in the dark and drew back quickly when more shots spat from below. Cashel had been found. Of that there was little doubt. But there remained the task of arresting him. Constable Rogers was with Biggs, but a straight attack, even by two men, held no hope of success. Inspector Duffus who soon arrived saw no advantage in attacking at all.

"Burn the shack," he ordered curtly, "and shoot if you have to when he comes out."

The rest of the story is anti-climax. In obedience to the Inspector's orders, the shack was set on fire, and in a few minutes a gasping figure staggered into the open and surrendered. Nine days later, on February 2, Ernest Cashel was hanged for the murder of J. R. Belt, and the Police wrote "finis" to one of the memorable cases in their history.

The Cashel case was memorable because of Pennycuik's detective work and the man-hunts on the two occasions when the prisoner escaped, but even more striking in many ways was a case in the Lesser Slave Lake district later in 1904. Staff-Sergeant Anderson, in command of the Lesser Slave Lake detachment, won the gratitude of Moos Toos, headman of the Indian reservation at Sucker Creek, by preventing contractors from cutting wood on the Indians' lands without payment. In return, Moos Toos brought Anderson all the local news and particularly those items which he considered would be of value from what he vaguely understood to be the Police point of view. Most of his "news" was little more than gossip, but one day in the autumn he riveted Anderson's attention. Two white men with four pack-horses had arrived on Moos Toos's reservation and camped near a slough for three days. At the end of this time, one of the men left the camp alone, and an Indian lad had noticed the peculiar fact that the man's dog would not obey or follow him. As soon as the man was out of sight, the Indian women had visited the camp to pick up any useful odds and ends that had been left behind. They found nothing of value but noticed that the camp-fire had been much larger than was usual and that on the underside of the leaves of a nearby tree the dense smoke from the fire had deposited globules of fat.

"Someone had burnt flesh in that fire," Moos Toos explained, adding significantly, "And one night we heard a shot."

Realizing that Moos Toos's tale called for immediate investigation, Anderson and Constable Lowe rode to the Sucker Creek reservation and, helped by a band of the Indians, inspected the site where the strangers had camped. At a glance, two things were clear: first that the camp-fire had indeed been much larger than usual; second that the foliage of the nearby trees, as the Indian

women had said, had been drenched by a denser and greasier smoke than any ordinary fire would account for. In these circumstances, Anderson and Lowe raked the ashes of the fire with care. First they found several pieces of bone, then some buttons, then what seemed to be charred flesh, and finally the broken shaft of a large, coarse needle. They carefully saved these exhibits and then turned their attention to the slough. It was nearly four feet deep, but from its muddy bottom Moos Toos and his Indians, who entered keenly into the search, recovered a camp-kettle, a pair of boots with rags stuffed inside, and, most significant of all, the second bit of the broken needle. This linked the objects from the slough with the items from the fire in a manner that left no shred of doubt as to their connection.

While the Indians were still groping in the black water of the slough, Anderson set out on the trail of the man who had arrived at the camp with a partner and so mysteriously had left alone. With no great difficulty, the sergeant ran his quarry to earth at a farm only a few miles away. When questioned, the man said that his name was Charles King, that Lyman was the name of the chance-met stranger with whom he had camped beside the slough and who, before he himself had left the camp, had started for Sturgeon Lake on foot. The tale was plausible but it left the bones, flesh, and buttons in the camp-fire unexplained; so, when no trace of the missing Lyman could be found on the trail to Sturgeon Lake, Anderson placed King under arrest.

It was easy to make the arrest, but Anderson was too experienced to suppose that a hard-headed jury would convict the prisoner on the basis of the circumstantial evidence of crime so far gathered. Much more convincing evidence was needed. How to find it was Anderson's problem. Could any clue still lie beneath the dirty waters of the little slough? He determined to find out. At first he thought only of dragging the slough again and of having the Indians renew their groping in the muddy bottom. Then the idea of drainage flashed into his mind and he found, on studying the lie of the land, that a shallow ditch, half a mile long, would empty the slough into the bed of Sucker Creek. Moos Toos and his Indians, when invited to tackle the job, said they would dig the ditch for one hundred dollars. It was a gamble—the powers that be were

critical of such expenses if they produced no good results—but the chance was worth taking, and Anderson ordered the Indians to set to work.

Probably Moos Toos and his men were disappointed when the drained slough yielded only a little case of the type used at the time in England for carrying sovereigns. Anderson may have been disappointed too, but he noticed that the case bore the name of the manufacturers in England. Could the man to whom it had belonged be identified by the English firm? It was a thousand-to-one shot but it worked. The manufacturers searched their records and found the name of the shop-keeper to whom the case had been shipped; the shop-keeper's records showed that the case had been sold to a Mr. Hayward, who had since died. But Mr. Hayward's son was traced, and he recognized the case at once. It had been given by his father to another son who afterwards had left for Canada. Word had later reached the family that the son in Canada had arrived in Edmonton but, since that time, no news of him had been received. A sister had dreamed on a night in September—this strange tale was told at the time of the trial—that the brother in Canada had died a violent death, but, until the sovereign case had appeared, nothing to confirm the dream had happened.

Having discovered the name of the man whose murdered body, they believed, had been burned in the camp-fire near Sucker Creek, the Police soon found that the missing Hayward and the prisoner, King, had formed a partnership in Edmonton and left together on a journey into the North. They traced the pair to the Sucker Creek reservation and, through the work of a criminologist in Eastern Canada, identified as human the charred bones and flesh found in the ashes of the slough-side camp-fire. At King's trial which opened in Edmonton on February 24, 1905, Mr. Hayward, brought over from England for the purpose, identified the sovereign case as the property of his missing brother—the story of his sister's dream was not, of course, offered as evidence—the criminologist from Eastern Canada gave his damning analysis of the contents of the camp-fire, identifications of King as Hayward's partner were made, the Indians from Sucker Creek told their significant story, and the accused man was found guilty and sen-

tenced to death. But, after all the witnesses had scattered, a technical error in the proceedings was found and the condemned man was granted a new trial. Back from England the Police brought Mr. Hayward, back from the East they brought the analyst, and back from distant Sucker Creek came Moos Toos and those Indians whose evidence was essential. Rounding them all up for the second time was an arduous duty, but the result was as successful as before. The new trial opened on June 19, a verdict of guilty was brought in on June 28, and on September 30 Charles King paid with his life on the gallows for the murder that neither the cold waters of the little slough nor the roaring flames of the northland camp-fire had been sufficient to conceal.

CHAPTER TWELVE

HUMANITARIAN EFFORTS

SELDOM DO THE MOUNTED POLICE CLAIM A PLACE AMONG THE organizations whose humanitarian efforts have contributed so greatly to modern social history. The public see the Police as enemies of crime and sometimes as northland travelers of wide experience, but not often as exemplars of the type of service associated with such symbols as the Red Cross. Yet, from the earliest days of its existence, the Force has carried out humanitarian work which any organization might envy. There are no "statistics of cases aided" whereby the Force's services in this field may be assessed: only the legion of the aided could properly tell the tale; the men, women, and children saved by the Mounted Police from drowning, starvation, forest and prairie fires, exposure to icy cold, epidemics and disease, or from the results of madness in the lonely wildernesses of the North.

No statistics on the subject exist, but sometimes humanitarian work finds a place in the Force's official reports, with a word of commendation for some officer or man who has risked his own life to save the lives of others. Soon after the Force marched into the West, such items appear, among the first being the tale of Sub-Constable Sheppard who, in the days of Sitting Bull, rescued three Sioux children from a prairie fire. Few details are given in the report, but it is easy to read between the formal lines. Sheppard was on patrol in the Wood Mountain district. In the distance he saw a prairie fire sweeping through the rolling hills with smoke whirling in a vast funnel into the darkened sky. In its path, a mile or two away, stood some Indian lodges. Sheppard knew them well. A half-dozen children were playing about the doors when he passed by the week before. He galloped towards the lodges to make sure the children were safe. The fire was upon the camp by now, the Indians panic-stricken. A swarm of them dashed past

him, two or three riders clinging to a single horse. A few, less terrified, stopped and spoke. Three children and some aged people, they said, had been left behind. Sheppard believed there was still a chance to save them. The lodges were beginning to burn, and the heat was scorching. But Sheppard jumped from the saddle, called an Indian to hold his horse, and started to run. He swung at an angle to the wind and plunged among the blazing lodges. He stumbled over the dead bodies of a woman and an old man. Leaping flames seared his uniform and hair. But he found the Sioux children, crouching terrified in a lodge already on fire. Somehow he dragged them out and found a road to safety. The Indians who had escaped the flames were grateful and a little ashamed. They asked him to stay with them until his burns were healed. But he was on patrol. He had to ride on.

Sheppard's was a spontaneous act of bravery. More courageous, perhaps, was the prolonged fight waged in winter by Constable Holmes in the Qu'Appelle district when smallpox swept the Indian reservations. Men, women, and children were stricken, and the disease spread to the white and half-breed settlements. No doctor was available, and deaths among the destitute Indians mounted rapidly. Holmes had studied medicine and had gained a knowledge of nursing by serving in the Force as a hospital steward. He determined to vaccinate as many of the Indians and settlers as possible and to care to the best of his ability for the sick. This meant traveling many miles on snowshoes, camping in the open with no protection from blizzards and cold other than a hole in some deep drift of snow. It meant days spent in the lodges of the stricken Indians, where sanitation was unknown and the air was foetid with the odor of the disease. It meant all these things and more, but it wrought the district's salvation. Finally, after many deaths, the vaccine took effect. New cases ceased to appear. Immunization triumphed. And Holmes, rewarded only by his pay of seventy-five cents a day, returned to routine duties in the Force as an acting hospital steward.

Similar in many respects to the work of Holmes was that of Corporal D. B. Smith who was alone in the Police detachment at Norway House when scarlet fever and diphtheria broke out among the Indians in the district. The cases were so severe that many

of those not stricken fled in terror, leaving the sick to recover as best they could or to crawl away and die. The dead, with their own kin unwilling to bury them, were a common sight. Smith, though stationed at Norway House to carry out ordinary Police routine, quietly tackled the grim problem which the epidemic provided. As Dr. R. G. MacBeth wrote in his *Policing the Plains*, Smith "looked after the sick, he comforted the dying, he buried the dead,—and by the use of strong disinfectants sought to clean the huts and tents of the poisonous germs."

Closely resembling the case of Sheppard is the tale of Constable Conradi. Riding on patrol, Conradi sighted a prairie fire and learned with dismay that a homesteader named Young, with a wife and children, was in the burning area. Spurring to the rescue—his horse was badly burned and had to be shot—Conradi found Young trying to save his few belongings from the flames. Together the two continued the fight, but the effort was in vain, and Conradi had a hard time dragging the exhausted settler to safety. Meanwhile, the wind veered and the flames swept in the direction where Mrs. Young and the children had sought escape. Plunging back into the smoke and flames, Conradi reached a small slough. There, standing in the water, were the woman and the children, gasping and terrified, but not seriously harmed. Realizing that they would be smothered if not rescued at once, Conradi waded into the swamp, picked up the children, and, with the mother bravely following, struck across the slough to the far shore where the fire had already passed. "My wife and family owe their lives to him," the settler afterwards wrote, "and I feel with them we shall never be able to repay him."

Often the Police rescued children, but sometimes the Force's rôle was to punish adults through whom children had suffered serious harm. A case of this type occurred in the Chipewyan district in 1903 when Sergeant R. Field heard that near Black Lake, 250 miles away, several Indian children had been devoured by wolves. Details of the horror were few, but Field did not like the vague reports and decided that an investigation was required. Accordingly, he traveled to Black Lake and found, as he had suspected, that the children had been deserted by their father before the wolves came upon them. Such cases among the Indians were

rare, but Field considered that an example of the culprit should be made. To arrest the father and secure the witnesses required was not possible at the time, but eight months later when all members of the tribe were assembled at Fond du Lac, Field served a warrant on the accused man, collected the essential witnesses, and started for Edmonton, a journey of 670 miles by boat, ninety miles by trail, and more than a thousand miles by train. In Edmonton, the case was tried, blood-stained clothing of the children was produced, the Indians gave evidence, the father admitted his guilt, and a sentence of two years with hard labor in the penitentiary was imposed. This salutary punishment, as all present agreed, gave assurance that child-desertion in the wilds was an offense that would give the Police little trouble in future.

Child-desertion may have been eliminated as a problem affecting the Police in the wilds, but there still remained the problem of the violently insane. When a man goes mad in civilization, the task of restraining him and preventing him from harming himself or others is difficult; when he goes mad in the wilds, the task of conducting him to a place where asylum is possible is one from which even experienced wardens of the insane might turn in complete dismay. Yet the problem has often been dealt with by the Mounted Police, and there are tales of "lunatic patrols" in the Force's records which surpass in horror the grimmest of macabre fiction. There were, for example, the patrols by Sergeant Field in 1902—he was Corporal Field then—and by Constable Pedley in 1904.

Field was stationed at Fort Chipewyan and had just returned after a long mid-winter patrol. He was badly in need of rest, but a message informed him that a man had gone violently insane at Hay River, 350 miles away. There was only one thing for him to do. He must drive his dogs over the long trail, see the lunatic, and, if the report of violent insanity was correct, bring the man back to civilization. Accompanied only by an Indian interpreter, he rushed to Hay River, hoping to find a mildly insane man who, without great difficulty, could be brought back to Chipewyan. But no such good fortune awaited him. Instead, he found a raving maniac, a snarling, dangerous, wild animal, glaring with murderous hate at anyone who approached.

To transport this madman to Fort Chipewyan and on to Fort Saskatchewan, a total distance of nearly one thousand miles, feeding and exercising him on the way, guarding him from frost-bite and exposure day and night, sleeping beside him when sleep was possible, keeping weapons at all times out of his reach, enduring his raving speech by day and his screams at night, was the task that Field accomplished. For nearly six weeks the nightmare endured—six weeks in which were crowded the miseries and anxieties of a lifetime—but at Fort Saskatchewan the trail ended, the madman was turned over to the medical authorities for treatment, and Field, rewarded for his effort by a word of commendation, returned to his duties at Fort Chipewyan.

Some idea of the strain that a "lunatic patrol" imposes is conveyed by the experience of Constable A. Pedley. On December 17, 1904, Pedley, detailed to escort a madman from Fort Chipewyan to Fort Saskatchewan, started out with an interpreter and two dog teams. For five days the dogs floundered through slush and water in which Pedley and the interpreter—the madman was strapped in a sleeping-bag on one of the sleds—sank up to their knees. Then the weather turned bitterly cold—temperatures of twenty to fifty degrees below zero are mentioned in an account of the journey written by Major Harwood Steele who describes how the madman burst from his bonds and fought to prevent recapture, how the party rode out a forty-eight-hour blizzard while lashed to trees in the shelter of their upturned sleds, how wolves threatened near Fort McKay, and how the party finally won through to Fort Saskatchewan on January 7, 1905. Let the Commissioner of the Force finish the tale: "Constable Pedley commenced his return trip to Fort Chipewyan. When he left Fort Saskatchewan he was apparently in good health, but at Lac La Biche he went violently insane as a result of the hardships of his trip and his anxiety for the safety of his charge. He was brought back to Fort Saskatchewan and then transferred to Brandon Asylum. I am glad to say that after spending six months there he recovered his mind and returned to Headquarters. He was granted three months' leave and is now at duty as well as ever."

Field's and Pedley's "lunatic patrols" were long distance journeys with dog-teams in the frozen north. Different, but no less

eventful, was the short trip from Fort Saskatchewan to Leduc and back carried out by Constable F. D. Sutherland in 1902. This took place in November when Superintendent Constantine who had received a message that a settler at Leduc had gone mad ordered Sutherland to drive a Police wagon and a team to Leduc and bring the insane man in. It sounded easy, though to find a fresh team was not in itself a simple matter; for Constantine's horses since the beginning of the year had covered an aggregate of more than eighty-five thousand miles. Nor was the duty simple when the team had been found, for Sutherland upon arrival at Leduc discovered an anxious group of men gathered near the lonely shack in which the insane man lived. When the man went mad, they said, they tied him up but later released him, as he seemed to have recovered and they needed his help with the homestead chores. Once released, he flung them out of the shack, barricaded the door, and threatened to shoot the first man who tried to come inside. Night had fallen since then and no light in the house had appeared, but sounds had been heard and the watchers were sure that the man inside was still on guard.

Deciding that the best thing to do was to break in the door and overpower the madman by a sudden rush, Sutherland organized an attack. One of the settlers was to smash in the door; Robert Hedell, another farmer, was to carry a lantern; and Sutherland himself was to tackle the madman if he offered resistance. But when the door collapsed under the settler's mighty heave, the lantern revealed a figure sitting so forlornly on a broken chair that the party believed no resistance was likely. The moment they crossed the doorsill, however, they were undeceived. The forlorn figure shot from the chair as if propelled by a giant spring; one great boot kicked the lantern from Hedell's hand; and in the dark the madman reached for his rifle. At this stage, Robert Hedell made the mistake that cost him his life. He lit a match, the flame revealed his position, and the madman drilled a bullet into his head. As the rifle flashed, Sutherland leaped. He was too late to save Hedell, but his rush flung the madman backwards onto a low bed. There the two men fought. The madman kicked, tore at Sutherland's face, and sank his teeth deep in Sutherland's head behind the ear. But the Policeman, though sickened by the intense

pain, seized the madman by the throat, choked him until his abnormal strength waned, and then, with the help of the settlers, overcame his final resistance. Having lashed the man securely, Sutherland drove him to Fort Saskatchewan where he was placed in the Police guard-room under medical care and where a charge of murder was entered against him. But the case—in which a verdict of homicide while insane would certainly have been rendered—never came to trial. Despite care and treatment, the madman's malady grew worse until, on December 26, after more than six weeks of violent insanity, death brought him a merciful release.

That was in 1902. The next year, as any old-timer in the Canadian West will recall, was the year of the disaster at Frank, Alberta. On the night of April 28, 1903, Frank was a prosperous little town on the Crow's Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It lay in the shadow of Turtle Mountain, and at dawn on the morning of April 29 the mountain descended upon it, engulfing part of the town in a mass of piled-up rock and debris one hundred feet high. The Crow's Nest Pass had seen many landslides, but this was different. This landslide did not roll down the side of the mountain; the whole northern face of the mountain came down. It slid over the lower part of Frank, scooped up a river, rocks, trees, and a railway line, thundered for a mile and a half across the valley in its path, and then, as offshoots spread for two miles to the east and west, rolled five hundred feet up the slope of the mountain on the opposite side.

The landslide was terrifying, but the stout-hearted citizens of Frank at once organized salvage and rescue parties, and in the work of these parties the Mounted Police took a leading part. Only one sergeant and one constable were stationed in Frank when the slide occurred, but Inspector Davidson started for the scene from Pincher Creek as soon as news of the disaster reached him. In his wake came Inspector Douglas and ten men from Calgary and Superintendent Primrose with two officers and twelve men from Lethbridge and Macleod. There was nothing to be done for the sixty-three men and women buried by the slide—only twelve bodies were ever recovered—but the injured were removed to the Police barracks for treatment, the destitute were given food and shelter, and law and order were maintained. This

task was complicated on May 2 when a further landslide threatened. Premier Haultain ordered an immediate evacuation of all citizens from the town which thereupon passed into the complete control of the Mounted Police. So effectively was this control maintained that when the dead-line regulations were relaxed on May 10 and free entry into the town was restored, not a single case of looting had been reported. Seven members of the Force remained in Frank while the destroyed portion of the town and the railway were being rebuilt, and it was at least in a measure due to their good work that Inspector Davidson could report at the end of the year that "Frank is today in as good a position as at the time of the slide."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

HERSCHEL ISLAND AND HUDSON BAY

FROM THE TIME WHEN COMMISSIONER PERRY ASSUMED COMMAND of the Mounted Police, it was clear that one of the main paths of the Force's destiny led into the North. Perry was not gifted with second-sight; he did not dream that in little more than a quarter of a century the flag of the Force would be flying within six hundred miles of the North Pole; he could not foresee airships circling in the polar blue, nor could he visualize the Arctic as the strategic heart of a future air-line from Europe to the Orient; he could not hear the crackle of wireless or the hum of radio, bringing Arctic outposts of the future into touch with civilization; but he knew that the voices of the North were calling, with an insistence that would not be denied.

In his first report, the Commissioner mentioned the call. "The great countries of the Peace, Athabaska, and Mackenzie Rivers," he wrote, "are constantly requiring more men." And, he added, "the operations of the American whalers at the mouth of the Mackenzie will ere long require a detachment to control their improper dealings with the Indians and to protect the revenue."

It was not possible to send the proposed detachment when the report was written, but in 1903 Perry was able to report with pride: "Our field of operations this year has been tremendously widened," and to justify the statement by explaining that under Sergeant F. J. Fitzgerald, "the most northerly police post in the world" had been established at Herschel Island in the Beaufort Sea, and that under Superintendent J. D. Moodie, Police had been sent from Halifax in the S.S. *Neptune* to establish a detachment on the western shore of Hudson Bay. Herschel Island and Hudson Bay—more than 2,000 miles apart. The Commissioner was not boasting when he said that the Force's field of operations had been "tremendously widened." Nor did he exaggerate in the

following year when he wrote, "The Royal North-West Mounted Police"—His Majesty King Edward VII had granted the Force the royal prefix on June 24—"is today dealing with all classes of men—the lawless element on the border, the cowboys and Indians on the plains, the coal miners in the mountains, the gold miners in the Yukon, and the American whalers and the Esquimaux in Hudson Bay and the far distant Arctic Sea."

Fitzgerald established "the most northerly police post in the world," but Superintendent Constantine paved the way. On May 30, 1903, he left Fort Saskatchewan for Athabaska Landing, accompanied by Constable John Galpin, and arrived to find that Fitzgerald, Constable F. D. Sutherland, and Constable R. H. Walker had started northward downstream with the Hudson's Bay Company's annual brigade of boats. Constantine followed on June 1 in a twenty-foot canoe and overtook the advance party at Fort McMurray on June 7. Five days later the brigade reached Fort Chipewyan on Athabaska Lake and, proceeding thence, reached Smith's Landing where all freight had to be transported over a sixteen-mile portage. When this process was completed, Constantine's party continued downstream by steamer, crossed the Arctic Circle on July 11, and continued on to Fort McPherson. In this desolate post on the high, wind-swept bank of the Peel River, less than one hundred miles from the Arctic Ocean, Constantine rented buildings from the Esquimaux Mission and, having established his men in these quarters, left at once on the return journey to Athabaska Landing. "I felt for the men standing on the beach," he afterwards wrote, "as I well remember the feeling that came over our party in the Yukon in 1895 when the last steamer left, being cut off from the outside world for a year at least, strangers in a strange land."

Strangers the Police most certainly were, but strangers clothed with authority, with work to do which permitted no delay. For two weeks, Fitzgerald kept his men employed at Fort McPherson. Then on July 29 he, Sutherland, and Interpreter Thompson sailed on a mission whale-boat for Herschel Island. Proceeding down the Peel River, the boat turned into the Mackenzie, followed the west branch of that mighty stream, reached the Arctic Ocean, turned west, and, after a run before the wind of eighty

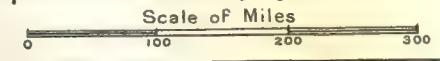
miles, sighted Herschel Island. Landing, the Police found that the island—of which strange tales had reached them—was about twelve miles long and two to four miles wide, bare of trees or underbrush, and affording a barren picture of desolation. Six storehouses, owned by the Pacific Steam Whaling Company or by the Esquimault Mission, raised their gaunt bulk, and round them were clustered fifteen sod-roofed huts, owned, as Fitzgerald later reported, by the whaling company “and used by officers of the whalers who nearly all keep a native woman in the winter.”

When Fitzgerald arrived, the whaling fleet was not in port, but he beat the ships to harbor by little more than a week. Between August 16 and 19, in they came, the *Alexander*, *Thrasher*, *Bowhead*, *Belvedere*, *Baylies*, and *Beluga*, stout little vessels varying from 150 to 410 tons. As each captain came ashore, he was met—no doubt to his dismay, for Herschel had been the whalers’ kingdom—by the scarlet-coated Fitzgerald who, with Sutherland standing dutifully by, asked politely for his name, the details of his ship, and such other information as was required. Still politely, the sergeant would then remark that it was no part of his duty to interfere too drastically with the captain’s private affairs, but he must make it clear that the practice of supplying liquor to the natives must cease, that in the future customs duties must be paid on all goods landed, and that the laws of the Dominion of Canada would now govern all the whalers’ relations with the natives and all the island’s affairs.

Though startled by the sudden advent of authority, most of the ships’ officers accepted the new scheme of things with resignation and at least a show of good will. Several bottles of liquor were smuggled ashore, and some rowdyism resulted, but when Fitzgerald seized one bottle from a native woman and arrested the possessor of another, the flow ceased abruptly. Probably the whalers hoped that the Police detachment would function for a time and then disappear, leaving them to rule and enjoy their kingdom as in the lawless days of old, but if this was indeed their dream it suffered disappointment. Fitzgerald was forced to go to Fort McPherson for a time, but later he returned to the island, established a permanent Police detachment there, and laid

HUDSON BAY

showing
Insp. J.V. Begin's patrol (1890)
and
Supt. J.D. Moodie's voyage (1903) - - - - -



a secure foundation for the Force's governance of the western Arctic.

While Fitzgerald sat in a hut on Herschel Island on August 21 writing a report—he had only four scraps of paper and his report was therefore brief—Superintendent J. D. Moodie, Staff-Sergeant C. H. Dee, and three constables were in Halifax, loading supplies into the S.S. *Neptune* for the voyage to Hudson Bay. If Fitzgerald's detachment at Herschel Island be taken as the little finger of the left hand the Force was extending to seize the Arctic littoral and to establish in fact the suzerainty Canada had exercised in theory for years, Moodie's expedition may be taken to be the thumb. Neither detachment boasted imposing strength, but the two, with the help of detachments that followed, served notice on the world at large and anyone it should concern that the shores of the Arctic and the islands to the north had passed beyond dispute into Canada's permanent possession. Only now, when more than thirty years have passed, has the significance of those small detachments' early presence in the North been fully recognized.

It was on August 22 that the *Neptune*, with Moodie's detachment and Hudson's Bay Company personnel aboard, glided from Halifax dockyard and anchored in the harbor. Until noon next day, her crew were busy lashing deck-loads and adjusting cargo. Then, with the last rope drawn taut and the last inch of space used to advantage, she steamed into the North. Rolling up the Labrador coast, the *Neptune* touched at Port Burwell in Ungava Bay on September 1, continued across the mouth of Hudson Strait next day, and on September 5 reached Cumberland Sound. A Scotch whaling company was operating from headquarters in the Sound, and Moodie went ashore to interview the agent and inspect the station. He also visited the Reverend Mr. Peck, a missionary, who described the Eskimos living in the district. They were a happy people, the missionary said, and crime among them was rare, but their moral standards were deplorable. The men, he explained, took, discarded, and exchanged wives whenever it suited their fancy, and all the efforts he had made to introduce a more permanent form of union had failed completely.

Having promised to bring Mr. Peck's comments to the Gov-

ernment's attention—that was all he could do—Moodie returned to the *Neptune* which crossed the Sound on the following day, visited another station of the Scotch whaling company, and proceeded on September 7 to Cape Haven. Here Moodie visited the station of an American whaling company to notify the agent that customs duties would be collected in future and of the laws that would have to be obeyed. Continuing the voyage, the *Neptune* pointed south, swung into Hudson Strait, entered Hudson Bay, and on September 23 reached Fullerton, "the best harbour on the western side of the Bay," where the ship was to winter and the Police were to build their post.

Helped by the ship's carpenter, the Police worked hard at the construction of their post until October 1 when news arrived that the *Neptune's* launch had been wrecked in Chesterfield Inlet and that all salvage efforts by the crew had so far failed. As loss of the launch would have seriously affected both the Police and Hudson's Bay Company's plans, all hands at Fullerton at once boarded the *Neptune* and sailed to the rescue. On arrival, the party found the launch held fast on a ledge of massive rock, but after days of icy work in which the Police took a notable part, the wreck was disengaged and hoisted to the deck of the *Neptune* which returned to Fullerton on October 10.

Construction of the Police post was then resumed, and soon there stood complete a substantial little building, designed to provide a snug shelter from the howling winds that would blow all winter from the north, and comfortable quarters in the short summer that would follow. The guard-room measured only six by eight feet, a tiny space to accommodate five men, but off it opened a cell of similar size, which during the first winter the Police hoped would remain available to them for ordinary use. On November 8, however, the cell was filled by a maniac whose yells, as Moodie wrote, echoed maddeningly in the men's ears until on April 27, 1904, the death of the madman afforded them relief. The strain that care of this maniac imposed upon the men for nearly six months, Moodie reported, was almost more than they could endure, but, he added, "their good temper and kindness in handling the patient never lessened."

Spring and early summer came to the settled districts of

Canada, but it was still winter in Hudson Bay, and in Fullerton Harbor the *Neptune* still lay locked in the winter's ice. On July 18, the ice cleared, and the staunch little ship sailed for home. Leaving Staff-Sergeant Dee, Constable Conway, and Constable Tremaine to carry on at Fullerton, Moodie sailed with her to report to the Comptroller of the Force and to the Dominion Government in Ottawa. In a report dated September 3, he recommended the establishment of further Police posts on the Bay; estimated that the native population was about five hundred—or twenty-five hundred if certain adjacent lands were included; noted that the last native inhabitants of Southampton Island had died of starvation three years before; warned that trading companies were recklessly exhausting the schools of whales in the Bay and the herds of musk-ox on shore; noted that mica mining was among the district's industries; commented bitterly on the avarice of foreign traders—"everything owned by the trader is valued at twenty times its price and everything owned by the native is cut down in value a hundred fold"; noted that whalebone was worth ten thousand dollars a ton in the markets of the world and that a good whale yielded from fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds; and advised regarding the manner in which the great territory of the Bay could most satisfactorily and economically be administered.

Having reported to the Government, Moodie received orders to return to the Bay forthwith, in command of the Dominion Government Ship *Arctic* which, with Captain J. E. Bernier¹ as Sailing Master, was fitting out at the Government wharf in Quebec. Inspector Pelletier, Staff-Sergeant M. H. E. Hayne, two corporals, and six constables were also sent to reinforce the Police detachment in the Bay, and Messrs. Vanesse, Mackean, and A. D. Moodie were appointed to the expedition as historian, photographer, and secretary respectively. With all these members of the party aboard, the *Arctic* sailed from Quebec on September 17, 1904, steamed down the St. Lawrence whose shores were ablaze with the autumn glories of scarlet and gold, swung north through

¹ Captain Joseph Elzear Bernier, I.S.O., F.R.G.S., has been described as "the last of the Great Master Mariners." His knowledge of Arctic navigation was unsurpassed, and when he died in December, 1934, aged 82 years, the Canadian Government lost a servant of inestimable value.

the Strait of Belle Isle, touched at Port Burwell on October 1, continued through Hudson Strait, crossed the northern end of Hudson Bay, and on October 16 reached Fullerton where, as in the previous year, the expedition was to winter.

In contrast to the first winter spent on the Bay, Moodie reported that the winter of 1904-05 passed "quickly and pleasantly." The Police quarters had been enlarged, there was no maniac in the guard-room cell, concerts and a weekly dance on board the *Arctic* helped to pass the time, and sports, despite the cold, were seldom off the daily program. The health of the men was good and no serious accident befell them, though a seaman on the American whaler *Era* broke a leg which was skillfully set by Staff-Sergeant Hayne. No crime was reported to the Police, but, on routine duty, several fine patrols with dog-teams were made, including a five-hundred-mile run to Baker Lake and back in December and an eleven-hundred-mile journey to Churchill and back, carrying mail, made by Mr. A. D. Moodie, Corporal McArthur, Interpreter Henry Ford, and a native in the sixty-five days between February 4 and April 10.

While the Churchill patrol was away, an Eskimo arrived at Fullerton with a message for Superintendent Moodie from Captain Roald Amundsen¹ who, in command of a Norwegian expedition seeking to locate the Magnetic Pole, was wintering on the south-east coast of King William Island, about one hundred miles from his objective. He wrote that he was short of dogs and asked the Police if they could send him some by the messenger who brought his letter down. In reply, Moodie sent ten dogs, of which five were bought from Eskimos and five were presented by Captain Comer of the *Era*. All these, as Amundsen gratefully wrote four months later, helped to meet an urgent need. Including the animals sent to Amundsen, Moodie later reported, forty-eight dogs were bought by the Police in the first two years of their work in Hudson Bay, but only eighteen remained "at duty" when

¹ Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, who reached the South Pole on December 14, 1911, effected the North-West Passage of the Arctic in 1918-1920, flew over the North Pole in the dirigible airship *Norge* in 1926, and perished in 1928 when attempting a flight to the rescue of General Umberto Nobile and the crew of the airship *Italia*, wrecked in the far North.

the report was made, the remainder having died of exhaustion while on patrol or as the result of disease.

Dogs were one of the detachment's problems but, as June ended, Moodie's chief concern lay in getting the *Arctic* out through the heavy ice inshore to the waters of the Bay beyond. A season of exploration and patrolling had been planned for the little ship, contact with a supply vessel must be made, and advantage must be taken of every day that the open season afforded. Accordingly, the *Arctic* got up steam on July 1, broke through the last barrier of shore ice on July 3, and turned south towards Churchill, where Moodie hoped to pick up mail and to receive orders from the Government covering the summer's work.

To reach Churchill seemed an easy matter on July 3, but a week later, after the ship had broken her propeller in heavy ice, progress to the south became impossible, and Moodie turned northward to search in Hudson Strait for a fine harbor said to exist on the southern shore. No charts showed this haven, but reports of its existence were reliable and, if it existed, knowledge of it should be made available to mariners with the least possible delay. Reaching Erik Cove on July 16, the *Arctic* anchored overnight and at noon next day steamed down Hudson Strait, keeping about five miles off shore, while those on board scanned the coast-line with care. After proceeding for about forty miles, a gap in the shores suggested that a harbor of some sort lay beyond, but the tide would not permit an investigation that afternoon, so the *Arctic* lay to all night.

Turning shoreward at dawn, the *Arctic* steered for the gap, glided cautiously through, and proceeded up the harbor that was discovered for about six miles. In a small boat, Moodie and a party established that a sand-bar ahead would prevent further progress, but any disappointment this caused was offset by the discovery, on the east side of the bay about four miles from the coastal gap, of a good anchorage for the ship, with a fine site for a Police post ashore. The whole bay was alive with salmon and trout, and natives told Moodie that no heavy ice ever drifted in from Hudson Strait. Next day, the *Arctic* steamed to the new berth, the flag was run up, and in honor of the Canadian Minister of Public Works the harbor was named Prefontaine.

Simultaneously, a headland at the harbor mouth was named Cape Laurier after the Dominion's Prime Minister, and an island to the west was named White in honor of Frederick White, Comptroller of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, to whom the Force was indebted for years of devoted service.

On July 23, Corporal Nicholson, Constable MacMillan, Constable Jarvis, and Interpreter Lane were installed in tents ashore. This being before the days of wireless, the *Arctic* steamed to Erik Cove to leave a guiding message for the *Neptune* which, with supplies for the Police aboard, was daily expected from the south. Returning to Prefontaine on July 27, the *Arctic* anchored for four days and then after another flying trip to Erik Cove waited for the *Neptune* until August 13. No word of the supply ship having reached him by then, Moodie became uneasy and ordered the *Arctic* to steam eastward along Hudson Strait seeking news. Arriving off Port Burwell on the night of August 15, the *Arctic* sighted a vessel, thought to be the *Neptune*, at anchor inshore, but at dawn the ship proved to be H.M.S. *Scylla*, with the Governor of Newfoundland aboard. The *Scylla* had no news for the Police, but on August 19 the *Fiona* of the Newfoundland Fishery Service arrived in port, and Dr. Wilfred Grenfell,¹ a passenger, told Moodie that the *Neptune* had left St. John's, Newfoundland, for Halifax on July 11, under orders to load supplies for the Police and proceed north forthwith.

This news left Moodie more uneasy than ever. If the *Neptune* had sailed from Halifax in July, she should long since have appeared in the north. Could she have slipped through the Strait without calling at Burwell? And was she now, perhaps, waiting for the *Arctic* at Prefontaine? Moodie decided to find out. Accordingly, on August 23, the *Arctic* headed westward into the Strait but was promptly driven back to Burwell by heavy ice. Again on September 3, the ship was forced back into port by ice, but next day she found an open passage to the east, rounded Cape Chudleigh,² and steamed down the Labrador coast towards Chateau in the Strait of Belle Isle where Moodie hoped that

¹ Dr. (later Sir Wilfred Thomason) Grenfell, well known as the head of medical and missionary work in Labrador and Newfoundland.

² Cape Chudleigh is now known as Cape Chidley.

whatever damage the ship had suffered could be repaired and whence he could telegraph to Ottawa for news of the elusive *Neptune*.

Reaching Chateau on September 9, Moodie at once informed the Government of his position, and a week later the *Neptune* which had been delayed in St. John's arrived in port and began the transfer of her cargo. Just when the process had been completed, Ottawa ordered Moodie to send the *Arctic* to Quebec for repairs and to take the *Neptune* under Captain Sam Bartlett to carry out the Police work in Hudson Bay. Re-transfer of the supplies was accordingly effected, and the *Neptune* sailed at six-fifteen o'clock on the morning of September 24. Storms beset her almost at once and for two days she was forced to take shelter at Hebron but without serious misadventure she entered Hudson Strait on October 2, turned into Hudson Bay at 7:00 P.M. on October 5, and as the aurora lighted the somber sky astern set a course for Churchill.

For twenty-four hours the *Neptune* steamed steadily on, reaching a point in the middle of the Bay as darkness fell on October 6. Snow and heavy squalls beat on the ship that night, but no serious danger threatened until four-fifteen o'clock on the morning of October 7 when the vessel struck heavily on an uncharted reef. For fifteen minutes, while it seemed to all on board that the end had come, the ship pounded on the rocks. Then, lifted by an unexpected swell, she slipped off into navigable water. Twice more she drifted onto the surrounding rocks, but daylight revealed a narrow channel of escape through which Captain Bartlett skillfully steered her to comparative safety. By this time, as she was leaking badly and as her compasses were useless, Moodie decided to put into Fullerton to effect repairs before continuing to Churchill.

Steaming slowly, the *Neptune* approached the calculated position of Fullerton late on the afternoon of October 9, but a mirage distorted the coast-line until it appeared as an endless series of perpendicular cliffs, and no landmarks could be identified. For two days thereafter, the *Neptune* was buffeted by a terrific gale and by mountainous seas which wrenched two whale-boats from their davits and so endangered the ship that a prompt jettisoning

of her valuable deck loads was essential. Next morning, the wind and the sea subsided in the rapid manner that is characteristic of Hudson Bay and at eleven o'clock the ship reached Fullerton. Here Moodie was met by Staff-Sergeant Hayne who reported all well, with the grievous exception of Constable Joseph Russell, drowned accidentally more than three months before.

Having effected repairs at Fullerton and dropped a corporal, two constables, and Interpreter Henry Ford to reinforce the Police detachment there, the *Neptune* sailed on October 17 and three days later anchored abreast of the battery beacon at Churchill. Ice sweeping down the river on the morning of October 24 carried away both anchors and set the ship adrift, but she landed essential supplies for the Hudson's Bay Company's post later in the day. With her chief duty thus accomplished, she sailed that afternoon for home. Four days later, she was abreast of Prefontaine in Hudson Strait, and on October 31 at two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon she rounded Cape Chudleigh and steamed southward down the coast of Labrador. But she was not to escape from the North without a final struggle as dangerous and threatening as any in her adventurous career. On November 1, the barometer began to fall, and a gale beating from the north at night moaned a warning of the mighty storm that was to come. Next day, the barometer dropped still further, and the storm struck with fury. But the fury of November 2, which smashed in the cabin skylight and shattered the windows in the chart-room, was a calm compared to the tempest of November 3. All day the *Neptune* was battered by gigantic seas. Her steam-launch and bulwarks on both sides of the main deck were smashed; her stout bridge rails were bent like flimsy wires; her figure-head was carried away; and water poured in through the straining seams in her staunchly-constructed hull. She was still afloat and under control when the storm subsided next day, but it was clear that she must make a port where repairs could be effected without delay. Accordingly, she was headed for St. John's, Newfoundland, and there she arrived on the night of November 8.

It had been a season of fine achievement, and Moodie was able to note that "the conduct of non-commissioned officers and men has left nothing to be desired." In his stout defaulters' book, there

was writing only on the first page, and the two entries were so unimportant that even the men whose names appeared could regard them with unconcern. Behind him on the shore of Hudson Bay, Moodie had left a group of men of whose conduct and devotion to duty he was assured. Before another year had passed, Staff-Sergeant M. H. E. Hayne would die at duty at Fullerton¹ and would find burial in the little plot where the body of Constable Russell already lay, but the sacrifice would not be in vain, for the historic bay was now rapidly coming under Police control, and Moodie, regarding with pride what had been accomplished, eagerly looked forward to consolidating the position that Hayne, Russell, and the slim Police detachments had already won.

¹ Staff-Sergeant Hayne died on April 18, 1906. News of his death did not reach Ottawa until the following October. Meanwhile, in August, his promotion to the rank of Inspector had been announced.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

DIVERSE AND DIFFICULT TASKS

FIVE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. BOWEN Perry became Commissioner of the Mounted Police, and now, in January, 1906, the officers' roster shows the changes that are the inevitable accompaniments of time. Superintendent R. B. Deane is now commanding at Maple Creek; Constantine has taken command of the Athabaska District and has been assigned also to special duties on the Peace River-Yukon trail; Sanders is commanding in Calgary; Primrose,¹ back from the Yukon, is in command at Macleod; Wilson, formerly at Calgary, is now commanding the Headquarters Division at Regina; Begin is in command at Lethbridge; and A. C. Macdonell—the future Sir Archibald Cameron Macdonell, General Officer Commanding the 1st Canadian Division in the Great War—is now commanding at Battleford; Howard has taken over command of the detachment Fitzgerald established at Herschel Island; Strickland has been transferred from Prince Albert to the command at Fort Saskatchewan; Genereux has succeeded him at Prince Albert; Assistant Commissioner Z. T. Wood is still ruling the Yukon, with Superintendent A. E. R. Cuthbert in command at Dawson City; and Moodie, wintering in the South, is actively preparing for the extension of his division's work in Hudson Bay.

In the report listing these commands, Perry referred to the "new provinces" of Alberta and Saskatchewan. He did not mention that the provinces came officially into existence on September 1, 1905—all Canada knew that—nor did he describe the part taken by the Mounted Police in the celebrations in the new capital cities of Edmonton and Regina but he noted with pride, "These

¹ Colonel P. C. H. Primrose was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta on October 1, 1936, and died while holding office on March 17, 1937.

provinces begin their career as orderly and peaceably as any in the Dominion." Clearly, Perry believed that credit for the condition of the new provinces belonged to the Royal North-West Mounted Police but he admitted that the Government might claim a share. For the Government, he wrote, had never tied the hands of the Police by refusing to authorize any expenditure of money when there was a reasonable hope of bringing criminals to justice. Many cases, he added, had cost tens of thousands of dollars and in one celebrated case—the reference seems to be to the Charles King murder case—upwards of one hundred thousand dollars was expended.

In the year covered by his report, Perry cited several examples of "strenuous duties well performed," including the inauguration of the Dawson City-Fort McPherson annual winter patrol, destined to become the most famous of the regular patrols conducted by the Mounted Police in the North. Corporal G. M. Skirving had led a patrol from Dawson to McPherson and back in 1899, but to Corporal H. G. Mapley must go the credit for finding a shorter route and establishing the regular service. Accompanied by Constables F. P. O. Dever and J. Rowley, two Indians, and E. M. Bruce, a volunteer, Mapley pulled out of Dawson on December 27, 1904, picked his way for 475 miles over an unknown route through the mountain ranges, reached Fort McPherson on February 2, 1905, rested his dog-teams and men for ten days, started out on the return journey on February 13, and reached Dawson City on March 9. Mapley's "modest report on this great journey," Perry noted, "well represents the best traditions of this Force."

Reports "in the best traditions of the Mounted Police" are sometimes lacking in colorful detail, but often there is a quality in them that kindles the imagination, a simplicity more eloquent than words, a power to which the mind responds because no effort to produce an effect has been intended. No description could convey an impression of Mapley's patrol across the wind-swept mountain ranges as vividly as is etched by the following unimaginative table.

	MILES
Dawson to mouth of Twelvemile.....	18
Up Twelvemile	64
Across Seely Pass	14
Down Blackstone River	14
Across Blackstone-Hart Divide	20
Down Little Hart	45
Down Hart River	5
Up tributary of Hart	21
Across Hart-Wind Divide	10
Down Little Wind River	54
Down Wind River	49
Down Peel River	10
Up Mountain Creek	16
Portage	37
Trail River	28
Down Peel to McPherson	70
TOTAL	475

Mapley's, of course, was not the only memorable patrol of the season. There was, for example, the 1,750-mile journey made by a party under Inspector J. H. Genereux to investigate a case in which murder was suspected. "This trip," Perry reported, "was very expensive, but it is an illustration of the principle which has hitherto prevailed that crime will be dealt with no matter how remote the place, how dangerous the journey, nor how great the cost."

Genereux's patrol—expensive because of the high wages and rentals paid for guides and canoes—was decided upon in the summer of 1904 when the Police division at Prince Albert was informed that mystery surrounded the death of Roderick Thomas in the waters of Hatchet Lake near Lac du Brochet. The body, it was said, while still floating in the water had been found and worried by dogs, but there was no assurance that the marks of violence it bore were entirely due to the dogs, as a more sinister interpretation might be placed upon them. Only an experienced autopsist could settle the point which the Police realized should be settled without delay. To carry out the autopsy and hold an inquest, Inspector Genereux, Dr. Bourgeault, and Constable Walker set out from Prince Albert on August 27. They proceeded

to Cumberland House with a Hudson's Bay Company's fleet of scows, continued on the arduous journey northward in canoes, and on September 28 arrived at Lac du Brochet.

Next day, Genereux had a tent pitched for Dr. Bourgeault to work in, had the body of Thomas exhumed, and inquired about the witnesses required for the inquest. Meanwhile, Dr. Bourgeault was carrying out his grisly and difficult task. The body, as he had been informed, had been mangled by dogs, but was curiously less decomposed than a body reported to have drifted in the water for fifty days would normally be. Despite this odd fact which the doctor could not explain, the autopsy established to his satisfaction that Thomas had been drowned and had not been murdered.

With the doctor ready to give evidence, the inquest could have been completed at once had it not been necessary to collect the native witnesses from the distant camps to which they had scattered. Carried out under conditions that made travel impossible for many days at a time, the round-up took more than two months, but on December 9, when all had been assembled, the inquest was opened. It lasted for five days, and the examination of the witnesses was thorough, but no evidence to suggest foul play was offered. The jury, composed of four half-breeds and two white men, brought in a verdict of "accidental drowning." Next morning, with four hired dog-teams, Genereux started for home. He reached Cumberland House on December 27, hired a fifth dog-team, so that Constable Walker who had developed pneumonia might ride instead of run, and drove into Prince Albert on Saturday, January 7, 1905. This meant 1,750 miles of exhausting travel for a verdict of accidental drowning!

Whenever the Government found a peculiarly difficult task to perform in the Canadian West, it seemed that someone in authority would decide to turn it over to the Mounted Police. Whether or not the task was one that would normally be assigned to a police unit made little difference. Orders were orders, and the Force never claimed the right to question Government decisions. The Police were not surprised, therefore, when they were ordered in 1905 to build a pack-trail from the Peace River to the Yukon, providing access to the northern gold-fields by the famous "back

door." Moodie, it will be remembered, had covered the ground in his thirteen-month patrol from Fort Saskatchewan to Fort Selkirk in 1897-98. Now, over the most difficult part of the route, the 750 miles from Fort St. John in British Columbia to Teslin Lake at the headwaters of the Yukon, the Government wanted a trail "suitable for pack animals," and so constructed that "at some future time it may be made into a wagon trail." The trail through timber was to be eight feet wide, bogs and marshes were to be made passable by heavy layers of brush, streams were to be bridged, rest-houses were to be built every thirty miles, and the whole route was to be so well laid out and so clearly marked that "it can be followed by any traveler without a guide."

Probably the official in Ottawa who drew up the specifications for the trail had no conception of the difficulties construction would involve. But the Police were under no delusion. To reach the distant scene of operations with the equipment required was not a simple matter, and to maintain a construction party in the remote mountain wilderness where the work would lie would call for a highly effective organization. Faced with the task of appointing a commander possessing the organizing ability and the knowledge of construction required, Perry realized that no officer in the Force was better qualified than Constantine. He made the appointment accordingly, and Constantine, with Inspector J. Richards, thirty-two men, and a long convoy of sleighs and horses, set out from Fort Saskatchewan on March 17. Two and a half months later, the convoy reached Fort St. John, and on June 15, 1905, construction of the trail was begun.

By the end of that season, the Police had driven the trail onward from Fort St. John for ninety-four miles through forests where fallen timber lay in massive barricades, up to the summits of mountain passes, down into the valleys, and over lowland marshes and streams. It was exhausting work, and the monotonous winter that followed, spent by the men in dreary quarters remote from civilization, or in the arduous work of bringing up supplies, provided a searching test of the detachment's morale. But Constantine had chosen his men with care. As soon as the melting snows permitted, they swung back into action and by autumn had added 134 miles of trail to the total of the previous year.

Under Inspector E. J. Camies, the work was continued in the summer of 1907, and Commissioner Perry, arriving to inspect in the autumn, traversed 357 miles of completed trail, viewing the mighty work amid the mountains his men had wrought. By this time, the most difficult part of the trail had been built, and the goal was almost in sight. Three years of herculean effort, it seemed, would soon meet with success, and the "back door" to the Yukon would be flung open as the Government had ordered. But, to the bitter disappointment of the Mounted Police, success was denied them when it lay within their grasp. Unable to negotiate an agreement on costs with the Province of British Columbia, the Dominion Government decided that the scheme must be abandoned. Accordingly, the Police detachment was withdrawn, and the 357 miles of trail, ending nowhere and completely useless, stood as a monument to a splendid effort, deserving of success, no doubt, but crowned only by a mocking diadem of failure.

Failure through no fault of their own was the fate of the Police employed on the Peace River-Yukon Trail, but other detachments meanwhile had been more fortunate. Among the most prized of the laurels they had gained was the distinction won in May, 1906, by a detachment under Sergeant J. J. Wilson which answered an urgent call when three men held up a C.P.R. passenger train near Kamloops, B. C. Train robberies, though frequent in the American West at the time, were almost unheard of in Canada, and news that a Canadian train had been held up by bandits from south of the international line caused widespread anger and excitement.

Under orders to find and arrest the robbers, Wilson's party left Calgary by train on May 11 and reached Kamloops on the afternoon of May 12. It was raining at the time, and the only horses the party could obtain were poor, but Wilson learned that the robbers were heading south and he determined to start at once in pursuit. At 6:00 P.M., therefore, the Police plodded out of the town in the driving rain and by midnight had reached a ranch where Wilson ordered all hands to camp until morning. Up and off at dawn on May 13, the party rode all day, stopping at every ranch and farm to ask if men answering the description of the robbers had been seen. No news was picked up in this way, but

that night, from information he gleaned in the village of Douglas, Wilson became convinced that a likely place to find the fugitives would be in the district between two landmarks known as Campbell Meadows and Chapperon Lake.

Before sunrise on May 14, the Police were in the saddle once more, and noon found them eating a hasty lunch near Chapperon Lake. Here the party was joined by an excited constable of the Provincial Police, who said he had sighted three strangers with packs on their backs at a point about seven miles away. Agreeing that these were probably the robbers, Wilson ordered his men to mount at once and, with the provincial constable as guide, to gallop in pursuit. In little more than twenty minutes, the troop swept up to the place where the men on foot had been seen, but the provincial constable, though certain of the spot, shamefacedly confessed that he had been too excited to notice which way the suspects were going. Efforts to settle this point by an examination of the trail having failed, Wilson deployed his men and ordered them to beat the country ahead. Starting out, the men had progressed less than two miles when Corporal Stewart on the left waved his hat in the air, the prearranged signal for assistance.

Closing in at a gallop, Wilson, Sergeant Shoebottom, Corporal Peters, and Constable Browning reached Stewart who said he had seen a wisp of smoke rising from a small copse nearby. As it had rained not long before, Stewart thought that the smoke must come from a camp-fire. But, if so, who was camping? Wilson decided that care must be taken in finding out. Accordingly, he ordered all the Police to dismount, to leave the horses standing, and to follow him into the wood as silently and cautiously as they knew how.

Moving noiselessly through the screen of brush, the Police soon penetrated to a clearing in the heart of the copse and there discovered three men—they later proved to be the notorious American train bandits, Bill Miner, William Dunn, and Shorty Colquhoun—sitting around a camp-fire, eating a hurried meal. Though obviously startled when the five Police in scarlet suddenly appeared, the campers quickly assumed an air of unconcern. But Wilson was not deceived. He asked a few sharp questions and,

when the replies were vague, informed the three men that they were under arrest. At the word "arrest," Dunn's nerve broke. Shouting to the others that the game was up, he leaped to his feet, pulled a gun, and, firing over his shoulder, dived for the shelter of the nearby trees. His move was unexpected but it failed. At the first crack of his wild fusillade, Wilson covered Bill Miner who was pulling a gun, and Peters covered and disarmed Colquhoun. A moment later, Dunn was drilled through the leg by a bullet from the revolver of one of the Police and stumbled into a shallow ditch where he was soon captured.

Having taken six revolvers and a rifle from the bandits and having dressed Dunn's wound, Wilson secured a wagon and team of horses and drove the prisoners to Douglas. Next day, as the convoy was proceeding to Kamloops, a superintendent of the Provincial Police rode up and demanded that the prisoners be turned over to him. But, as he could produce no order from any officer of the Mounted Police to authorize the transfer, Wilson bluntly refused his demand and remained in charge of the prisoners until they were lodged in the jail at Kamloops. Wasting no time, the authorities brought the accused men to trial on May 28. The jury disagreed on this occasion, but a second jury, empaneled on May 31, brought in a verdict of guilty next day, whereupon the presiding judge sentenced Bill Miner (alias Edwards) and Dunn to life imprisonment and Colquhoun to imprisonment for twenty-five years. Before he was led away to begin serving his sentence, Dunn beckoned to Wilson and said he was grateful for the attention he had been given after he was wounded. "You may think it funny coming from me," he added, "but I certainly admire the way you boys do your work."

The Police were doing their work well, but crime in the North-West was increasing. Perry noted the increase in his report of the following year (1907) when his men made 6,736 arrests and secured 5,685 convictions. Assault, theft, and drunkenness provided the largest group of offenses, but there were seventeen charges of murder or attempted murder and thirty-five charges of rape or indecent assault. "These offenses are on the increase," Perry reported, "and should be dealt with very severely."

To illustrate the types of murder with which the Police dealt,

the following may be quoted from the Commissioner's reports of 1907 and 1908:

MICHALCHUCK (*Galician*). Charged with murdering Metre Sharpo (*Galician*), who had forcibly seduced Michalchuck's wife.

Acquitted. Jury found justification.

BARRETT. Charged with murdering his stepson, aged 12, who interceded when prisoner attempted to shoot his wife.

Guilty. Death sentence commuted to life imprisonment (Prisoner subsequently murdered the Deputy Warden of the Alberta penitentiary and was hanged for that crime).

HANDE. Charged with murder in a drunken brawl.

Acquitted.

PRIOR. Charged with the murder of a little girl.

Guilty. Death sentence commuted to life imprisonment on grounds of insanity.

JOSEPH FIDDLER (*Indian*). Charged with murdering insane Indian woman because tribe believed insane people would turn cannibal.

Guilty. Sentenced to death.

JACK FIDDLER (*Indian*). Assisted in strangling the insane Indian woman.

Prisoner committed suicide while awaiting trial.

PYLYCZUL (*Pole*). Charged with murdering a prostitute.

Acquitted.

ANGELO MONT (*Italian*). Charged with murdering Antonio and Salvator Castania. A quarrel among coal-miners.

Found guilty of manslaughter. Sentence, 15 years.

MAH HONG (*Chinese*). Charged with murdering his brother in a quarrel over money.

Guilty. Sentenced to death.

Crime in the Canadian West had increased; the fact was beyond dispute; but the increase coincided with, and was largely accounted for by, the rapid growth of population. How rapidly the population had increased and how the increase affected the Police may be gauged from the following table:

	1901	1907
Population	238,000	600,000
Strength of Force	774	639
Number of Police Posts	111	166
Arrests by Police	1,746	6,736
Murder Cases	4	11

Apart from their work in the suppression of crime, the Police in these years were engaged in the difficult task of teaching the

essentials of British law and justice to the huge foreign elements in the immigrant population. In the years from 1874 on, the Force had brought and explained to the Indians of the prairies the laws of the Great White Queen; now these same laws, shorn only of their romantic description, had to be explained in all the tongues of Europe and had to be enforced at times upon groups of foreigners, many of whom, unaccustomed to liberty, were unable to distinguish between the basic freedom that now was theirs and license to do as they pleased, which, if permitted, would destroy overnight the foundations of any established civilization. In addition to foreigners practicing one or other of the more orthodox religions, who often were hard enough to manage, the situation was complicated by the arrival in Canada of many peculiar sects, among whom the Doukhobors were, perhaps, the strangest of all.

Persecuted in the Russia of Tsar Nicholas II, where their communal policies and primitive religion brought them into conflict with authority, a party of Doukhobors moved from Russia to Cyprus in March, 1898. In January of the following year, 4,000 of the sect emigrated to Canada where they were joined in the spring by 3,500 others, including the party from Cyprus and a group from the Caucasus Mountains. The Canadian Government aided the move, assigned lands to the immigrants in Saskatchewan, and justified the wisdom of the policy in the House of Commons in April, 1901, when the Minister of Justice announced that the Doukhobors' conduct since arriving in Canada had been unexceptionable, not a single member of the sect having been guilty of any serious offense. Confirming the Minister's opinion, Corporal Lindsay of the Mounted Police reported to his superiors that the Doukhobors were "a patient, industrious, and self-supporting race, the women equalling the men in endurance and skill in all kinds of manual labour." But, he added, "they are very slow in learning English."

Under the leadership of Peter Verigin,¹ who was released from exile in Siberia in 1902 the communal Doukhobor colonies in

¹ Peter Verigin remained as head of the Doukhobors in Canada until March 28, 1924, when he was killed by the explosion of a time-bomb in a railway coach near Grand Forks, British Columbia. His son, Peter Verigin II, was elected to succeed him and is head of the Doukhobors today.

Canada flourished, but, as in Russia, the members' refusal to obey laws they did not like brought them at last into serious difficulties. Religious frenzy, too, manifested at times by pilgrimages of naked men and women in search of Christ, called time and time again for intervention by the Police. Rounding up the naked pilgrims, retrieving the clothes they had cast aside, protecting them from angry settlers, shielding them from prurient publicity, calming their frenzy, and shepherding them back to their homes constituted duties as distasteful as any the Police have had to perform in all the Force's history. Distasteful, and dangerous too, for the Doukhobor men and women possessed great physical strength and often, when religious mania had seized them, they seemed spoiling for a fight. On all possible occasions, however, the Police used persuasion rather than weapons or fists to subdue them, and it stands to the eternal credit of the Force that during the period of nearly ten years in which the naked pilgrimages outraged the sensibilities of the Canadian West violence of a serious nature seldom resulted.

Probably the worst experience the Police had with the Doukhobors was in 1908. On April 29 of that year, seventy men, women, and children of the sect, who had wintered at Fort William, Ontario, arrived at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, in colonist railway cars and at once twenty of them, stark naked, broke loose in the streets. Having herded this group back into the railway cars, Inspector Christen Junget of the Mounted Police wired to the Government of Saskatchewan, asking what disposition of the Doukhobors was to be made. While the Government debated the problem—the answer was delayed for two weeks—Junget hired the Yorkton Agricultural Hall and installed the whole party inside under the care and protection of a Police guard. The result was a bedlam which no words can describe, but at least the move put a stop to the insane wandering of naked men and women in the streets.

For more than a month, under the care of the almost distracted Police, the Doukhobors were confined in the Yorkton hall. Then, upon the orders of the Saskatchewan Government, they were moved to tents in a fenced enclosure near Orcadia. The transfer was advisable in the interests of health and public order but it did

little to solve the basic problem. In their new quarters, the Doukhobors raved as madly as before, and on July 15 the Police were ordered to remove to an insane asylum six men and six women, declared by competent authorities to be lunatics.

It was easy to issue the orders; to carry them out was a different matter. Infuriated when they were informed of the plan, the Doukhobors attacked the Police with clubs and sticks and stones and were subdued only after a free-for-all fight lasting more than three hours. Even when the Police had succeeded in removing the lunatic twelve, the situation remained tense, for in the days that followed, the sullen adults still in the camp went on a hunger strike and, what was worse, denied food to their bewildered and weeping children. Refusing to tolerate this outrage, Inspector Junget had his men remove the children from the camp and take them to Yorkton to be cared for. Danger of a tragedy at Orcadia was momentarily averted by this step, but by July 23 several of the adults on strike had weakened alarmingly and four had to be forcibly fed. Then, on July 26, when deaths from starvation seemed inevitable—Junget had notified Police Headquarters to be prepared for the news—the Doukhobors suddenly yielded to persuasion and began to eat as regularly as before. After the collapse of the hunger strike, the camp's religious mania slowly waned. Four more of the Doukhobors were committed as lunatics in the next few weeks, but by September the remainder had reached a condition described by medical men as "normal," and, to the intense relief of the weary Police on guard, the Government ordered their release and distribution to some of the sect's communal farms.

In a report on the Doukhobor outbreak at Yorkton, Superintendent G. E. Sanders mentioned the simultaneous arrival in Canada from the United States of an armed party of Adamites. Under the leadership of a man named Sharpe who said that he was Christ and that his wife was the Virgin Mary, this band, comprising five men, two women, and five children, riding in a one-horse covered wagon, planned to join the Doukhobors whose periodic pilgrimages in search of Christ would now be gloriously rewarded. Crossing the Canadian border at Pierson, Manitoba, on July 4, Sharpe's party refused to halt when ordered to do so by

a constable of the Manitoba Police, who thereupon wired to Winnipeg for assistance. Winnipeg relayed the appeal for help to the Headquarters of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and Inspector Tucker and six men were sent to investigate. After an interview with Sharpe on July 7, Tucker reported that only one stranger could approach the Adamite caravan at a time. The seven adults were heavily armed; sentries guarded the camp at night; and arrests, if attempted, would involve bloodshed.

At this stage, the Mounted Police were ordered to leave the case to the Manitoba Provincial Police, but the problem became theirs again when Sharpe and his slow-moving convoy crossed from Manitoba into Saskatchewan at Langenburg on July 21. An attempt to arrest the Adamites by a ruse having failed, and the Attorney-General of Saskatchewan having ruled against the use of force, the Police shadowed the convoy day and night as it plodded towards the Doukhobor center at Yorkton. "Verigin has a fine graft," Sharpe told the Police, "and I would like to run the spiritual side of the business for him." But Verigin and his Doukhobors—the Police had spoken words of wisdom in Verigin's ear—were not impressed by Sharpe in the rôle of Christ nor by Mrs. Sharpe as the Virgin Mary. Shocked by the cool reception, the Adamites sorrowfully decided on August 4 that "the people of God"—meaning the Doukhobors—did not want them and began to retrace their steps to the United States. Day by day as they traveled, still armed and dangerous, their convoy was picked up and shepherded by one detachment after another of the Mounted Police. It was Constable King of the Alameda detachment who saw the last of them as their covered wagon with its old lame horse lurched across the boundary line on September 8. "We are coming back in the spring," Sharpe declared; but Superintendent Sanders who knew more than Sharpe realized of what had passed between Peter Verigin and the Adamites at Yorkton correctly advised the Commissioner of the Mounted Police that a return of the covered wagon and its strange, disordered crew need not be expected.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GLORIOUS SUCCESS AND HEROIC FAILURE

BY THE SPRING OF 1908, THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE were efficiently administering the Mackenzie River district and, with detachments at Fullerton and Churchill, had established the Force's authority in Hudson Bay. Now the time had come when it seemed advisable to push a patrol "across the northern part of Canada" from the river to the bay, to affirm Canadian jurisdiction in the lonely lands that lay between, to report upon the feasibility of a route for regular travel, to gain knowledge of the scattered native inhabitants, and to ascertain if any permanent Police detachments should be established. Competition to command the patrol which would be the "most extended and difficult" the Force had ever launched was keen when news of the plan spread, but Perry knew the type of man required and confidently appointed Inspector E. A. Pelletier. In turn, Pelletier chose Corporal M. A. Joyce, Constable R. H. Walker, and Constable P. R. Conway to accompany him. These four, inspired by the prospect of adventure that opened before them, left Fort Saskatchewan for Athabaska Landing on the first stage of their journey on June 1.

Five days later, the Police left Athabaska Landing in Hudson's Bay Company's freight scows, most of which reached Fort McMurray on June 13. The scow in which Pelletier and his men were traveling proved an exception. It broke in two while going through the rapids known as the "Big Cascade," but the Police outfit was salvaged unharmed, and Pelletier's only comment on the affair was that "it helped greatly to break the monotony of scow travelling."

From Fort McMurray the Police proceeded down the Athabaska River on the S.S. *Graham*, across Lake Athabaska to the Slave River, down the river to Graham Landing, and thence by

wagon to Fort Smith. Carrying three months' provisions—weighing about two thousand pounds—the party left Fort Smith in two canoes on June 26, paddled down the Slave River, and on June 30 reached Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake. Next day, the journey towards the site of old Fort Reliance at the end of the lake was continued and Pelletier's men exchanged greetings with more than one hundred Yellow Knives and Dog Rib Indians who were hurrying in York boats to meet the Government treaty commissioner at Fort Resolution. The Indians assured the Police that an adverse wind blowing at the time would change on the morrow, but instead a gale developed, and Pelletier's party was wind-bound on one of the Stony Islands for three days. Continuing the journey when the gale subsided, the Police reached the entrance to Christie Bay on July 8 and were crossing the mouth of a minor inlet on the following morning in perfect calm when both canoes were caught in a commotion of waves so turbulent that Pelletier at once ordered the men ashore. For some hours, while the Police watched in amazement from the beach, the commotion of the water persisted. Then it slowly subsided, and the canoes were launched once more. No precise explanation of the phenomenon could be given, but Pelletier believed that it was caused by a slide into the lake at some distant point of the massive cliffs that lined the shore.

With Pelletier at the stern and Walker at the bow of the leading canoe and Joyce at the stern and Conway at the bow of the second—a formation that was maintained throughout the journey—the Police pushed forward against the wind on the five days that followed, and on July 14 reached Charlton harbor at the end of the lake. Guided by the fine map attached to James W. Tyrrell's "Report on the Great Slave Lake-Hudson Bay Expedition of 1900," Pelletier soon found the portages leading to Artillery Lake upon which the Police canoes were launched on July 19. Three days later, when near the foot of the lake, and again on July 23, the Police watched with a measure of awe the migration of an immense herd of from twenty to forty thousand caribou. "The hills on both sides were covered with them," Pelletier wrote, "and at a dozen or more places, where the lake was from half to one mile wide, solid columns of deer, four or

five abreast, were swimming across, so closely that we did not like to venture through them."

After a way had been negotiated past the swimming caribou, the canoes emerged from wooded country and the Police, paddling up the Casba River to Casba Lake, got a wet and windy welcome to the Barren Lands on July 25. Tents fell under the driving storm that night, bedding was soaked, and there was no fuel with which to stoke a fire, but little delay resulted, and the Police, continuing their journey, reached the height of land at three-thirty o'clock on the afternoon of July 27. As the height of land constituted one of the great watersheds of the North American continent, dividing the mighty basin of the Mackenzie from that of Hudson Bay, the men had expected that the traverse would be impressive, but there was nothing striking about it at all. Pelletier made no attempt to "play it up" in his report. "The height of land portage," he wrote, "is about 300 yards long, the grade on it is almost imperceptible. We crossed it and had supper."

Three days later, after passing through a series of lakes and rapids and over a number of portages, Pelletier scrambled to the top of a hillock to view the country around. "It appeared to me as an immense lake," he wrote, "dotted with islands and long points of land. It is a place where one could very easily get lost." Again on August 4, Pelletier entered in his journal details of the country through which the Police were traveling. By this time, the canoes were slipping down the Hanbury River, the vast area of lakes and marshes had been left behind, and immediately ahead lay Dickson's Canyon. Landing, Pelletier made his way down the river bank to reconnoiter. The canyon, he found, was "a deep chasm, with perpendicular walls of over 50 feet, surmounted by pinnacles," which seemed "on the verge of falling into the abyss below, to be buried in the rushing white foam that roars and bounds from one ledge to another into a deep, boiling, steaming pool."

Having portaged around the canyon on August 5 and around the sixty-foot drop of Helen's Falls on August 7, the Police began the descent of the Thelon River on August 8. Next day the chief event was the sighting of a musk-ox. It was the first that Pelletier had ever seen, and his interest is shown by the entry in

his report: "He (the musk-ox) was on a small island lying down asleep, and we were astonished at the size . . . a large bull of not very great height, perhaps, but of immense size and weight. His long hair came down nearly to the ground, and when he decided to run away, the fur on him was of such thickness and length that it waved up and down at every gallop."

Five days later, as the Police were traversing Beverly Lake, an Eskimo camp was sighted, and Pelletier turned towards the shore. To announce their arrival, the Police shouted, "Chimo! Chimo!"—the usual Eskimo greeting—and were surprised when a voice answered, "Good morning." Landing, the Police found that the headman of the camp was the Eskimo, "Lucky Moore," who had accompanied Hanbury on a voyage of exploration to the Coppermine River and who, as a result, spoke English. Moore welcomed Pelletier's men, gave them deerskin clothing to protect them from the biting cold they soon would meet, and told them how to find navigable channels through the rapids that lay ahead.

Helped by the Eskimo's advice, the Police passed through Schultz Lake, navigated the Schultz River whose rapids provided "one of the most exciting experiences of the trip," sailed down Baker Lake, proceeded down Baker River, and on August 27 reached a point where the rocks ashore bore unmistakably the mark of tide-water from Hudson Bay. Having camped near this point with Eskimos for a day and a half, the Police proceeded on August 29, reached the head of Chesterfield Inlet, sailed down the inlet next day, arrived at Ellis Island on August 31, and there, in accordance with prearranged plans, were joined by a party of Police who had arrived in a whale-boat from Fullerton a day or two before. Constable MacMillan, the commander of the Fullerton party, handed Pelletier a letter in which Superintendent Moodie explained that the forty-seven-foot sailing boat *McTavish* was being sent to Chesterfield Inlet to convey Pelletier, Sergeant D. McArthur, Corporal F. W. Reeves, Constable MacMillan, and Constable McDiarmid to Churchill whence they could travel back to civilization. Joyce and the other members of Pelletier's original party were to take the whale-boat to Fullerton and report for duty there.

The *McTavish* arrived on the night of September 1, and camp on Ellis Island was broken next day. Joyce, Conway, Walker, and a number of natives embarked in the whale-boat for Fullerton as ordered, and Pelletier, in command of his new party, sailed in the *McTavish* for Churchill. This at least was the plan but it suffered a drastic change, for on the night of September 4 the *McTavish* ran into a gale, and dawn found the ship rudderless, surrounded by foaming breakers and slowly drifting ashore. Vainly the Police and natives aboard worked to save her. All at once a huge wave broke over the bow and the ship began to sink. Then she pounded over a series of reefs and struck broadside on a ledge of rock close to shore. Though the icy water chilled them to the bone, all hands splashed a way to land and, knowing that their lives might depend upon the result, toiled to salvage food from the *McTavish* and to hoist a signal of distress on one of the vessel's spars. As far as Pelletier could judge, he was wrecked on Fairway Island at the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet where his distress signal would almost certainly be seen eventually by natives camped on the mainland shore.

Sighting the signal as Pelletier had hoped, a party of Eskimos soon crossed to the island in a whale-boat and rented their craft to the Police who sailed for Fullerton on September 10, arrived next day, and found that Joyce's party from Chesterfield Inlet had arrived safely before them. As there was no hope of salvaging the wreck of the *McTavish* or of reaching Churchill in the small whale-boats that were now the only craft available, Pelletier was forced to remain at Fullerton for two and a half months. Then, when winter made traveling by dog-team possible, Pelletier, McArthur, Reeves, Special Constable Ford, and two natives set out on the 450-mile journey to Churchill, with two eighteen-foot sleighs and eighteen dogs. Only essential equipment was carried, and the food supply, as all the party realized, would have to be supplemented by game killed on the way. If no game was found, the party would perish; but the chances of shooting deer were good, and no member of the party viewed the venture with more than ordinary concern.

Forty-three days out from Fullerton! It had been nip-and-tuck at times, but the end of the long journey was in sight. "Left one

sleigh and half the baggage, intend to make Churchill by night," Pelletier wrote in his journal on January 11, 1909. Later he added, "Reached Churchill before sundown. All well."

Reporting on the journey, he stated that the greatest hardship had been caused by the absence of fuel and the consequent impossibility of thawing and drying the hard-frozen clothes and bedding. "At no time on the journey," he wrote, "were we in a precarious position; the longest period the dogs went without food was four days," and the men, as the result of shooting many deer, "had at all times a good supply of meat."

Though anxious to push on from Churchill with the least possible delay, Pelletier was forced to wait until equipment for the next stage of his journey could be assembled. It was February 7 before he was again able to take the trail. Then, accompanied by McArthur, Reeves, and Constable Travers, he set out with a train of fresh dogs, reached Split Lake on February 23, and inspected the Police detachment there. He resumed his journey on February 27, covered the 260 miles to Norway House in six days, pushed for three hundred miles over the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, arrived at Gimli Station on March 18, entrained there, and three days later saluted and rendered a preliminary report of his 3,347-mile patrol to Commissioner Perry in Regina.

Glorious success and heroic failure! Perry heard from Pelletier's lips his tale of triumph; by contrast, over the wire from Dawson City in the spring of 1911 came the tale of another patrol which, through failure, had added an imperishable legend of heroism to the Force's history. The wire concerned the annual Dawson City-Fort McPherson patrol, inaugurated by Corporal Mapley in 1904-05. "This patrol," Perry wrote in 1911, "was made year after year without mishap until last winter, and although one of the most arduous, it had been made so frequently and with such certainty that it became one of the ordinary duties of the Force."

An ordinary duty! Probably Fitzgerald—recently promoted to the rank of Inspector—so regarded it when notified in May, 1910, that his application to command the next patrol had been granted, as had a proposal that the patrol should reverse its usual route and should start from and return to Fort McPherson. While on

duty at Herschel Island in the summer, Fitzgerald laid plans for the trip which appealed to his spirit of adventure. As the result of long experience, he had formed the opinion that the Police dog-trains played too much for safety, that speed was sacrificed by the heavy loads of food usually carried, that men in superb condition could safely travel on less. Pondering these debatable points, Fitzgerald drove his dog-team from Herschel Island at the end of November, 1910, reached Fort McPherson in a few days, and at once began to outfit for the patrol to Dawson. It was at this time, apparently, after consultation with the men who were to compose the patrol, that his decision to travel with light loads was finally taken. The records show that his supplies of flour, bacon, and corned beef were cut below the usual minimum by a total of more than eighty pounds and that the other supplies weighed less than might have been expected. There was some shaking of heads at these cuts, but not on the part of Special Constable S. Carter whom Fitzgerald had employed as guide, nor by Constables G. F. Kinney and R. O. H. Taylor who completed the party when, with three dog-trains of five dogs each, Fitzgerald pulled out of Fort McPherson on December 21.

On February 20, 1911, Esau, an Indian from the Fort McPherson district, arrived in Dawson City. Questioned about Fitzgerald's patrol, Esau reported that Fitzgerald hired him to help the patrol for a few days and paid him off on January 1 when his services were no longer required. The patrol was then ten days out from Fort McPherson. It should have arrived in Dawson late in January. Why it had not arrived, Esau could not say; he could only surmise that it had been forced back by some misadventure and had returned to Fort McPherson.

But no faint-heartedness would have forced Fitzgerald back. Superintendent A. E. Snyder, commanding the Police in Dawson, knew that; and Commissioner Perry knew it when Snyder telegraphed the details of Esau's story. The wires into Dawson were down for a time after Snyder sent his report, but on February 28 communication was restored and Perry telegraphed, "Send well outfitted party search of Fitzgerald. Go through to McPherson if necessary." Snyder, anticipating the order, had his search patrol ready and replied at once, "Patrol leaves for McPherson today."

Under command of Corporal W. J. D. Dempster, the search party, comprising the corporal, Constable J. F. Fyfe, Special Constable F. Turner, and Charles Stewart, an Indian guide, left Dawson with three dog-teams of five dogs each on February 28, accompanied by Constable R. Brackett who, with a team of horses, hauled the heaviest part of the outfit over the first fifty miles. Snyder's instructions to Dempster, issued on the previous day, were clear and concise, "You will leave tomorrow morning for a patrol over the Fort McPherson trail to locate the whereabouts of Inspector Fitzgerald's party."

Striking out from the power plant on Twelve Mile River on March 2, Dempster's patrol sped over the mountain passes, encountering no sign of other travelers until the bitterly cold and foggy morning of March 12, when a faint trail appeared in the snow on the Little Wind River. Was it Fitzgerald's trail? And which way was it going? Dempster could not tell. The trail was too faint to follow. He lost it repeatedly that day but found it again at intervals. At night, on pulling into the timber to camp, he discovered a camp of the party which must have made it. Nearby lay a number of empty butter and corned-beef tins, and a piece of a flour bag, clearly marked, "R.N.W.M. Police, Fort McPherson."

Convinced by the bag that the faint trail he could still discern at intervals had been made by the Fort McPherson party, Dempster pushed ahead on the morning of March 13 and soon found another of the lost party's camps. From the proximity of the two camps, Dempster concluded that Fitzgerald had failed to find the way over the mountains to Dawson, had been forced to turn back, and had occupied one of the camps on the outward journey and the other while returning to Fort McPherson. For back to McPherson Fitzgerald must have gone. All the evidence pointed that way, and there was no reason to doubt that he had made the retreat in safety.

Dempster, perhaps half amused when he remembered the concern felt for the safety of the lost patrol in Dawson, picked up and followed the trail of Fitzgerald's party on March 14. But when he found three night-camps within fifteen miles, whatever amusement he may have felt vanished. If Fitzgerald was making

only five miles a day, the situation was serious. What was amiss, Dempster could not tell at the time but next day he stumbled on a clue. In a little cabin on Mountain Creek, he found a toboggan, seven sets of dog-harness, the paws of a dog, and, most sinister of all, the shoulder blade of a dog, from which the meat had obviously been stripped and eaten.

Though startled by this evidence that Fitzgerald's party was short of food, Dempster's belief that the patrol had returned to McPherson in safety was strengthened on the three days that followed. He found no more shoulder blades of eaten dogs on those days, and the distance to McPherson was rapidly decreasing. One hundred miles! Seventy-five miles! Fifty miles! A shack known as "Colin's Cabin" came in sight on the fourth afternoon, and Dempster decided to camp in it for the night. No trail leading to the cabin appeared, but Fitzgerald had been there. Dog bones were scattered about and high up on a beam Dempster found a despatch bag and a bag of mail. Obviously, Fitzgerald had lightened his load but, true to the traditions of the Force, he had seen to it that the despatches and the mail were carefully preserved from harm. Fifty miles to go, with probably one dog-team still available! Dempster's confidence returned. A dangerously close call, perhaps, but Fitzgerald he was sure had made it.

Next morning, March 21, Dempster sped his dogs for ten miles over the frozen river trail; then turned aside to examine some objects half hidden in the snow. There was a tent, a stove, and a few odds and ends. Fitzgerald had no doubt flung them aside to lessen further the load his dogs must pull in the last forty-mile dash to safety. Forty miles! Thirty miles! Then Dempster halted again. A toboggan and two sets of dog-harness lay not far from the trail, and a blue handkerchief fluttered from a tree on shore. Somehow, Dempster knew the handkerchief to be a signal of disaster. With a curt order to the men under him to follow, he turned, climbed the river bank, and entered the timber at the top.

Pushing through a fringe of willows, Dempster came upon the bodies of Constable Kinney and Constable Taylor, lying side by side in an open camp. With an eye trained to a Police degree of observation, Dempster took in the details at a glance. Kinney had

died of starvation—his pinched features and emaciated body told the tale—and Taylor, dying likewise, had ended the agony with a rifle which was still grasped in his shriveled hand. A second glance, and Dempster believed he could complete the tale. Fitzgerald and Carter, still able to travel, had given their weakened comrades the last of the bedding and the remaining mouthfuls of food; then had set out in a desperate effort to reach McPherson and send out a rescue party before it was too late. *But no help had come.* So Kinney and Taylor had died; and somewhere between the camp, where death had overtaken them, and Fort McPherson, Fitzgerald and Carter lay dead. Dempster reasoned that this must be so, and on the morrow he found the proof. For ten weary miles, Fitzgerald and Carter had struggled on; then the gallant effort had ended. It was clear to Dempster as he viewed the final camp that Fitzgerald had been conscious of his duty as an officer even when the hand of death was resting on his shoulder. Carter had died first; and Fitzgerald, before falling down to die, had folded the dead man's hands and laid a handkerchief over his shrunken face. Fitzgerald had known that the end for them both had come. With a charred stick he had written his will on a tattered piece of paper:

All money in despatch bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all.

F. J. FITZGERALD, R.N.W.M.P.

Having covered the bodies of Fitzgerald and Carter with brush, as they had covered the bodies of Kinney and Taylor the day before, Dempster's patrol continued on and that night brought the news of the disaster to Fort McPherson. Grieving deeply, all the more because help could so easily have been provided if the need had been known, the little community made preparations to retrieve and give burial to the bodies of the four men who had started out so hopefully for Dawson three months before. With two Indian helpers and a dog-train, Corporal Somers brought in the bodies on March 25, and on the 28th the funeral service was conducted. Though McPherson lay far within the Arctic Circle and was remote from civilization, all was done decently and in order. The Church of England burial service was read by the



AT FORT MCPHERSON
The graves of the Lost Patrol.

Reverend C. E. Whittaker, and the four rude coffins, covered in black cloth, were laid in a single grave over which a party of five Royal North-West Mounted Police fired a farewell salute.

Having attended the funeral of their comrades, Dempster's party left Fort McPherson on March 30, flashed with amazing speed over the difficult trail, and drove into Dawson City on April 17. As at McPherson, the news that Dempster bore was received in Dawson, and later in Regina, with profound sympathy and regret. A searching enquiry into the disaster was held in the months that followed but it produced little that was not previously known. As Commissioner Perry stated in his annual report, the causes of the disaster were:

- (1) The small quantity of provisions taken by the patrol
- (2) The want of an efficient guide
- (3) The delay in searching for the lost trail.

Three entries in Fitzgerald's diary, which was found in the camp where Kinney and Taylor lay dead, fill in all the details that are required:

January 17—Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have now only ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is to return . . .

February 3—Men and dogs very thin and weak and cannot travel far. We have travelled about 200 miles on dog meat, and still have about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right.

February 5—Just after noon, I broke through the ice and had to make a fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog tonight; have only five dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day. Everybody breaking out on body and skin peeling off.

There the diary ends. From the evidence it would seem that the struggle endured for about a week after that entry was made. Then, in the lonely camps beside the frozen trail, it ended, before Esau had arrived in Dawson City and sounded the alarm.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

EIGHT EVENTFUL YEARS

Nineteen hundred and eleven. Fitzgerald and his comrades rest in their single grave at Fort McPherson. The Force has mourned them deeply; but now the time for mourning is passed, for King George V is being crowned in London, and the Force is represented at the coronation by Commissioner Perry, Superintendent J. O. Wilson, and eighty officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. The detachment has been reviewed by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, by Lord Haldane, British Secretary of State for War, by Sir Frederick Borden, Canadian Minister of Militia, by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,¹ accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Mary and H.R.H. Prince Albert (now His Majesty King George VI), by the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, and, as part of the Overseas Dominions' contingents, by His Majesty the King. In all the inspections, the detachment has borne itself well and has ably upheld the Force's prestige. The men have been warmly welcomed on many other occasions, they have joined in all the people's rejoicings, and their throats are hoarse with the fervent cheers they have given for the new King and Queen.

Nineteen hundred and twelve. The strength of the Force stands at 654 all ranks, serving at eleven divisional points and 185 detachments. Immigrants are still pouring into the prairie provinces—the population has doubled in seven years—and the work of the Police has increased correspondingly. The Force has dealt with 13,391 criminal cases in the year and has secured 11,435 convic-

¹ His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, later His Majesty King Edward VIII, accepted appointment as Honorary Commandant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on March 8, 1920.

tions. But the Government is inclined to belittle Perry's earnest plea for additional men and to regard more in sorrow than in anger his recommendation that the men he has are deserving of higher pay. The Force has always been underpaid, the Government argues in effect, when it bothers to argue at all, so why pay officers and men a fair wage when they will work with commendable bravery, loyalty, and devotion for the inadequate wages they get?

Brave, loyal, devoted. Constantine, to whom all these terms applied, has died in California, worn out by the rigors of his services in the North, and Sanders and Snyder, leaving enviable records behind them, have retired to pension. Other stalwarts of the Force—Deane, Primrose, Cuthbert, Wilson, Begin, to name only a few—are still carrying on, and among the junior officers a number are ready to assume the mantles of authority the old-timers have laid, or are preparing to lay, aside. So far as the outlying districts are concerned, solid structures dedicated to the preservation of law and order are rising on the foundations the old-timers have laid. Moodie with only forty officers and men under him has succeeded to the command in the Yukon and, despite his slim strength—the Commissioner has recommended that it be increased by fifty per cent—is able to report that the territory is remarkably free from serious crime. Inspector W. J. Beyts, commanding the Mackenzie River District, also reports an absence of serious crime, and his report coincides in this respect with the report of Superintendent Demers who has succeeded Cortlandt Starnes in command of Moodie's old territory on Hudson Bay.

Nineteen hundred and thirteen. There is a note of jubilation in the Commissioner's annual report. On behalf of the Force, he expresses sincere thanks to the Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of the Dominion, for having passed through Parliament an act for a substantial increase of pay to all ranks, and he is even more grateful because the Government has at long last heeded his plea and authorized an increase in the Force's strength which now stands at a total of 763. Three new detachments have been established in the Yukon, two in the Mackenzie River District, one at Port Nelson on Hudson Bay, and twenty at points elsewhere. There are 290 Police now serving in Alberta,

390 in Saskatchewan, including the recruits in training at Regina, forty-nine in the Yukon, twenty-two in New Manitoba, and twelve in scattered detachments in the North-West Territories. Crimes of violence are still increasing—forty-four murders have been entered on the Police books in the year—but the Commissioner is able to assure the Prime Minister that “the substantial increase of strength has placed the Force in a much better position to meet the reasonable demands made upon it.”

Though Moodie reports only two serious crimes from the Yukon—a case of dynamiting and a case of armed robbery of sluice-boxes—Demers reports a tale, for which he cannot vouch, that two explorers, Radford, an American, and Street, from Ottawa, have been murdered by Eskimos at Bathurst Inlet. Radford, the tale goes, struck an Eskimo who refused to obey his commands and, with Street, was clubbed and speared to death in the quarrel that resulted. Demers's men have been kept busy policing the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway, but if this tale about Radford and Street is not unfounded, Police will have to be sent to Bathurst Inlet to investigate. The journey will take at least a year and probably more.

Nineteen hundred and fourteen. The Force with its added strength is functioning well. The winter patrols have accomplished their difficult journeys and all have reported in safely. Inspector F. H. French commanded the thirteen-hundred-mile, fifty-day patrol from The Pas to Churchill; Staff-Sergeant C. S. Harper led the party which for eighty-one days pursued Asa Hunting into a lonely section of the Rocky Mountains, arrested him, and freed the girl he had abducted; Sergeant Dempster and Corporal Hocking conducted the Dawson City-Fort McPherson patrol; Staff-Sergeant C. Prime commanded the party which investigated the suicide of a solitary trapper at Gull Lake; and there have been other difficult patrols too numerous to mention.

Summer follows spring, and the Police in the West are plagued by the jetsam of unemployment—tramps, vagrants, hoboes—a denser swarm than the prairies have previously seen. A disaster at the Hillcrest coal mine in Alberta occurs—the date is June 19—and the Police earn the gratitude of miners and officials alike by their care for the survivors and their work in washing and lay-

ing out the mangled bodies of more than 180 dead. Inspector Christen Junget is in command, and humane services of an indescribably grim nature are performed by Corporal F. J. Mead, Corporal A. Grant, and Constable W. F. W. Hancock.

The explorers, Radford and Street, have not emerged from the remote fastnesses of the Bathurst Inlet area. Probably the circumstantial story that they have been murdered is true. Inspector Beyts and a Police party sail from Halifax to investigate. They will proceed to Chesterfield Inlet and on into the interior. Once they leave Chesterfield, many months will probably pass before they are heard of again.

August has come, and, unbelievably, the Empire is at war. Ex-members of the Force besiege the recruiting offices and, after a period of training, sail with their units overseas. Members of the Force apply for permission to join the overseas contingents, but the Government is adamant in pointing out that the Police are needed at home. There are 175,000 Germans and Austrians in Alberta and Saskatchewan—Perry, who dislikes round numbers, says there are 173,568—and peace between these “enemy” nationals and their neighbors must be preserved. Furthermore, the Germans and Austrians must be prevented from assembling, from armed rebellion, or from acts of sabotage and destruction. To assure that law and order will prevail throughout the West, the Force at once recruits five hundred additional men, bringing the strength to 1,268 in all.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen. In January the Force learns with deep regret of the death in North Carolina of Assistant Commissioner Z. T. Wood, C.M.G., whose record of fine service extends back for more than thirty years. Police duties in 1915 are much the same as usual. Superintendent F. J. Horrigan has a difficult task in breaking up well-organized gangs of horse-thieves in the Calgary area; but enemy aliens give less trouble than had been expected. More than twenty-three hundred Germans and Austrians are investigated by the Police, 396 are interned, 326 are placed on parole, and 350 rifles and revolvers are seized; but, on the whole, the “enemy” population behaves well, and the Commissioner is able as a result to view with equanimity a reduction in the strength of the Force to a total of 929.

In the far North, it is becoming clear that steps will have to be taken to bring an understanding of the law to the Arctic Eskimos. Inspector Beyts's party, after wintering at the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, proceeds up the inlet and establishes an advanced post on Baker Lake, whence the journey to investigate the murders of Radford and Street will be continued. Meanwhile, a circumstantial story that Arctic Eskimos have murdered two French missionary priests, Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, reaches the Commissioner, and Inspector C. D. La Nauze, in command of a party, accompanied by the Reverend Father Frapance, pushes northward from Great Bear Lake towards the Arctic to investigate the story and, if it is true, to take the measures that seem advisable. There is a chance that Beyts's party from Chesterfield Inlet and La Nauze's party from Great Bear Lake will meet in the lonely North and the officers have been ordered to support one another should an opportunity for co-operation arise.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen. The Great War continues, and the Army absorbs 218 members of the Police whose period of service in the Force has been completed or who purchase discharges in order to serve overseas. The departure of these men leaves the Force 163 below the authorized strength of nine hundred, but the Commissioner is reluctant to compete with the Army for recruits and carries on as best he can. He is able to report a slight decrease in crime and the highly gratifying fact that, as a result of close supervision by the Force, enemy aliens in the West have given almost no trouble at all. Probably the most important duty that has devolved upon the Force as a direct result of the war is the guarding of the international boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. As in the days of Sitting Bull, there has been a concentration of Police along the line, lest any untoward event should result in harm to Canada or to friendly relations with the United States. Over the border trails patrolled by the men who watched the comings and goings of the almost forgotten Sioux, now range the modern Riders of the Plains, on horseback or sometimes—to the dismay of the stalwarts of the old school—in motor cars with which the officers commanding the boundary districts have been provided.

In the minds of certain observers in Canada there arises the

question, is all this patrolling of the border required? Some believe it is a waste of money and time. They are aware that close to the border runs a life-line of Empire, the C.P.R., but they know nothing of a telegram sent by the German Foreign Office to the German Ambassador in Washington on January 3:

(Secret) General Staff desires energetic action in regard to proposed destruction of Canadian Pacific Railway at several points with a view to complete and protracted interruption of traffic. Captain Boehm . . . has been given instructions. Inform the military attaché and provide the necessary funds.

ZIMMERMAN.

Perry refers to the telegram in his report of the following year: "How far an attempt was made to act on these instructions is not known, but certainly no results were obtained."

War affects the duties of the Police in the Canadian West, but no echoes of the cannon reverberate in the distant North. On the Hudson Bay-Chesterfield Inlet front Inspector French succeeds Inspector Beyts in command of the expedition investigating the murders of Radford and Street. Reports from the interior repeat the story that Radford, through ill-treatment of an Eskimo, brought death upon himself and Street but the details have not yet been clearly established. While the expedition to investigate the affair toils onward, Constable A. B. Kennedy (late of the Royal Navy) surveys the hitherto uncharted waters of Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake, and a copy of his valuable chart and sailing directions is forwarded by the Police to the Canadian Department of Naval Affairs.

Meanwhile, Inspector La Nauze and his party, after wintering at Dease Bay at the end of Great Bear Lake, have conducted a daring journey northward to Coronation Gulf and, with the help of Corporal W. V. Bruce from Herschel Island and members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, have solved the mystery of Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, the missing priests. They were cruelly murdered by Eskimos near Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River in the late autumn of 1913. Sinnisiak and Uluksak, coveting the priests' possessions, committed the crime. Both are now under arrest and, having confessed, are awaiting trial in the Police guard-room at Herschel Island. Capture of these men affords an out-

standing example of Police tenacity, courage, and endurance, and the Commissioner in his annual report warmly commends the work of La Nauze and those who served under him.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen. On January 1 the Force is relieved of ordinary police duties in Saskatchewan and New Manitoba, and on March 1 similar relief is provided by the Province of Alberta. This permits more effective patrolling of the nine-hundred-mile international boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, also a more careful watch over the alien population of the West and a concentration of Police reserves in the divisional points where emergencies might be expected. In April the entry of the United States into the Great War reduces to a minimum the danger of armed violation of the frontier, and the Police strength is allowed to drop to a total of 656. But the necessity for a vigilant supervision of aliens remains, and there arises the problem of stopping the considerable numbers of Americans and Canadians who, by crossing the international boundary in one direction or the other, seek to evade service in the armed forces of the United States or in those of Canada. In all, the Force sends out 26,356 patrols which cover a total of more than eight hundred thousand miles—Perry who likes precision in such matters, as the reader will recall, places the total mileage of the patrols at 837,625. As in previous years, the Commissioner strives to secure the authorization of a Police unit to serve as cavalry overseas, but the Government turns a deaf ear. The Army, for the time being, has all the cavalry required, and the Police are needed to maintain order at home.

Since March 22, no news has been received from Inspector French who, with Sergeant-Major T. B. Caulkin and four natives, has pushed from Baker Lake towards Bathurst Inlet in continuance of the investigation of the murders of Radford and Street. No intense anxiety is aroused by the lack of news, however. French is an able officer, and his prolonged absence on such a difficult mission is not unforeseen. Meanwhile, the Dawson patrol has crossed the mountain ranges to Fort McPherson with despatches ordering La Nauze to bring Sinnisiak and Uluksak, the murderers of Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, from Herschel Island to Edmonton to stand trial. Leaving Herschel on May 9, La Nauze, Corporal

Bruce, the Eskimo Special Constable Ilavinek, and the prisoners reach Peace River Crossing on August 7 and proceed by train to Edmonton where the trial of Sinnisiak for the murder of Father Rouvier opens before Chief Justice Harvey and a jury on August 14. Three days later, the jury brings in a verdict of not guilty, and the Chief Justice grants an application to have the venue of the case changed to Calgary. On August 22, in Calgary, the prisoners are jointly brought to trial on the murder charges, again before Mr. Justice Harvey and a jury. Both prisoners are found guilty, but, taking into account their ignorance of the law and their primitive conception of right and wrong, the jury adds to the verdict "the strongest possible recommendation for mercy that a jury can make." On August 28, in accordance with the law of the land, death sentences are passed upon the guilty pair. But the jury's recommendation to mercy is not lost to sight. As expected, His Excellency the Governor-General, on the advice of the Government, exercises the royal prerogative and commutes the sentences to life imprisonment. He further orders that the prisoners be not confined in a penitentiary, but be transferred to Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake and there be held as prisoners by the Royal North-West Mounted Police. In recording this conclusion to a dramatic and historic case, Commissioner Perry again calls to the Government's notice the brilliant services rendered by Inspector La Nauze, Corporal Bruce, Constable Wight, and Special Constable Ilavinek during the twenty-eight months that it has taken to bring the murderers to justice. No great attention is paid to the Police the Commissioner names—none was really expected—but the Government acknowledges the invaluable services of Special Constable Ilavinek by the gift, suitably inscribed, of a gold watch and chain.

Nineteen hundred and eighteen. An eventful year in the Force's history. In January, Inspector French arrives at Baker Lake after his adventurous ten-month journey to Bathurst Inlet, Coronation Gulf, and the Coppermine River. Later his reports are forwarded to the Commissioner. As the result of an investigation as difficult, dangerous, and painstaking as any in the annals of the Force, he has established beyond reasonable doubt that the Killinemuit Eskimos, Okitok and Hulalark, murdered Radford on Kwogjuk Island

and that, in the same fracas, Amegealnuk murdered Street. Radford's hot-tempered abuse of Kaneak whom he beat with a dog-whip was the cause of the crime. French has secured the statements of eye-witnesses and records his opinion that if the killers should be brought to trial, an honest jury would certainly acquit them on the ground that they acted under great provocation and in what amounted to self-defense. No signs of the bodies of Radford and Street can be found on Kwogjuk Island—French has made a search—and it appears that the bones of both men have been flung into the sea. In addition to his investigation of the murders, French has inquired into many matters that concern the Government. He notes that on the whole the Killinemuits are a superior type of Eskimo, honest, truthful, and intelligent, but that the Killishiktomuits and the Wadlearingmuits, who range from Bathurst Inlet to the Coppermine River, are "born thieves and fearful liars." La Nauze's arrest of Sinnisiak and Uluksak has created a deep impression among these people, however, and if the prisoners are adequately punished—French, of course, knows nothing of the result of their trial—the effect will be of value.

Among these tribes, French reports, it has long been a custom for the women, when a female child is born to them while traveling, to stuff the baby into a crack in the ice or, if no crack is available, to fling the child away to die. As a result, there is a shortage of marriageable women, which threatens to become more pronounced as the years progress. Finally, French reports the magnificent support given him throughout his eventful journey by Sergeant-Major Caulkin and Police Natives Joe and Bye-and-Bye, and he mentions that he has rescued and brought out with him from Coronation Gulf a Norwegian seaman, Albin Kihlman, an ex-member of the crew of the vessel *Teddy Bear*.

While French's party struggles back to Baker Lake through the desolate Barren Lands, the crisis of the Great War is approaching. On March 21, the enemy strikes at the front of the Third and Fifth British Armies before Amiens, and on the 30th of the month the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, in perhaps the last great charge of cavalry that Europe will ever see, sweeps to the capture of Moreuil Wood. Casualties in the Brigade, which is again in action, dismounted, on April 1, are heavy, and across the sea to

Canada flashes a plea for reinforcements. Cavalry needed! Cavalry needed at last! Tragic as are the circumstances that bring about the need, no news could be more welcome to all ranks of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. On April 6, officers and men are given permission to enlist in a draft to reinforce the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in France, and on April 18, when recruiting officially opens, the Force volunteers almost to a man. Twelve officers and 231 other ranks who fall within the age limit and pass the medical examinations are accepted for overseas service at once, and the Force is permitted to take on its strength 495 recruits. The twelve officers and 726 other ranks thus secured are transferred to the Canadian Expeditionary Force on May 15, leave Regina by train on May 30, and sail overseas from Montreal on June 3. On arrival in England, drafts are sent to reinforce the Canadian units at the front, and on October 7, "A" Squadron, commanded by Major Jennings and bearing the name, Royal North-West Mounted Police, is ordered to France. The squadron for a time is attached to the Canadian Light Horse and then is placed under the direct command of Canadian Corps Headquarters. It serves with distinction in the battle area throughout the final stages of the Pursuit to Mons, and one troop is chosen to represent the Force in the march of the Canadian Corps to Germany.

Less than three months after the draft for service in France leaves Regina, Commissioner Perry receives orders from the Government to recruit a squadron of cavalry for service with the Canadian forces being sent to Siberia. Though the draft suffers severely from influenza and five men die, the six officers, 184 other ranks, and 181 horses are quickly given the special training required, and on October 1 an advance party sails from Vancouver for Vladivostok. Despite the Armistice which terminates the Great War on the Western Front, the main body of the detachment follows the advance guard on November 17 and renders good service in the Vladivostok area where the presence of trained and trustworthy troops is of considerable value.

At this time, the future of the Royal North-West Mounted Police is obscure. With a draft in France and a draft in Siberia, the strength of the Force in Canada has dropped to a total of 303—less than at any time since the "Old Originals" marched westward

across the prairies in 1874—and, as the western provinces have formed police forces of their own, many people believe that a dissolution of the “Mounted” is at hand. But just when it seems that the ax must fall and the Riders of the Plains become a glorious memory, the Dominion Government announces that the Force is to be established on a new permanent basis, that its jurisdiction is to be extended, and that with a strength of twelve hundred, it is to be the sole Dominion police force in all Western Canada. Dark clouds of unrest, fruits of the Great War, are already appearing on the horizon, and the Government, warned by the low rumblings of a gathering storm, turns for the maintenance of law and order to the Police, aware that to no organization in the land could such a duty be more confidently entrusted.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE WINNIPEG GENERAL STRIKE

CLEARLY AS THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED Police dated from that day in 1873 when Parliament authorized the creation of the Force for the preservation of law and order on the prairies, so, with nearly equal clarity, does the Force of today date from the reorganization effected after the Great War. Before the Armistice, the strength of the Force in Canada had declined to a total of 303, and there were many in the country who, believing that the period of the Force's usefulness had passed, regretfully predicted its dissolution. But the Government, if it considered disbanding the Force, realized before the step was taken that in the period ahead an urgent need for the Police might easily arise. Acting when the need was foreseen, as previously mentioned, the Government gave orders in December, 1918, that the Force be recruited to a strength of twelve hundred. Simultaneously it took steps to recall the detachments serving in France and Siberia. In the following July, when the wisdom of the previous measures had been demonstrated, the Government raised the authorized, though not the actual, strength of the Force to the hitherto unprecedented total of twenty-five hundred officers and men.

In contrast to the pre-war years, the Force now became, as in its earliest days, essentially a Dominion formation, no longer responsible for ordinary police duties in Alberta and Saskatchewan. It was charged specifically with the enforcement of Federal laws throughout the whole of the Canadian West, the patrolling of the international boundary, the enforcement of all Orders-in-Council passed under the War Measures Act, and the duty of rendering assistance to the Civil Powers in the preservation of law and order whenever the Government of Canada should so direct. In addition to these duties, the Force retained full police authority and powers

in the Yukon and the North-West Territories, including the districts of the Mackenzie River, Hudson Bay, and the Arctic Ocean.

To meet the changed conditions of service, a new distribution of the Force was arranged, with the following districts and headquarters:

DISTRICT	DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS
Force H.Q. & Depot	Regina
Manitoba	Winnipeg
S. Saskatchewan	Regina
N. Saskatchewan	Prince Albert
S. Alberta	Lethbridge
N. Alberta	Edmonton
British Columbia	Vancouver
Yukon	Dawson

Naturally, the increase in strength of the Force and the redistribution of personnel paved the way for the promotion of a number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. In the process, Superintendent W. H. Routledge stepped up to the rank of Assistant Commissioner and, among other promotions, were the appointments of eight Inspectors, including Staff-Sergeant C. Prime and Sergeant-Majors F. J. Mead, T. B. Caulkin, and T. V. S. Wunsch. Even more striking than these promotions as proof that the Force was entering upon a renewed and active period of service was the purchase of three sea-going motor-boats, the *Chakawana*, to be used on the Pacific Coast, the *Victory*, to operate from a base at Herschel Island, and the *Duncan*, to help the *Lady Borden* in Hudson Bay. Symbolic, too, of the new order of things and foreshadowing a process of mechanization that has continued to the present day was the purchase for Police use of ten Reo trucks, fifteen motorcycles, and two passenger autos. Commissioner Perry, cherishing the old traditions of the Force, might grieve at the necessity for these substitutes for horse-flesh but he was too keen a commanding officer to regard them with scorn. "The mechanical transport has greatly increased our efficiency," he reported, adding that the motorcycles were proving especially useful.

As the battalions of the Canadian Corps arrived home from France and were demobilized early in 1919, it became clear that

a test of the Government's authority and of the reorganized Royal North-West Mounted Police was fast approaching in the Canadian West. For the West was seething with labor troubles, and radical extremists, hoping for the support of the demobilized troops and relying upon a disaffected foreign element in the population, were openly preaching the doctrines that had overthrown the government in Russia and, as a means to effect a similar revolution in Canada, were advocating the declaration of general strikes. No ordinary fight for higher wages or improved working conditions was planned, but a campaign to impose upon the people a dictatorship by the One Big Union—an offshoot of the Industrial Workers of the World—first by a seizure of the government of the City of Winnipeg, then by seizures of power in other cities and eventually in the entire Dominion. "Back of it all," to quote the *Canadian Annual Review*, "was a struggle between craft unionism, or unions formed of employees in a single firm, as accepted by the American Federation of Labor and the Canadian Trades Congress, and the radical spirits of the I.W.W. and O.B.U., who wanted the unionism of entire industries which could easily combine to control employers in each industry and then, by general strikes, in all industries."

As is not unusual, the Western agitators succeeded in rallying to their support a number of well-meaning intellectuals, who discerned in the movement only the humanitarian elements they wished to discern, roundly abused the Government and all employers, hailed the general strike as marking the advent of a better day for mankind, and wept in indignation when the Government's walls of Jericho—one of the walls was the Royal North-West Mounted Police—failed to fall prostrate at the sound of their trumpets, though they blew the seven blasts that should have been enough and continued blowing until their wind was exhausted. Even ministers of several religions advocated the strike. The people of Winnipeg were assured that the movement was a "modern crusade in the cause of Christ" and, at almost the same time, were promised from a different platform that "the late lamented Mr. Christ" would no longer be permitted to retain the leadership in Canadian affairs that capitalists and the fear-ridden masses of the people had formerly assigned to him.

Meanwhile, as the crisis of the affair approached, Superintendent Cortlandt Starnes, commanding the Royal North-West Mounted Police in Winnipeg, prepared for the duties that a general strike would involve. In the preservation of law and order within the city, the Force, under existing arrangements, would take no part, at least until the provincial authorities called upon the Dominion Government for help, but, from the first, the Police would be responsible for the protection of all Dominion Government property, including His Majesty's mails, and would be required to stand by, ready to help the Civil Powers, if the situation got out of hand.

On May 1, two thousand metal workers downed tools in Winnipeg; six days later the Trades and Labor Council called on fifty-two affiliated unions to ballot on the question of a sympathetic strike; thirty-five unions promptly reported a vote of 11,112 to 524 in favor of a strike, and the Council thereupon ordered a general cessation of work at eleven o'clock on the morning of May 15. In obedience to these orders, thirty thousand men stopped work, the number including the city's firemen, electric light and power operators, street cleaners, scavengers, tramways men, postal workers, telegraph and telephone operators, milk and bread and butchers' delivery men, and many others. Three days later, all press operators, except those engaged in publishing the *Labor Journal* were called out, but the municipal police and waterworks employees, technically on strike, were ordered to continue work, under the supervision, and *by the permission*, of the Strike Committee. Later, the committee allowed a number of theaters to open, provided they displayed a "By Permission of the Strike Committee" card, and, with a similar proviso applying to the wagons employed, allowed a limited distribution of milk (but no cream), bread, and other foods.

Though Mayor Gray, when the strike was called, issued a bold proclamation declaring "should any acts be committed that savor of lawlessness, I will act swiftly and surely and will use to the full the powers vested in me by the voice of the people," the actual government of Winnipeg passed swiftly into the hands of the Strike Committee and remained there until the mass of the people forcefully aligned themselves in the ranks of law and order. Psy-



NORTHERN SILHOUETTE

A constable mending his nets on a beach in the Arctic.

chologically, the "By Permission of the Strike Committee" placards were a grievous mistake from the strikers' point of view. They gratified the leaders of the strike and pleased the rank and file, but their challenge was more than the ordinary citizens could endure. As a result, Winnipeg witnessed the phenomenon, repeated in England in 1926, of thousands of determined men and women hastening to join a Citizens' Committee for the protection of public rights. Formed on May 19 under the chairmanship of A. L. Crossin, the Winnipeg committee promptly provided volunteer staffs for the city's fire brigade, public utilities, and social services, and, on June 9 when the local force was summarily dismissed, for the Winnipeg city police.

Meanwhile, as the struggle for control of the city grew grimmer day by day, the Mounted Police guarded all Dominion Government property, protected the volunteer postal workers from attack, stood by ready to intervene should help be required, and operated an intelligence service, which kept the Government in Ottawa informed how the situation in Winnipeg stood. These duties the Police carried out with as little partisanship as possible, but the knowledge that a strong detachment of the Force, backed by three thousand troops, was at hand in case of need enormously heartened the Citizens' Committee and filled the Strike Committee with foreboding. Strikers raged, jeered, and fought with the volunteer police, but for weeks none of them precipitated a fight with the Mounted. Time and time again the situation grew tense, but always the men in scarlet, ignoring taunts and threats—the display of discipline was superb—continued with whatever duty was in hand as imperturbably as if the shouted curses and abuse had entirely failed to reach them.

For six weeks, while the situation in Winnipeg drifted from bad to worse, the Dominion Government refrained from any action against the strikers that might be interpreted as the persecution of legitimate labor, but by June 16 evidence of the revolutionary nature of the strike had been secured, and warrants for the arrest of the strike leaders on charges of seditious conspiracy were turned over to the Mounted Police. Simultaneously, the Police were given warrants authorizing a search for incriminating papers in the strike leaders' offices and homes and were ordered, as soon

as the arrests had been made, to take the prisoners to Stony Mountain penitentiary where the Minister of Justice of the Dominion would assume responsibility for imprisoning them.

Employing tactics the Indians of the prairies would have recognized as characteristic of the Force, small squads of Police moved silently through the streets of Winnipeg on the night of June 17 and made the arrests that had been ordered. There was no trouble, no shooting, and almost no fuss. At 2:00 A.M. each of the eight strike ringleaders wakened to find the Police at his bedside, with the warrants ordering his immediate removal to the penitentiary. The arrests were all made in a few minutes, but the search for incriminating evidence in the prisoners' houses and the Labor Temple took more time. Truck-loads of documents were seized and delivered to the Department of Justice by the Mounted Police, but it was not until June 30, when a second search in Winnipeg and simultaneous searches in Vancouver, Lethbridge, Edmonton, Calgary, Brandon, Fort William, Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal were made that the Government secured all the damning information that was required.

The arrests of the strike leaders in Winnipeg nipped the revolutionary movement in the bud, or at least in early bloom, but they intensified the danger of riots and disorder. For a few days, angry strikers thronged the streets, seeking an outlet for the passions which the impending defeat of the movement had fanned into consuming fires of hate. Then, on Saturday, June 21, a crisis in the affair was precipitated by the strikers' defiant decision to hold a parade which Mayor Gray had expressly forbidden. All morning groups of strikers, many of them armed, surged towards the corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street—the heart of the city—where by noon order had been abandoned and the mob was rapidly working itself into a state of mind which, if uncontrolled, would almost certainly result in bloodshed.

Realizing that the situation was completely out of hand, Mayor Gray took the step he had avoided for so long and called upon the Dominion authorities for help. Reluctant, even in the emergency that existed, to make use of the troops held in reserve, the Government decided that the task of restoring order should be entrusted to the Mounted Police, and at a conference attended by the

Attorney-General of Manitoba, Commissioner Perry, Superintendent Starnes, Mayor Gray, and others, an order to the Force to take the necessary steps was issued. It was, perhaps, as dynamite-packed an order as the Force had ever been given, but Perry and Starnes who knew the quality of their men received it without dismay. Facing apparently hopeless odds was nothing new in the Force's experience; the odds had been overcome before, they must be overcome again.

So out from the Police barracks, with instructions to prevent the parade and restore order with the use of as little force in the process as possible, trotted fifty-four mounted men under Inspectors Proby and Mead, followed by thirty-six men in motor trucks under the command of Sergeant-Major Griffin. Straight for the cauldron seething on Main Street near the City Hall, Mead led the way, while in barracks, under the command of Sergeant-Major Greenway, a reserve of Police stood to in case of need. Mead was the man whom labor officials had gratefully praised for washing and laying out the mangled bodies of the union men killed in the Hillcrest Colliery disaster, but all that was forgotten now. As his scarlet-coated troop came into sight, the strikers roared defiance, and almost at once a barrage of bricks, bottles, and heavy stones beat upon the Police from all sides and from the surrounding roofs. Simultaneously, using knives and broken glass, some of the mob jabbed the horses, which, maddened by the pain, reared and lashed out, threatening to unseat a number of the Police who had been half stunned by flying stones.

In the next half-hour, as the Police charged through the crowd, wheeled, charged again, and finally battled to prevent the mob from setting fire to a stalled street car, the riot reached a critical peak of violence. Struck from behind, Inspector Proby was stunned and owed his life to Corporal Newnham who felled a foreigner in the act of aiming at the disabled officer with a revolver. Corporal Wilkinson, Constable Hendricks, and several other Police were dragged from their horses and beaten; Corporal Wynne and Constable McQueen also fell, were beaten, and were dragged by rescuers to safety in nearby shops, McQueen, by a strange coincidence, into the undertaking parlor where, silent and majestic in

death, lay the body of that old stalwart of the Force, Major-General Sir Samuel B. Steele.

Perhaps the disciplined spirit of the lion-hearted old veteran, who lay so peacefully beneath the folds of a Union Jack, was with the Mounted that day. For the discipline of the Police was as superb as at any time of crisis in the Force's history. Time and time again, as brickbats beat upon them, as shots cracked from revolvers hidden among the crowd, and as they suffered in the hand-to-hand battles that raged all around, Proby might justifiably have ordered his men to fire. But his orders were to shoot only as a last resource and, until three of his men went down in a charge and the murderous crowd closed in to effect the kill, he did not consider that shooting was essential. Even then, he gave the order to fire at the strikers' legs only when a warning volley into the air had proved ineffective.

When the battered and bloody Police at last opened fire, one-man was killed, one was fatally injured, a number were wounded, and the riot ended abruptly. Savage as the mob had seemed while battering at—and to some extent being battered by—the vastly outnumbered men in red, the rioters had no stomach for a fight in which the odds were not overwhelmingly on their side. So the shouting and the tumult died down, the rioters slowly dispersed, and the battle-scarred Police, too weary as yet to realize the magnitude of the work they had accomplished, were left as victors on the stricken field. Four days later, the general strike in Winnipeg was called off, to take effect at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 26. Simultaneously sympathetic strikes in other cities of the West were canceled, and the Dominion, having weathered the most dangerous domestic storm since the rebellion of 1885, turned hopefully—too hopefully, of course—to the dazzling prospect of a peaceful and prosperous post-war era.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

MURDERS IN THE ARCTIC

THE DEFEAT OF THE RADICAL EXTREMISTS IN WINNIPEG IN THE early summer of 1919 ended for the time being all danger of revolution in Canada, but it soon became clear that the defeat would be followed by a period of unrest, in which the disaffected elements in the population would secretly spread the doctrines of Bolshevism and would seek by every form of propaganda within their power to undermine the position of the Dominion's constituted authorities. Guided to some extent by a realization that seditious activity could best be investigated and held in check by a force of police operating in all provinces and territories of the Dominion, and influenced by many considerations of an entirely different nature, the Canadian Government in November, 1919, passed an act by which the Royal North-West Mounted Police Act was significantly amended.

Setting forth the changes, the amending Act stated that in future the name of the Force would be "Royal Canadian Mounted Police," authorized the establishment of Headquarters at any point in Canada, and provided for the absorption of the Dominion Police. By Order-in-Council, the Amending Act was given effect on February 1, 1920, and next day it was announced that the Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been transferred from Regina to Ottawa.

These changes stirred many conflicting emotions. The West, regarding the Force as peculiarly its own, heard with dismay of the change of name and of the transfer of Headquarters to Ottawa and, at least for a time, found little consolation in the fact that Regina would still be the Force's training center, or in the assurance that the West would still provide the principal scene of the Force's operations. In the East, the advent of the Police was awaited with lively interest. Imaginative people were delighted

to think that men of the famous Mounted would now be seen in the leafy lanes and the busy cities of Ontario, in the shadow of the grim old Citadel in Quebec, and by the shores of the Atlantic in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. That the Police would ride forth always in the traditional scarlet, adding a touch of picturesque color to the scene, was taken for granted by many unthinking citizens who were disappointed to discover in the years ahead that in the battles being waged against the propagandists of sedition, bootleggers, smugglers, dope-peddlers, and white-slavers, the conspicuous full-dress scarlet was seldom the uniform the Police found most effective.

Referring in his annual report to the difficulties encountered in absorbing the Dominion Police, Commissioner Perry noted the basic differences between the units that had existed. The Dominion Police, organized and uniformed on the lines of a municipal police force, with officers and men free to resign on short notice and with discipline enforced by the civil courts, had borne only a slight resemblance to the Mounted Police, uniformed in scarlet and organized on military lines, with officers holding commissions, enlistment based on a fixed period of service, and discipline enforced under powers conferred by the unit's own Act of Parliament. Despite the preference of many officers and men of the Dominion Police for the type of organization with which they were familiar, Perry noted that 152 had accepted the terms of transfer the Government offered and had been absorbed into the Force under his command.

At the time when this report was filed—the date was September 30, 1920—the organization of the four principal branches of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—the Criminal Investigation, Financial, Supply, and Adjutant's departments—had made satisfactory progress, and the Force, with a total strength of 1,671 officers and men, was rapidly mastering the duties the new order involved. Four new Police districts—Western Ontario, Eastern Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces—had been formed, and the Force, though exercising sole jurisdiction only in the North-West Territories, the Yukon, and the Dominion Parks, was at work all over Canada, as the following table of distribution revealed:

SITUATION	POLICE STRENGTH
Headquarters (Ottawa)	72
Maritime Provinces	25
Quebec	9
Ontario	384
Manitoba	160
Saskatchewan	400
Alberta	300
British Columbia	257
Yukon	48
North-West Territories	16
TOTAL	1,671

Though the strength of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was thus concentrated overwhelmingly in the settled areas of the Dominion, the most dramatic work of the Force was still being accomplished in the lonely outposts of the North. Sinnisiak and Uluksak, the murderers of Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux, had been released from imprisonment in the Police guard-room at Fort Resolution and had been restored, under escort of a Police patrol, to the shores of Coronation Gulf. The punishment meted out to them, though tempered by mercy, had in some degree impressed upon the Eskimos that the murder of white men was fraught with serious consequences, but the Police had as yet had little success in persuading the natives of the far North to forego the practice of murder among themselves.

As an example of Police methods when such cases were reported and of the care with which the Force bore in mind that no subject of the King—not even an ignorant Arctic Eskimo—could be punished for a crime except by due process of the law, the action taken by Sergeant W. O. Douglas in December, 1919, and in the months that followed is illuminating.

Accompanied by Constable Eyre, Douglas who was in command of the Police detachment at Fullerton reached Chesterfield Inlet in the course of a routine patrol on December 22 and found awaiting him a letter from the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Baker Lake, 150 miles up the inlet, with the news that two of the Company's native hunters had been murdered by a third native and that, as a result, the whole district was in a state of

unrest and alarm. Deciding that this news required immediate investigation, Douglas sent Eyre back to Fullerton, took two natives and two dog-teams, and mushed to Baker Lake where he arrived on January 8, 1920. In reply to questions, he was told that an Eskimo of the Paddlemuit tribe named Ouangwak had murdered two brothers, Angalookyouak and Alecummick, and had carried off Angalookyouak's wife. Precise details of the crime were unknown, but there was little doubt that the story as a whole was true and that the murderer had fled to a seldom-traveled district more than 150 miles to the south.

Undaunted by the prospect of a journey into unknown territory or by the fact that deer to feed his dogs would have to be shot en route, Douglas determined to follow the murderer at once, but his thoroughly frightened native guides would have none of the plan. Murderers, they reasoned, were best left alone, and to chase one into the depths of unknown country was a folly in which they would take no part. They maintained this attitude for nearly three weeks and reluctantly abandoned it only when Douglas agreed to march with a convoy comprising no less than three dog-teams and four Eskimo men, plus an Eskimo woman without whom one of the men refused to stir.

Aware of the danger of traveling with a party whose morale was at such a low ebb, but determined to accept the risks involved, Douglas started out from Baker Lake on January 27 and nine days later reached a group of igloos occupied by Eskimos who said that Ouangwak was camped two days' journey further south. They added that the murderer had heard that a Police party was coming for him and boasted that he would give it a warm reception. This threat nearly stampeded Douglas's Eskimos, all of whom two days later were sweating with fear when they came in sight of the igloos of the Paddlemuits with whom the murderer was said to be camping.

But Douglas soon proved that fear of the Paddlemuits was groundless. In reply to a searching fire of questions, the Paddlemuit chief admitted that he knew of Ouangwak's crime and stated that the murderer was camped only a day's journey away. The chief agreed to bring him in if Douglas would promise not to shoot him on sight, but to have him tried and, if found guilty, punished

according to the strange but not unjust white man's laws that the Police officer had carefully explained. When assured that shooting on sight was expressly forbidden by the law, the Paddlemuit chief set out and returned with Ouangwak—also Ouangwak's woman, stolen from the murdered Angalookyouak—well within the three-day time limit that Douglas had set. Reluctantly, Ouangwak thereupon submitted to arrest and agreed to accompany Douglas "outside," where, as the Police officer explained, a Big Chief of the white men would decide what punishment he must suffer for his crime. As Ouangwak's woman could not be left alone in the wilds to starve—she was not a Paddlemuit and had no relatives nearer than Fort Churchill—Douglas was compelled to add her to his peculiar train.

In contrast to the outward journey when fear had weighted the feet of his men, Douglas sped back to Baker Lake in a week and, after a halt of six days, continued on to Chesterfield Inlet. On the way, he found a native camp in which a child lay dead, and two adults, too weak to stand, lay dying of starvation. Having disposed of the body of the dead child and given the adults food enough to keep them alive until he could send out a party to rescue them, Douglas pushed on and reached Chesterfield Inlet on March 8. From Chesterfield he had planned to set out at once for Churchill, but news that Constable Eyre lay seriously ill forced him, still accompanied by Ouangwak and the Eskimo woman, to swing north to Fullerton. Having made this detour of more than two hundred miles and seen to the welfare of Eyre, Douglas set out on the long journey to Churchill where he arrived on April 13. At Churchill, Ouangwak, suffering by this time from snow-blindness, was placed in the Police guard-room, and arrangements were made to send the woman to be cared for by her own kin.

Up to this time, the case, though not without interesting features, had involved only procedures which, from a Police point of view, were almost a matter of routine. But unusual developments followed. First of all—although this was not so unusual—Ouangwak made a statement. It has been a policy in this book not to include lengthy documents, but the ingenuousness of Ouangwak's statement and the light it sheds on the workings of the Eskimo mind make the presentation in this instance worth while.

The statement, duly witnessed, was made at Fort Churchill on April 17, 1920, and was as follows:

"My name is Ouangwak. I am a Paddlemuit. I do not know how old I am, but I am old enough to have a wife. My home is at Shekoligyouak in the Baker Lake district. My mother and father are both dead and I make my home with my married sister. According to the custom of my tribe, I was given a wife a long time ago, she is only a child yet, and is living with her people. I did not like not having a woman old enough to live with as I am old enough to have a wife and I wanted one.

"At my camp I had four dogs belonging to a native named Appituk. The brothers called Angalookyouak and Alecummick wanted these dogs and were very angry because I would not give them the dogs. I heard it said in the camp that Angalookyouak would kill me. One morning early in the hot weather, the moon before the ice starts to make on the lakes, I went to Angalookyouak's tent and looked in and saw that he was alone in the tent and that he was in his bed and asleep. I went back to my tent and got my rifle, a 38-55 Winchester, and went back to Angalookyouak's tent and shot him through the top of the head while he was sleeping, he died quick.

"When I had killed Angalookyouak I was afraid of his brother Alecummick, so I ran quickly over to his tent, which was quite close, opened up the flap and saw him sitting on his bed. I shot at him and hit him in the right shoulder, and he fell over dead.

"After I shot these two brothers they were left in their tents for five days, this being the custom of the tribe, and at the end of that time they were buried. I helped to bury them, and I left the rifle that I shot them with at the graveside.

"I did not know that it was wrong to shoot these men, and if I did so that the white men would come after me. I am sorry now that I did this and would not do so again. I have traveled a lot with these brothers, deer hunting, winter and summer, and to the trade store at Baker Lake, during these trips I always got along with them very well, and there were never any angry words spoken. This was the first time that I ever had any trouble with them.

"After Angalookyouak was dead I took his woman as I had

no wife, and this woman had no people to go to close to, and all her people were at Churchill."

Bearing this remarkable document, Douglas proceeded with his prisoner to Port Nelson, thence to The Pas where a preliminary trial was held before a Justice of the Peace, and on to Dauphin, Manitoba. But bringing Ouangwak to Dauphin did not solve all the problems of the case, as to conduct a trial in civilization presented grave difficulties. Ouangwak, as the Police and the Government were aware, was entitled to all the protection that British law afforded and to all the safeguards thrown about a British subject accused of crime. The witnesses, both for the prosecution and the defense, lived far away at Baker Lake and to bring them to give evidence in civilization would involve a great effort and enormous expense. Yet, without their evidence, no trial in keeping with British traditions would be possible. To meet the difficulty, the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police proposed, and the Department of Justice of the Dominion of Canada approved, the following plan:

(1) That an officer of the Force, having the powers of a coroner and such other powers as might be necessary, be sent to Baker Lake to round up the essential witnesses and hold an inquest.

(2) That the proceedings already held before the Justice of the Peace at The Pas be quashed, and that the accused be taken back to Baker Lake by the Police and there be given a new preliminary hearing, if the inquest established clearly in the eyes of the law that crime had indeed been committed.

(3) That the Police party charged with returning Ouangwak to Baker Lake and with collecting evidence should leave Montreal in July, 1920, by the Hudson's Bay Company's S.S. *Nascopie*, which would then be making her annual voyage to Chesterfield Inlet. This would permit the gathering of the necessary evidence in the winter of 1920-21.

(4) That in July, 1921, a court with all necessary powers be convened and sent by the *Nascopie* to Chesterfield Inlet to conduct the trial. The *Nascopie* would then bring the members of the court back to civilization, so that their absence on duty in the North would not cover a period of more than about ten weeks.

Though all the well-laid plans were in this instance rendered

abortive by the fact that Ouangwak, after his return to the Baker Lake district and the holding of the inquest, escaped from custody in midwinter and perished in an attempted flight, the policy of sending courts to the North to deal with crimes committed there was borne in mind, particularly as the plague of murder in the Arctic showed no sign of abating and it became clear that stern measures must be taken to establish the rule of law and order.

At the time when Ouangwak fled—possibly on the very day, for dates in the far North are vague—Robert Janes, a trader from Newfoundland, sat in an igloo at Cape Crawford at the extreme north-west corner of Baffin Island, wearily considering the difficulties of his peculiar lot. For several years, owing to disagreements with his financial backers, the ship he had expected had not come, his supplies for barter had reached a low ebb, he had earned the hatred of the Eskimos, and there was no simple way for him to escape back to civilization. At this moment, Ooroo-reungnak, whom he knew well, came in and said that a strange Eskimo was outside and wanted to trade with him.

Suspecting nothing, apparently, Janes hurried outside to welcome the stranger, but the stranger was Nookudlah, an Eskimo with whom he was not on friendly terms. As soon as he appeared, Nookudlah shot him through the body; then, as he stood swaying from side to side, still another Eskimo, Ahteetah, pushed him so that he fell, and Nookudlah finished the grim business by firing a bullet into his brain. Whether or not Robert Janes cried out in the moment of death no one will ever know. What is known is that his blood cried aloud from the crimsoned snow and was heard eventually by the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who ordered Staff-Sergeant A. H. Joy, just appointed to take charge of a new Police post at Ponds Inlet, to investigate.

Starting out from Ponds Inlet on December 7, 1921, Joy traveled for two weeks, reached the scene of the reported murder, questioned the Eskimos living there, and on the day after Christmas was shown the icy mound in which, he was told, the body of Janes lay buried. Opening the grim cache—it was more like a cache than a grave—Joy found the corpse, saw at once that Janes had indeed been murdered, and knew that an inquest

should be held. But no jury with sufficient understanding of the law could be empaneled from among the Eskimos of the district, and the nearest white men were at Ponds Inlet, two weeks' journey away. Joy solved the resulting problem by packing all that was left of Janes onto a sled, returning with the body to Ponds Inlet, and there, in his capacity as a coroner, holding an inquest and examining eight native witnesses before a jury of three white men. This jury, after weighing the evidence, rendered a verdict to the effect that Robert Janes had been shot to death about the end of March, 1920, by Nookudlah, with Oorooreungnak and Ahteetah acting as accomplices. Upon the rendering of this verdict, Joy, now acting in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace, issued warrants for the arrest of the three accused who, persuaded by their fellow-tribesmen, drifted into Ponds Inlet and were placed under arrest by Joy in the period between May 29 and July 10. As soon as the third arrest was made, Joy, again acting as a Justice of the Peace, opened the preliminary inquiry which ended on July 20 when the prisoners were formally committed for trial. During the whole of the cases up to this time, Joy had been the only member of the Force to take part. He had served in several capacities, but so careful had he been to distinguish between his rights, powers, and limitations of power in each capacity that his documents were correct in every detail, and the proceedings in the cases, as Commissioner Perry approvingly noted later, were as regular as the proceedings in any court in Canada.

While the body of the murdered Robert Janes still lay in its lonely grave at Cape Crawford, Inspector S. T. Wood forwarded from Tree River in the Coronation Gulf district a tale of a murderous affray among the tribe of Eskimos who in 1912 had been responsible for the killing of Radford and Street. When Wood's report was filed, few details of the alleged crimes had been verified, but later Corporal W. A. Doak who was sent to Kent Peninsula to investigate reported a series of murders as startling in their savagery as any in the Force's Arctic experience. At the root of all the trouble, Doak discovered, had lain the burning desire of the Eskimo, Hanak, to secure for himself an extra wife or two and simultaneously to ward off from the wife he already possessed the attentions of Pugnana and Tatamigana, with whom he con-

sidered his wife was altogether too friendly. As there was a shortage of marriageable women in the tribe and wives could be secured only by the removal of husbands, Hanak's ambitions were viewed by several males with misgiving, and the Eskimo camp resembled the familiar powder-barrel in which any spark would cause an explosion.

On August 1, 1921—or thereabouts—apparently for no purpose except to remove from the path of his desires a rival male, Hanak shot and wounded Anagvik, and the powder-barrel exploded. Tatamigana heard the crack of the rifle, rushed out of his tent, and wounded Hanak with a bullet through the chest. Pugnana, joining crazedly in the murderous affray, shot and killed another rival, Ikealgina. Then, with a knife, he killed Hanak's wife and finished off Hanak who, though wounded and coughing up blood, was still alive. Pugnana and Tatamigana then killed still another man, Ikpahahoek, and, as an act of mercy, in accordance with Eskimo traditions, went to Hanak's tent and killed Okalitama, Hanak's now orphaned and helpless four-year-old female child. The slaughter being thus ended, Pugnana and Tatamigana flung all the bodies of the slain into a nearby lake. Then, maddened by the whole ghastly affair, Pugnana suddenly decided that more killings would be desirable and asked Tatamigana to help with them. But Tatamigana had had enough—or almost enough. He now wanted peace, and to get it he entered into a plot with Alikomiak to murder the bloodthirsty Pugnana. This plan he and Alikomiak carried out with efficiency, if not with finesse, and peace settled over the blood-soaked Kent Peninsula until Corporal Doak arrived, conducted an investigation, arrested Tatamigana and Alikomiak, and, with the prisoners and several witnesses, returned to the Police detachment at Tree River.

In a work of fiction, any writer would consider at this point that his pages were soaked with sufficient blood, but to the grim tale of the Kent Peninsula murders a final sanguinary chapter must be added. There was a pause in the nightmarish action until the early morning of April 1, 1922, and it is perhaps permissible to imagine the events of that day as they must have happened. Corporal Doak and Alikomiak were asleep in the Police post at Tree River. All other members of the Police detachment were

away on duty, and Alikomiak was under a form of open arrest because of his frozen feet which Doak had been doctoring for weeks. At dawn, Alikomiak awoke. In the half-light of the chill-laden room, he could see Doak's breath, rising from the bunk where the weary corporal was sleeping, with a rifle not far away. Alikomiak's eye rested upon the rifle with a sudden gleam. Thanks to Doak, his feet were better and he could move more easily than Doak, perhaps, had imagined. Stealthily, he crawled from his bunk and with infinite caution approached the rifle. Suddenly, his hand shot out, and in an instant the rifle butt was against his shoulder. There was a flash in the semi-darkness, a sharp report, and Doak lay dying of an oozing wound.

At last Doak was dead, and Alikomiak moved to a window. Otto Binder of the nearby Hudson's Bay Company's post paid a friendly visit to the Police detachment each morning, as Alikomiak was well aware. Alikomiak watched on this occasion until Binder was only fifty yards away. Then he took aim—he could not miss at such a range—and drilled a bullet into the Hudson's Bay man's brain. Leaving behind him the bodies of the two men he had slain, Alikomiak then hurried with some natives to a seal-hunting camp about seven miles away. Despite his frozen feet, he tried to escape, but his effort was hopeless. In a few hours, he was arrested by Constable Woolams and, charged now with two additional murders, was taken back to Tree River.

As a result of the murders and arrests described above, of other murders, and of the transfer from one post to another of several of the prisoners, the Police found themselves at the end of 1922 with the following Eskimos in their charge awaiting trial:

At Ponds Inlet: Nookudlah, Oorooreungnak, and Ahteetah, charged with the murder of Robert Janes.

At Herschel Island: Alikomiak, charged with the murder of Corporal Doak and Otto Binder, also with the murder of Pugnana; Tatamigana, charged (with Alikomiak) with the murder of Pugnana; Olepsek, Amokuk, and Ekootuk, charged with the murder of Ahkak at Prince Albert Sound, in Victoria Island, in the winter of 1919-20.

At Tree River: Ikalukpiak, charged with the murder of Havoogak.

To deal with these Arctic murder cases, two judicial parties were sent to the North by the Government of Canada in the sum-

mer of 1923. The first party which included His Honor Judge Lucien Dubuc, with Mr. I. B. Howatt, K.C., acting as counsel for the Crown and Mr. L. T. Cory as counsel for the accused, left Edmonton on June 12, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and arrived at Herschel Island one month later. Before Mr. Justice Dubuc and a jury gathered from four Hudson's Bay Company's posts, Ekootuk was tried for the murder of Ahkak, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to one year of imprisonment in the Police guard-room at Herschel Island; Alikomiak, found guilty of the murders of Corporal Doak, Otto Binder, and Pugnana, was sentenced to death; Tatamigana was found guilty only of manslaughter for the killing of Hanak, but was found guilty of murdering Pugnana and was sentenced to death; and Olepek and Amokuk were acquitted on the charge of murdering Ahkak.

Meanwhile, the second judicial party, including His Honor Judge L. A. Rivet, of Montreal, and Messrs. M. A. Falardeau and Leopold Tellier, serving respectively as counsel for the Crown and counsel for the defense, had sailed from Quebec in the S.S. *Arctic* and, after a voyage of more than six weeks, had arrived at Ponds Inlet on August 21. As the result of the trials for the murder of Robert Janes that followed, Nookudlah and Ooroo-reungnak were found guilty and were sentenced respectively to ten years' imprisonment in Stony Mountain penitentiary and to two years at hard labor in the Police guard-room at Ponds Inlet. Ahteetah was acquitted. Describing the scene as the court—probably the farthest north court the world had ever known—sat in the Police detachment building, Inspector C. E. Wilcox mentions that two armed constables, uniformed in the full scarlet of the Force, acted as the prisoners' escort, that a non-commissioned officer served as escort and orderly to the judge, and that the trials throughout were conducted "strictly in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Force and with all the decorum of a supreme court in civilization."

Conscious of the profound effect created in the minds of the awe-struck native witnesses and spectators at the trials, both by the dignified pageantry of the King's justice and by the scrupulous fairness with which the proceedings had been conducted, Mr.

Justice Rivet, before dealing with the merits of the cases in his address to the jury, paid a notable tribute to the work of the Police. "I wish," he said, "to refer briefly to the excellent work done by Staff-Sergeant A. H. Joy, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in connection with the collecting and securing all the necessary evidence against the prisoners. This work has been accomplished through many and varied hardships in a wild and desolate country, being alone as a white man amongst uncivilized people, some of whom were responsible, directly or indirectly, for the killing of Robert S. Janes, during winter, in continuous darkness, having to go through the terrible storms prevailing at that time of the year. Mr. Joy deserves the highest praises and countenance for his work and the success which has crowned his most meritorious efforts. I must say, though, that I am not in the least surprised at the conduct of Mr. Joy, because such has been only in keeping with the traditions of the noble Force which has won for itself a reputation of heroic devotion to duty, tenacity of purpose, endurance, bravery, and unflinching faithfulness to its ideals."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

STARNES ASSUMES COMMAND

WHILE DETACHMENTS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE were dealing with the Eskimo murders in the North and, by a series of great patrols, were consolidating the Dominion's authority in the Arctic, the main body of the Force was engaged in an ever-increasing variety of duties throughout Canada. If the Commissioner's annual reports are read, some conception of the complicated nature of the Force's effort may be gained. No comprehensive account of the Force's work in any year is possible here, but a few incidents mentioned by the Commissioner in 1921 are enlightening.

That year was marked by much industrial unrest in the United States and, as is inevitable in such circumstances, there were many strikes in Canada. As a rule, the resulting disorders were not serious, but in two instances, when violence threatened, the Dominion Government, at the request of the Governments of the Provinces of Ontario and New Brunswick respectively, ordered out strong detachments of the Mounted Police. In each instance—at Thorold, Ontario, and Saint John, New Brunswick—the arrival of the scarlet-coated Police, well mounted, disciplined, impartial, and fearless, ended the imminent danger and soon enabled the intimidated citizens to resume their normal occupations. At Thorold, Superintendent A. W. Duffus was in command, and at Saint John all the effective operations of the Police were carried out under the orders of Assistant Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes and Inspector C. D. La Nauze. Perhaps these officers liked the work less than the duties that had brought them distinction in the North but, if so, they gave no sign. All were thanked by the local authorities for the work their men had accomplished and were congratulated upon the fact that order had been maintained without bloodshed. In view of the tense situations the officers

had handled, no higher tribute to the Force's methods could easily have been paid.

While a few Police were still on strike-duty in Saint John, the Deputy Attorney-General of Nova Scotia telegraphed to ask the Commissioner for help in the capture of a gang of motor-bandits who were terrifying Colchester and Pictou Counties. Lurching over the rough country roads at night, sometimes covering as much as 150 miles—the distance was still considered worthy of mention in 1921—the bandits had held up a number of stores, warehouses, and lonely farms, and the local police had been unable to catch them. Exaggerated tales of their brutality had spread, and the people of the two counties were alarmedly demanding protection. When notified of these circumstances, Commissioner Perry ordered Inspector La Nauze to afford the Government of Nova Scotia the help required, and La Nauze passed on the orders to Sergeant Lucas, who, in a Police car with Constable F. P. Fahie at the wheel, took charge of the situation on July 26. For the next five days, Lucas, Fahie, and a small detachment of Police hunted the bandits like hounds on a keen scent. Knowing the Police were on their trail, the bandits faded from sight and by various devices tried to suggest that they had left Nova Scotia, but Lucas was not to be deceived. Over one thousand miles of road, he followed them relentlessly. Then, on the afternoon of July 31, with the help of the Chief of Police of Truro, he found their hidden camp and arrested four of them. He followed this up by arresting a fifth man on the morrow, and later presented his cases so conclusively that four of the accused received penitentiary sentences of from three to five years.

The detachments of Mounted Police on strike duty at Thorold and Saint John and the detachment which captured the motor-bandits in Nova Scotia deserved commendation, but the Force's claim to have served the Dominion well rested in 1921, as in other years, more upon a solid basis of achievement than upon those incidents which appealed so strongly to the public imagination. Little was heard, for example, of the officers and men who, on behalf of the Department of the Dominion Secretary of State, investigated the character and desirability of more than five thousand non-British residents of Canada who had applied to the Gov-

ernment for naturalization. Many of the applicants dwelt in lonely cabins far from civilization, but wherever they lived the Police searched them out, questioned them, and questioned their neighbors, to make sure that the Secretary of State's Department when considering their applications should have the information that was required.

Almost as devoid of sensation as the investigations conducted for the Secretary of State—at least on the surface, for there was drama aplenty beneath—was the Force's quiet entry into the war being waged by the Dominion Department of Health on the illicit traffic in narcotic drugs. Startled by the reports his investigators filed, Commissioner Perry warned the Government that "a serious national menace had arisen" and grimly pointed out that, to deal with the situation effectively, legislation with strong teeth would be required. Referring to the loopholes in the legislation that existed, the Commissioner cited a case in Vancouver where his secret service men had trapped a Chinese merchant whose turnover in drugs smuggled from the Orient approached a quarter of a million dollars a year. The case had engaged several of the Force's finest detectives for months; the co-operation of planes of the Royal Canadian Air Force¹ had been required to check the movements of vessels at sea; the trap had been laid so neatly that the smuggler was caught in the act of bringing cocaine ashore; and the evidence was prepared with all the Force's wonted care for detail. But when the case came to trial, the blandly contemptuous prisoner, pleading guilty, suffered only a five-hundred-dollar fine. Heavier artillery than this, the Commissioner warned, would be needed to shell the troops of the drug traffic effectively and to give the Police the victory in the prolonged battle which obviously loomed ahead.

Having turned to the Police for help in fighting the traffic in narcotic drugs, the Department of Health called upon the Force again in March when it was necessary to quarantine a ship which arrived at Saint John, New Brunswick, with smallpox aboard. Answering the call, Inspector La Nauze hastened to the dock with

¹ At this time, when planes co-operated in preventive work, the pilot was usually an officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force and the observer was a member of the Mounted Police.

Sergeant Austin and three constables, who assumed guard duty, enforced the quarantine, handled mail and money for the distressed passengers and crew, and, as the Department informed the Commissioner, obviated many unpleasant incidents by their exercise of invariably tactful authority "in the right place and at the right time."

There was little excitement in the quarantine work, or in that of a constable who investigated illegal lobster fishing in Prince Edward Island, but the seaboard work of the Force—a little despised by the veteran Riders of the Plains—was not without adventure. For example, there was the experience of Sergeant J. P. Blakeney who in July was sent to co-operate with the marine underwriters when the S.S. *Binghampton* was wrecked and abandoned on the Gannet Ledges not far from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Tossing in the waves around the wreck when Blakeney arrived were more than one hundred fishing boats whose crews—about eight hundred men in all—were plundering from the stranded craft every item of cargo and equipment that was of value. Realizing that the excited fishermen would throw him into the sea if he interfered, Blakeney reported the situation and stood by until the Government's armed patrol ship *Arleux* steamed to the scene and forced the swarming plunderers ashore. Then Blakeney searched up and down the coast for sixty miles, found loot in the possession of more than one hundred persons, and laid charges against thirty-four men who admitted their guilt, were fined fifty dollars each, and were warned that drastic steps would if necessary be taken to prevent the plundering of stranded ships in future. Again in August, when the S.S. *City of Brunswick* was wrecked on the Sambro Ledges near Halifax and the Police found loot in the possession of many persons, fifty-three men were fined, and the warning that had been given in the Yarmouth district was sternly repeated.

It has been said that the range of duties performed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is wider than that of any other police force in the world, and the annual reports of the Commissioner seem to validate the claim. Referring in 1921 to duties other than those already mentioned, Perry noted that much detective work had been involved in protecting His Majesty's mails,

and he commended Detective Staff-Sergeant W. C. Jackson for the outstanding part he had taken in solving the perplexing robbery by two men of five thousand dollars from the mails in Saskatchewan. Continuing, the Commissioner reported that many thousands of miles had been traveled by his men while taking the census in the Yukon, in the North-West Territories, and in the unorganized districts of the Western provinces. One party under Sergeant D. S. Saul had covered nearly eight hundred lonely miles by canoe, and many detachments had compiled mileage records hardly less noteworthy. Meanwhile, other detachments of the Force had provided guards for seventeen Government offices where for the first time Income Tax was being collected, for His Majesty's dockyards in Halifax and Esquimaux, for public buildings in Ottawa, and on board twenty-three special trains carrying eastern harvesters to gather the wheat crop in the West. Minor riots had attended the passage of these trains in former years, but under the firm and friendly escort of the Police detachments the 1921 excursions were most orderly.

From the historical point of view, no Police escort of the year was as notable as that which, under the command of Inspector W. V. Bruce, traveled 4,228 miles with the commissioner appointed by the Government to negotiate Treaty No. 11 with the Indians of the Mackenzie River district and with those living on the shores and tributary streams of Great Slave Lake. Other detachments escorted the officials who paid the moneys due under the terms of the previous Indian treaties, and a number of squads in Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia rendered valuable help to the Department of the Interior and the provincial departments in fighting forest fires. Aid was also given by the Force to the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment for which cases of attempted fraud were investigated; to the Militia Department, by the arrest of several deserters and by the investigation of frauds in sterling exchange; to the Department of Agriculture, by supervising the operation of pari-mutuel machines at race-tracks; to the Department of Mines, by enforcing the Explosives Act; to the Customs Department, by collecting dues at isolated customs houses; to the Inland Revenue Department, by uncovering and stopping the operations of eight hundred illicit stills; to

the State Department, by investigating and reporting upon the newly-formed Communist Party of Canada, which avowed a connection with the Third International; to the Immigration Department, by the maintenance on duty at Quebec and Montreal of the Reverend John Chisholm, and at Halifax of Miss Bessie Egan, who met incoming ships and protected the young women and girls aboard from white-slavers; and finally to the authorities of the North-West Territories, by supervising and controlling a rush into the lower reaches of the Mackenzie River district that threatened, and to some extent developed, following an important discovery of oil.

Meanwhile, the Mackenzie district, long a law-abiding territory, thanks to the Mounted Police, had been shocked by the news that Albert Le Beaux, a quiet enough Indian in the past, had murdered his wife in the bush not far from Fort Providence. Summoned to deal with the case by Inspector G. F. Fletcher who heard of the murder while on patrol, Sergeant H. Thorne left Fort Simpson in February and traveled by dog-team to Fort Providence where he secured the murderer and the body of the murdered woman. Then, in the strange company of the murderer, mushing ahead of him by day and sleeping near his side at night, and of the dead woman—a silent bundle on his toboggan—he toiled over the bitter three-hundred-mile trail to Fort Smith where the nearest coroner lived and a proper inquest could be held. When the coroner's jury had decided that murder had indeed been committed, Thorne continued on by dog-team with his prisoner to Fort McMurray and proceeded thence by train to Edmonton. But the Government eventually decided that the trial of the prisoner on the murder charge should be held before His Honor Judge Lucien Dubuc at Fort Providence in the following June. Tried accordingly, Albert Le Beaux was found guilty of the murder of his wife as charged and was sentenced to be hanged at Fort Norman on November 1.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Thorne, while returning from Edmonton to the North, had achieved the distinction of being the first member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to travel on duty by airplane. The machine, belonging to the Imperial Oil Company, was making what is believed to have been the first flight of an

airplane in the North-West Territories of Canada, and the following records of Thorne's travels in the Le Beaux case, including the journey by plane, are therefore of more than usual historic interest:

RECORD OF TRAVEL:

TIME TAKEN	MEANS OF TRAVEL	MILEAGE
28 days	dog-team	850 miles
5 days	train	590 miles
1 day	horse-sleigh	20 miles
8 hours		
(flying time)	airplane	640 miles

TRAVEL BY PLANE:

DATE	ROUTE	MILEAGE
March 24	Peace River to Vermilion	210 miles
March 27	Vermilion to Hay River	200 miles
March 28	Hay River to Fort Providence	90 miles
March 30	Fort Providence to Fort Simpson	140 miles
TOTAL		640 miles

On April 1, 1922, Major-General A. Bowen Perry, C.M.G., Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, accepted leave, pending retirement to pension, and was succeeded by Assistant Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes. A graduate of the Royal Military College of Canada, Perry had joined the Force in 1882, had attained the rank of Superintendent in 1885, had risen to the command in 1900, and more than any living man had been responsible for the development of the formation from the simple though effective body of horsemen who rode the plains before the South African War into the complex organization that served the whole of Canada in 1922. Perry and the Force, the Force and Perry: it seemed impossible for a time to think of one without the other; but the appointment of Commissioner Starnes, an officer of wide experience and proved ability, gave assurance that the Force's path of duty would be marked as clearly and followed as unswervingly as in the eventful era that Perry's retirement brought to an end.

Clearly reflecting the nature of the change that had taken place was the printed volume of Police reports for 1923, the first complete year of the new Commissioner's command. The face of the

type was modernized, there were subtle differences in phraseology such as always mark the speech and writings of two men of different generations, and there were alterations in the appendices, but the spirit of the reports was unchanged. Between the lines, though seldom permitted to find expression in words, the new Commissioner's pride in the Force appeared, as Perry's always had. There was the same restrained commendation of merit in officers and men, and the same willingness, born of pride, to admit freely when in some field of endeavor the Force had achieved results less satisfactory than had been expected.

Starnes's report showed that, in obedience to Government orders, the strength of the Force had been allowed to decrease by more than five hundred in two years to a total of 1,148, but that there had been no corresponding decrease in the volume of the Force's work. On the contrary, both in the far North and elsewhere, more work was being assigned to the Force each year. Referring to the North, Starnes mentioned that long patrols had been carried out to enforce the Migratory Birds Act. He described some of the adventures of the detachment, under Inspector C. E. Wilcox, which had wintered at Craig Harbor on Ellesmere Island. Shut off from civilization for more than eleven months, with no sight of the sun above the horizon in the bitterly cold 109-day period between October 25, 1922, and February 13, 1923, the detachment had maintained a high morale and, as the result of a series of seventy-five-mile patrols on foot—no dogs were available—had collected and filed information of considerable value. Proceeding south from Craig Harbor when the S.S. *Arctic* arrived in 1923, Wilcox had established another Police post at Pangnirtung Fiord in Cumberland Sound and was preparing for another northern winter when the Commissioner's report was written.

Before touching upon the developments in the Arctic, Starnes noted the establishment of new Police posts at Fort Providence and Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie River and at Fort Rae on the north arm of Great Slave Lake; referred to improvements in the recently established post at Aklavik; described the Force's work on the prairies; commended the skillful cases built up by Staff-Sergeant E. C. P. Salt and Sergeant F. W. Zaneth

against counterfeiters of silver coin in Montreal; and reported an intensification of the Force's campaign against the organized smuggling into Canada of silks, spirits, and narcotic drugs. In 1923, the smuggling of spirits had become as important a national problem as it had been when the old North-West Mounted Police marched into the West to crush the operations of the whiskey traders of Montana a half-century before. Of all the Force's adventures in dealing with four hundred bootlegging cases, Starnes considered that the most "picturesque"—Perry would have said the most "dramatic"—took place near La Have, Nova Scotia, on the night of July 3 when Detective-Sergeant J. P. Blakeney, Corporal W. A. Caldwell, and Constable F. P. Fahie put out to sea in a motor-boat to intercept the rum-smuggling schooner, *Veda M. McKeown*.

Flashing a recognition-signal which lulled the suspicions of the anchored schooner's crew, Blakeney steered the Police boat alongside, climbed aboard, and, impersonating a buyer who had been expected, haggled with the captain over the price of whiskey, rum, and gin. When the haggling was done, the transfer of the spirits began, and two ten-gallon kegs of rum had been passed over the schooner's rail into the hands of Caldwell and Fahie, bobbing about in the motor-boat below, when the captain of the schooner called a halt. He had received no money, and not another keg of rum would leave his ship, he said, until cash to cover the transaction had been paid to him.

This was Blakeney's cue to reveal himself as a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to seize the ship, and to announce the arrest in the name of the King of the captain and eight men aboard. Quietly he made his statement while Caldwell and Fahie, summoned by a prearranged signal, sprang on board the schooner and took up the commanding positions assigned to them. As they did so, there was a silence on the schooner's deck—a tense silence, broken only by the lapping of the waves and the sighing of the wind, while the rum-runners weighed the chances of overpowering the Police and making an escape. For perhaps a minute the silence lasted. Then shouts, threats, and curses rose on all sides, but amid the turmoil the Police stood firm—vigilant, even deadly, if necessary—and no

hand was actually raised against them. Next day, the *Veda M. McKeown*, with a cargo comprising nearly two thousand gallons of rum, two hundred cases of Scotch whiskey, and thirty-five cases of gin, sailed into port under Blakeney's orders, and the prosecution of her captain and crew was begun.

Meanwhile, the Force was preparing to celebrate its first half-century of existence. Fittingly, Fort Saskatchewan, one of the unit's oldest posts, was chosen as the scene of the festivities, and there on September 13 a notable gathering of members and ex-members voiced their pride in the services the Force had rendered and their confidence in the unit's future. Chiefly, it was an old-timers' celebration at which veterans parted for years could reunite, clink glasses, drink to the memories they shared, toast comrades unforgotten, and, recalling a little wistfully the days that were no more, pledge their support to those who were upholding the traditions old-timers had established. The King! Old Comrades! Old Times! The Force! The Force!! These toasts sounded the keynote of the memorable occasion.

CHAPTER TWENTY

CONTRASTING DUTIES

IN THE FIRST YEARS OF COMMISSIONER STARNES'S COMMAND, THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police continued to carry out the many contrasting duties assigned to the Force in the period after the Great War. Notwithstanding a steady reduction in strength—the total of all ranks dropped to 963 in 1926—Starnes reported each year that the Police had met all the major demands made upon them, but he warned the Government that the efficiency of the Force would be seriously impaired if the policy of cutting down the personnel was continued. To deal effectively with 29,955 cases—this was the total in 1927—more, not fewer, men were required, and Starnes's plea for a halt in the policy of reducing strength was afforded notable public support, offset to some extent by honest arguments in favor of governmental economy and by the more insidious propaganda of some radical or criminal organizations which were never at a loss to find reasons why the Force should be disbanded.

Most dangerous of all the Force's enemies, with the possible exception of the political clique that represented the extreme Left, were the agents of organized crime, particularly those, outwardly respectable, who were secretly engaged in the smuggling of silk, liquor, and narcotic drugs. Notwithstanding serious difficulties encountered from time to time, the Police doggedly persisted in their work, and in 1927 a major battle was won in the anti-narcotic campaign in Vancouver by the conviction on charges of opium smuggling of the rich Chinese merchant, Lim Jim. On the witness stand, Lim Jim, whom the Police had suspected but had been unable to trap for years, testified that his legitimate business in Canada turned over nearly one million dollars a year. Perhaps he believed that this evidence of wealth would impress the court in his favor, but, if so, he was mistaken. Found guilty, he was heavily

fined and was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Hoping to obtain a modification of the prison sentence, his counsel entered an appeal, but the Crown entered a counter-appeal, arguing that the original sentence, far from being too severe, was not severe enough, and the higher court, agreeing with the Crown, staggered the drug-smugglers of the Pacific Coast by increasing Lim Jim's imprisonment to seven years.

Meanwhile, the Force had fought continuously with the smuggling rings in Eastern Canada, particularly in Montreal where the arrest and conviction of the Spanish Consul on charges of alcohol smuggling and the shattering of the notorious drug-peddling Baker gang had startled the whole community. The case of the Spanish Consul, incidentally, had afforded many of the citizens vicarious thrills, for the man was well known, and the tale of how his secret connection with the drug and liquor rings was established was as complicated as a masterpiece of detective fiction.

The first scene in this drama took place in the dining-room of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Montreal on a day in August, 1923. Lunch was being served, and at a corner table, chosen, a shrewd observer might have noticed, so as to ensure a degree of privacy, two men were in conversation. One, as most of the hotel staff were aware, was Don Miguel Maluquer y Salvador, Consul of Spain; the other was apparently an American, wealthy, but unknown. The Consul addressed him as "Mr. Robino"; actually he was Sergeant C. C. Brown, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Had the Consul recognized Mr. Robino as a sergeant of the Mounted, this tale would never have been written, but Don Miguel was deceived. To him, Mr. Robino was a rich American, anxious to add to the fortune he had amassed, perhaps illegally, in the United States by sharing in the profits of the drug-smuggling trade in Canada. Convinced of this, Don Miguel confided to Robino that, through business associates in Barcelona who would pay him a commission, the shipments Robino sought could easily be arranged. Difficulties in the customs house in Montreal could be overcome, at a reasonable price, if Robino would employ an indispensable intermediary, Mr. Tey de Torrents. Don Miguel

would himself introduce Robino to de Torrents and would provide letters of introduction to those who would ship the drugs from Spain.

Having met Mr. Tey de Torrents who agreed to co-operate by arranging the bribery of the customs officials, Sergeant Brown realized that the only way to spring the trap was to go to Spain, still posing as Mr. Robino, meet Don Miguel's Spanish confederates, and buy a consignment of drugs from them. Brown would then have de Torrents complete his bribery of the customs men, as he claimed to have done before, would accept the consignment when the bribes had been paid, and, with marked money forming a convincing part of his evidence, would arrest Don Miguel, de Torrents, and the venial customs officials and smash the whole iniquitous ring by securing convictions in the courts.

Though expenses beyond the usual were involved, Brown was authorized to attempt this ambitious plan, and Staff-Sergeant E. C. P. Salt, as skilled a detective as the Force possessed, was assigned to help him. A few weeks later, traveling by different ships, the two officers arrived in Spain, and Brown presented to a man named Felix Martorell the letter of introduction with which Don Miguel Maluquer y Salvador had provided him.

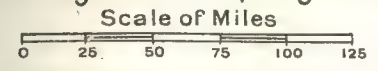
Felix Martorell read the letter with interest, heard what Mr. Robino had to say, and temporarily shattered all Brown's dreams of success by the flat statement that, in view of the political conditions existing in Spain at the time, he would not attempt to ship drugs, no matter what inducement was offered, not even to oblige Don Miguel. For the time being, drug shipments were definitely impossible. He was sorry, but his answer was final.

Rather than allow the interview to end on this dismal note, Brown asked if Martorell could ship him some alcohol. Martorell at once said he could; how many hundred cases would Mr. Robino require? Mr. Robino at this point grew firm. He would require many hundred cases if the plan to beat the Canadian customs worked, but, before ordering the hundreds, he must be convinced by the successful smuggling of fifty cases that Martorell and Tey de Torrents possessed the power over the customs officials they boasted.

"Very well," Martorell agreed, "fifty cases it shall be. We will

THE ARCTIC ARCHIPELAGO

Route taken by Inspector A.H. Joy with dog-teams in Spring of 1929.



describe the shipment as olive oil, and you will see that it passes the customs without the slightest difficulty."

And pass the customs it eventually did. Whereupon Brown and Salt, with every step in the case verified by incontrovertible evidence, arrested Don Miguel Maluquer y Salvador, Consul of Spain, arrested Tey de Torrents, arrested the culpable customs officials, and, through successful prosecutions, brought this sensational case to a close.

The efforts of the Police during these years in the suppression of organized smuggling and crime were meritorious, but a record even more enduring, perhaps, was being made by the detachments enforcing the law and maintaining the Force's prestige in the North. Twenty Arctic and Sub-Arctic detachments were operating by 1924, and the call for more men was insistent. It is impossible to describe the Arctic work in detail, or to follow the valiant patrols that each winter traversed thousands of miles upon their dutiful occasions—the record compiled by four detachments in a single year was twelve thousand miles—but the outstanding accomplishments of Staff-Sergeant A. H. Joy must be mentioned. In 1924, starting from and returning to Ponds Inlet, Joy made a memorable forty-seven-day, 650-mile journey in the direction of Ellesmere Island; and he was chiefly responsible for the collection by the Ponds Inlet detachment of seven hundred anthropological specimens, excavated from the stone igloos of a long-vanished race of Eskimos. These specimens, carefully listed, were later acknowledged by the Chief of the Division of Anthropology in the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, as "one of the most valuable accessions that the Division has received since I took charge of it in 1910."

Again in the spring of 1926, by an adventurous forty-day, 975-mile patrol from Craig Harbor to Axel Heiberg Island, by way of Jones Sound and the west coast of Ellesmere Island, Joy proved his right to be numbered among the finest Arctic travelers in the Force's history. Marked for distinction by his work, it was no surprise to his comrades when later in 1926 he was appointed to command a detachment the Force had decided to establish at Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere Island, within eight hundred miles of the North Pole. Pleased by the honor of thus commanding at

a new "Farthest North" in Police history, Joy and the small party chosen to staff the new detachment, accompanied by Inspector C. E. Wilcox, proceeded to Bache Peninsula in the S.S. *Beothic*, landed on August 6, began the construction of their post with material brought by the ship, hoisted their flag on August 9, and, when Wilcox and the *Beothic* sailed away soon thereafter, settled down for the winter in what the experienced Wilcox described as "the most pleasant and attractive place in the Eastern Arctic."

To say that the Bache Peninsula detachment "settled down for the winter" is, of course, to use the phrase in a figurative sense. By mid-October, Staff-Sergeant Joy, Constable W. C. Bain, and three Eskimos were exploring up Flagler Fiord—they hunted, visited a cache made by American aviators in 1925, caught the last glimpse of the sun for that year one day at noon, and, having covered about 150 miles in six days, returned to the detachment on October 19. Setting out with two Eskimos a few days later, Joy roamed for 115 miles in a five-day hunt, and before the season ended had traveled a total of 2,115 miles. Outstanding in this total was a 1,320-mile, fifty-four-day journey with two Eskimos and three dog-teams across Ellesmere Island to Axel Heiberg, Sverdrup, King Christian, Cornwall, and Graham Islands and thence back to Bache Peninsula. Even Starnes, temperate in his commendation as is usual in the Force, considered this journey "remarkable," but Joy, if one may judge by his meticulous report, looked upon it merely as an interesting venture, which, by good fortune, had been attended with success. Day by day, from the start at noon on March 26, 1927, until the return late in the evening on May 18, he conscientiously recorded the details of his progress—so many miles made, the chopping of a way through masses of ice fallen from a glacier, a twenty-four-hour gale, more gales, the killing for food of bears, caribou, and hares, a day fog-bound in camp, more days of almost impenetrable fog, the deceptions of mirage, the discovery of old stone igloos—all without any suggestion that the patrol was unusual, except for a particularly warm tribute to the work of his Eskimo companions.

By common consent, Joy's were regarded by the Police as the classic patrols of this period. They involved those elements of



OFF HERSCHEL ISLAND, 1935
The famous "floating detachment," *St. Roch*.

daring, courage, and endurance which the Force had always respected, and they were carried out by a non-commissioned officer who, trained in the Force's traditions, planned them with great skill. But they outranked many other patrols of the same period only by a limited degree. In the Commissioner's reports an impressive account is given of these parties, weaving their ways over the frozen wastes, of the spirit that sustained them, and of the sufferings and hardships they endured. It is almost invidious to pick out patrols for special mention, but reference to the work of a few must be made.

Excluding, of course, the travels made in summer by Police officers and men on board the Canadian Government Ship *Arctic*, or the Hudson's Bay Company's famous *Nascopie*, the Force's records show that in the winter of 1923-24 the Pangnirtung detachment, where Inspector Wilcox was in command, sent out two patrols on errands of mercy to Kekerton, the first to relieve the hunger of the Eskimos whose hunting had failed, and the second to help a native woman suffering from a painful form of tuberculosis. Two longer patrols covered the entire coast-line of Cumberland Gulf, and Corporal F. McInnes and Constable W. B. MacGregor, in a forty-seven-day, five-hundred-mile patrol to Home Bay, investigated the strange murder of two Eskimos at the instigation of the religion-crazed headman, Neakuteuk, who perished in turn at the hands of Kidlappik when the murder frenzy he had inspired was at its height. Noting that there were still at least three natives at Home Bay who were insane and recommending that steps to deal with the problem of insanity among the Eskimos be taken, McInnes reported that Neakuteuk had been responsible for the ghastly affair and consequently that it would not be wise for the Police to lay charges of murder against the survivors, as the provocation had been so great that such charges, if tried before a court, could not possibly be sustained.

Other patrols of note in 1924 included Constable Brockie's trip from Tree River to Cambridge Bay to recapture for Inorajuk his wife, Napnaikuk, whom a native trader had abducted; Inspector S. T. Wood's run from Herschel Island to Aklavik, when sixty-five-degree-below-zero cold was encountered; Sergeant J. F. Wight's three-hundred-mile patrol from Port Burwell to George's

River; and Inspector G. F. Fletcher's 1,128-mile tour of inspection of the posts in the Mackenzie River sub-district. In the Yukon, where a pathetic feature of the work was provided by the rescuing of broken old prospectors who, a quarter of a century after the boom, were still searching for gold in the lonely hills, Inspector E. Telford reported that the following patrol aggregates had been recorded:

PATROLS	1924	MILEAGE
Mounted or by horse-team.....	29,338	miles
By dog-team or afoot.....	13,225	miles
By train or stage.....	6,082	miles
By canoe or steamer.....	<u>23,330</u>	miles
TOTAL	71,975	miles

For a few years after these statistics were filed, the work of the Force continued without notable change, but in 1928 it became clear that another era of expansion in which the Police would serve the Dominion even more effectively was at hand. Probably the most striking development of the year was the decision of the Province of Saskatchewan, effective on June 1, to disband its own force of police and, for a period of seven years, entrust the maintenance of law and order within the province to the Mounted, as in the period before the Provincial Police had been organized in 1917. Absorbing a number of officers and men from the provincial force, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police assumed charge of the work in Saskatchewan and were soon engaged in a number of interesting cases, some of which illustrated in a dramatic way the changed conditions since 1917. Among these was a case at Eastbrook where a ten-year-old girl was intercepted, outraged, and murdered by a drunken farm laborer while on her way home from school. The body was found late in the afternoon; a constable of the Force motored to the scene to investigate at 8:25 P.M.; Radio Station CKCM at Regina broadcast the description of the murder suspect, resulting in his capture by citizens; and early the next morning he was formally arrested by Corporal Langton. In 1917 the murderer would probably have been caught and condemned to death, as he was in 1928, but without radio, a prolonged chase would almost certainly have been required.

On June 29, the day after the murder at Eastbrook, Constable F. A. Dann and the Police of the detachment at Canora uneasily stood on guard while five thousand Doukhobors assembled at Devil's Lake to settle a series of disputes by which their sect was torn. After hours of futile speeches and angry argument, many of the Doukhobors left the convention in disgust, but on June 30, while some two thousand remained, the Sons of Freedom, a fanatical element within the sect, worked themselves into a frenzy and in defiance of the law organized a naked prayer-meeting and naked parades. Called upon to interfere by the sane Doukhobor majority, Dann and the men of his small detachment tried to stop the demonstration and suffered rough handling in the process. They succeeded at last in quelling the riot that developed and in arresting two rabid women of the group whom they charged with indecent exposure. Found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the women were taken to the railway station where wild scenes were enacted. They raved, stripped off their clothing, and so fanned the excitement of the male and female Sons of Freedom present that the Police only with great difficulty prevented a naked demonstration on a large scale.

Disturbances such as those arising out of the Doukhobor convention at Devil's Lake attracted a disproportionate measure of public interest; more worthy of note was the continuation of the Force's battle against the illegal traffic in narcotic drugs. By 1928, Inspector J. W. Phillips was able to state that as the result of relentless effort the situation in Montreal had improved. From Vancouver and Winnipeg respectively Assistant Commissioner A. W. Duffus and Superintendent A. B. Allard reported developments that were sensational. In Vancouver, four of the chief Oriental dealers in drugs—Wang Wa, Lore Yip, Lee Go, and the Hindu, Gulan Mohammed—had been convicted, and one of the cases, largely the work of Detective-Sergeant James Fripps, had been described by the prosecuting counsel as the most perfectly prepared in his fifteen years' experience. In Winnipeg, similar work by the Force had resulted in an outstanding trafficker, Henry Vine, being fined two hundred dollars, plus a sentence of six months in jail, the jail sentence being increased to three years when the Crown appealed. As Superintendent Allard reported,

"This is the first time in the history of the courts in Manitoba that the Appeal Court has seen fit to increase a trial judge's sentence and the decision can, therefore, be considered as an important and far-reaching one."

Mention a few paragraphs back of Radio Station CKCM in Regina is a reminder that by this time wireless and radio were profoundly influencing the Force's work in the North. "The development of means of communication with our detachments in the far North," Commissioner Starnes reported in 1928, "has been so rapid as to warrant a brief notice." Continuing, he mentioned that, under the Department of National Defence, a line of wireless posts had been strung down the Mackenzie River, with permanent stations at Fort Smith, Fort Simpson, and Aklavik, and summer stations at Fort Resolution and Herschel Island. In addition, the Department of Marine and Fisheries had established a chain of four stations along Hudson Strait; several privately owned stations, available to the Police in emergencies, were operating at points in the North; more and more vessels were carrying wireless; and radio receiving sets had been installed at a number of remote Police detachments. To these last, through the courtesy of several broadcasting stations, notably the Westinghouse Company's Station KDKA in Pittsburgh, orders and messages had been transmitted with remarkable success.

Developments in the use of wireless and radio featured the Force's work in the Arctic in 1928, but the proudest event of the year was undoubtedly the appearance in northern waters of the two-hundred-ton, sea-going power-schooner, *St. Roch*, built in Vancouver to meet the Force's Arctic needs and delivered to the Police at Herschel Island on July 30. Two days later, with Constable H. A. Larsen as Navigator, a Police crew, and Sergeant F. Anderton in command of the "floating detachment" aboard, the ship sailed to the west and performed so satisfactorily that Inspector V. A. M. Kemp was able to visit all the detachments in the Western Arctic and return to Herschel Island on August 24. Then the *St. Roch* proceeded to Langton Bay at the bottom of Franklin Bay and, serving as a base for the Force's patrols, proved of great value throughout the following winter.

At the time when the *St. Roch* arrived back at Herschel Island,

a plague of virulent influenza which had swept the Coronation Gulf and Bathurst Inlet areas in 1926-27 and the Mackenzie River district in 1928 was dying down, to the relief of the Police, a number of whom had contracted the disease and who had on many occasions given stricken Eskimos and Indians help that was beyond all price. Three hundred natives had died of the influenza which, in the Coronation Gulf and at the mouth of the Mackenzie, broke out immediately after the arrival of ships from civilization. This total would almost certainly have been increased but for the Force's efforts. Typical of these was the help given by Sergeant Anderton to a family of Eskimos near Cambridge Bay. When he arrived, the family, comprising a man, his two wives, and four children, lay in naked misery under some blankets and deerskins on the sleeping-platform of their sodden igloo. They were too ill to get up—had been too ill to get up for days—and the details of their condition were "so appalling as to be suitable for quotation only in a medical journal." Death stared them in the face, and they returned the stare with dumb apathy. But Anderton, assuming the rôles of doctor and nurse, pulled them through. Caring for the sick and burying the dead—Inspector Kemp, Corporal A. Fielding, Corporal A. T. Belcher, Constable Kells, Constable Wilson, and a score of others had sick to care for and dead to bury—was a feature of the work at Herschel Island, Aklavik, McPherson, Arctic Red River, Good Hope, Reliance, and in lonely camps where sometimes the dead lay for weeks before they were discovered.

Meanwhile, in other parts of the country, the discovery of dead bodies brought to light, not the ravages of disease, but sordid crimes. Solving a number of these cases in 1928, the Force dealt with a new group in 1929, the cases presenting some features and contrasts of peculiar interest from a criminological point of view. Opening one of these cases, Mr. Nathan Katz, a fur merchant of Picton, Ontario, walked into the Police detachment at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, and stated that as the result of an inquiry he had conducted he believed that his son, David Katz, a clothing peddler, had been murdered in the summer of 1928 by an assistant named Herman Ravinsky. Having laid this charge, Mr. Katz resumed his detective work, traveled to Vancouver,

recognized Ravinsky on a street corner, and secured his arrest. As a rule, fiction notwithstanding, the efforts of amateur detectives are futile. But Mr. Katz's were an exception, for Ravinsky admitted that he had witnessed the crime—he did not confess he had committed it—and led Sergeant N. J. Anderson, other Police, and the distraught father to a lonely place near Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, where the murdered David Katz lay buried. Though Ravinsky continued to deny his guilt, a prolonged investigation—clues were found as far apart as Vancouver and New York—resulted in his conviction, and in November a sentence of death was passed upon him.

Similar in many ways to the case of Ravinsky, though lacking the inspired rôle played in that instance by Nathan Katz, was the case that followed the discovery in a swamp near Ituna of the decomposed body of a man with a bullet hole in the head. The body had apparently lain in the swamp for a long time and identification was difficult; but Corporal J. F. Metcalfe established within three days that the dead man was Dmytro Bodak, a Ukrainian laborer, who had worked in the district more than a year before and had last been seen in the company of a fellow Ukrainian, Sam Kohutz. Convinced by circumstantial evidence that Kohutz had committed the crime, Metcalfe arrested the Ukrainian and, in the ten months before the trial in October, 1929, built up a chain of proof that left no doubt of the accused man's guilt. It was a painstaking and meticulous rather than a spectacular effort on Metcalfe's part, but it succeeded completely and brought upon Kohutz the death sentence he undoubtedly deserved.

Contrasting with these intricate cases which involved the gathering and preparation in ordered form of a bewildering mass of evidence—each case if fully reported would fill this book—were starkly brutal cases, such as the murder by Onis Primak in a drunken fight at Lanigan of the bootlegger, Charlie Forkey. There was no mystery to this affair and no intricate detective work. Constable W. H. Williams heard of the murder, hastened to the scene, found Forkey lying dead and, near by, still half drunk, the murderer with Forkey's splashed blood still crimson on his hands, face, boots and clothing. Solved with almost the same ease

was an atrocious murder at Aneroid—it was committed in December, 1928, but is mentioned in the Commissioner's report for 1929—when a man, insanely jealous, forced a way into the bedroom of the girl who had jilted him, attacked the girl, beat her mother who intervened, and finally blew himself and the two women to pieces by exploding a stick of dynamite.

These cases, though sordid, gave the Police little trouble, but it was a different matter when extremist Doukhobors in Saskatchewan in the spring and summer of 1929 indulged their fanatical hatred of the Government's educational laws by an organized burning of barns, schools, and churches.¹ To deal with the situation, Inspector T. B. Caulkin and ten constables were placed on special "Doukhobor duty" in the Blaine Lake and Kamsack districts for many weeks. Their presence checked the organized incendiarism and proved invaluable in September when the Sons of Freedom rioted, with the usual accompaniment of naked parades. But they were unable to find out who had set the fires, and Commissioner Starnes was compelled in his report to the Government of a highly successful Police year to include a chagrined admission that no arrests for the burnings of the churches and schools had been made.

¹ The policy of expressing hostility to existing laws—particularly educational laws—by organized incendiarism is still practiced by the more primitive Doukhobors in the Canadian West. Owing to the reluctance of witnesses, convictions in these cases are most difficult to secure.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

NORTHERN ACHIEVEMENTS, 1929

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1929, WHEN THE REPORTS FROM THE DETACHMENTS of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Arctic and Sub-Arctic reached Ottawa, it became clear that the year had been marked by a series of patrols even more adventurous than usual. "The most noteworthy event of the year in the North," Commissioner Starnes reported, "was the patrol of over 1,700 miles made by Inspector A. H. Joy through the northern islands." The Force shared this opinion and was proud that Joy had "done it again"; but had the Commissioner tried to name the next most noteworthy patrol, a choice could not have been made so easily. Several winter patrols, similar in many ways to Joy's, had covered approximately one thousand miles each; others had fallen short of the one-thousand-mile mark by narrow margins; and still others, though they covered only four hundred, five hundred, or six hundred miles, had followed routes where the difficulties had been formidable.

Among these was the patrol, under the command of Corporal E. Anstead which started out from Bache Peninsula on March 21, crossed Ellesmere Island, explored parts of Axel Heiberg Island which were almost completely unknown, and, after covering 1,084 miles in forty-seven days, returned in safety to Bache Peninsula. Accompanied by the Eskimo, Ahkeeco, and at the outset by Constable Beatty and another Eskimo, Anstead mushed out from Bache Peninsula with a train comprising four heavy sleds, or "komatiks," drawn by thirteen, twelve, fifteen, and fourteen dogs respectively. Soon the dogs would grow gaunt and weary from hunger and hard work, but at the start they pulled their heavy loads with ease and took to the frozen trail with a thrilling surge of energy and power.

To anyone unfamiliar with Anstead's route, his daily mileages

and a list of the geographical points he attained would bring little understanding of the difficulties his patrol encountered, but other details are enlightening. It is natural to visualize the four sleds and the fifty-four dogs whirling at sea level over the ice and through the snow—good solid ice and well-packed snow—and it comes as a surprise to realize that in the first stage of the journey the route involved a climb up the Ellesmere Island ice-cap to a height of nearly three thousand feet. The first hundred yards of the ascent was up a slope of seventy degrees, which, fortunately, was covered with a layer of hard-packed snow. This afforded a secure foothold, and with forty dogs and all four men hauling each sled in turn, the top of the rise was reached in less time than had been expected. "We were all sopping wet with perspiration," Anstead commented, without adding that to be sopping wet in below zero cold, with no possibility of drying the sodden clothes, is in itself one of the worst miseries of Arctic travel.

From the top of the first slope to the peak of the ice-cap was hard going—the komatiks repeatedly sank through the crust of the deep snow—but when at last the party climbed to the summit, all the effort seemed worth while. "The ice-cap could be seen gleaming in the sun and stretching south for miles," Anstead noted, "and to the north, over a range of mountains, we could see Canon Fiord." In contrast to the weary climb to this point, where all the world seemed to lie in shimmering splendor below, the party's descent of the ice-cap was rapid and almost too exciting. Disaster loomed on several occasions when on steep slopes "the dogs went at a mad gallop, with the komatiks bumping and crashing behind them and threatening every minute to run them over," but Anstead thankfully reported that no wide crevasses were met and that sea level was reached without accident.

When Anstead arrived at the top of the climb on Ellesmere Island and stood viewing the brilliant glory of the ice-cap, stretching beyond the range of vision to the south, he represented with peculiar definiteness the apex of that great triangle within which lay the area of the Force's effort in the North. On September 30 in the previous year, the strength of the Force within this area had reached a total of 101 all ranks, and the area was divided

into the Eastern Arctic sub-district, under the command of Inspector A. H. Joy, the Hudson Bay-Chesterfield Inlet area, the Western Arctic sub-district, commanded by Inspector V. A. M. Kemp, the Mackenzie sub-district, under Inspector W. J. Moorhead, and the Great Slave sub-district, under Inspector C. Trundle and Inspector H. A. R. Gagnon.

Could Anstead, like a legendary god, have sat at the apex of the triangle throughout the year, watching the activities of the earth-bound mortals below and particularly the comings and goings of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, an astounding pageant of travel and adventure in the performance of duty would have passed before him. Not being a god, he could not stay and immortalize the tale of the impressive effort his eyes had seen, but a record of it all, simple and convincing—the writers were not conscious of its glory—is to be found in the reports which officers and men compiled and forwarded to Headquarters.

In his annual report to the Government, Commissioner Starnes noted the work of several detachments, whose principal duties may be summarized as follows:

Bache Peninsula (Ellesmere Island): Undoubtedly the chief feature of this detachment's work was Anstead's patrol to Axel Heiberg Island, previously mentioned, and Constable Beatty's fine work in support.

Dundas Harbor (Devon Island): Inspector Joy's outstanding patrol started from this detachment. Another feature of the year's work was the arrival from Ponds Inlet of the motor-boat, *Lady Laurier*, navigated by Corporal H. A. McBeth and Constable S. H. C. Margetts. In the course of the voyage, the *Lady Laurier* achieved the distinction of being the first small vessel ever to have crossed Lancaster Sound. Winter patrols to observe ice conditions in the sound were made by Corporal M. M. Timbory and Constable R. W. Hamilton. The detachment's total patrol record for the year was 5,152 miles.

Ponds Inlet (Baffin Island): The most important of the many round-trip patrols made by this detachment were Constable

Margetts's 970-mile, forty-one-day journey to Foxe Basin and Constable McBeth's nine-hundred-mile, thirty-nine-day run to Home Bay. Together these men conducted the 225-mile summer patrol in the *Lady Laurier*, already mentioned, and in winter, in addition to their individual patrols, they joined forces for a run of 190 miles to Tooneet Fiord to obtain deerskins for clothing. Constable F. W. Ashe carried out a ninety-mile patrol in April to check the health of natives, and followed this almost at once by a patrol of 250 miles to prevent the Eskimos of the district, in their annual caribou hunt, from shooting too many does.

Pangnirtung (Cumberland Sound, Baffin Island): In the summer Sergeant O. G. Petty and Constable C. G. Moore made a number of patrols, totaling 1,470 miles, to points in Cumberland Gulf, using the motor-boat, *Lady Borden*. In the winter, they made seven patrols by dog-team, aggregating 1,630 miles. Of these, Sergeant Petty's 540-mile run to the Home Bay district on the east coast of Baffin Island was the most arduous and interesting. "I generally went over my tracks twice and sometimes three times before the dogs could come up to me," Petty wrote, referring to the necessity of tramping down the deep snow encountered as the journey was begun. This, he added, meant that "I did more snow-shoeing on this patrol than on any other I have made during the five winters I have been stationed in the Barren Lands." Referring to the conditions he found at Kiveteuk, the scene of the religious-mania murders of seven years before, Petty stated that a melancholy air of depression still hung over the camp, but that it was gradually lifting, as Kowna, the widow of Neakuteuk whose mania had caused the murders, was directing the activities of the camp with unusual intelligence and skill. Crime among the people of Baffin Island, Petty stated, could hardly be said to exist, and when it occurred insanity was almost invariably the cause. A curious difficulty of winter travel in the Cumberland Gulf district, Petty reported, were the frequent spells of warm weather. Late in January, for example, the temperature at Pangnirtung was warmer than on any day in the previous June, and rain, falling heavily, provided

a curious contrast to the zero temperatures reported by radio from Iowa.

Lake Harbor (Hudson Strait): Sergeant J. E. F. Wight and Constable P. Dersch patrolled for 930 miles in the motor-boat, *Lady Byng*, and for 1,793 miles by dog-sled, meanwhile carrying out extensive repairs to the detachment buildings. The two outstanding winter patrols were Dersch's 1,150-mile run to visit the native settlements on the west coast of Baffin Island and Wight's 580-mile round-trip to Frobisher Bay. Referring to the Eskimo settlement of Mingatook, where he tried to take a census, Wight stated that he found twelve males and thirteen females, but to establish the parentage of the children was difficult, as "there was such a mixture of adopted ones and others from discarded wives that I got hopelessly tangled."

Port Burwell (Ungava Bay): Corporal F. McInnes reported that at this detachment the outstanding event of the year was the wreck in July of an American seaplane, the *Untin' Bowler*. This plane, attempting a flight from Chicago to Paris, reached Port Burwell in a heavy fog, but came down safely on the waters of a small fiord which seemed to the crew to offer the sanctuary they required. Unfortunately, floating ice damaged the plane and later, while repairs were being made, swept it out into Ungava Bay. When last seen, as dusk fell on the afternoon of July 14, only the nose of the plane was above water, and all hope of salvaging the craft had to be abandoned.

Chesterfield Inlet (Hudson Bay): Staff-Sergeant M. A. Joyce's report indicated that the outstanding work of this detachment had been the series of patrols into the Baker Lake area in search of the body of Joseph J. Rutherford, a prospector in the employ of the Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration Company, who was reported by a companion to have perished in September of the previous year. Repeated efforts to find the body by aerial and dog-team patrols having failed, Corporal H. G. Nichols and Constable W. J. G. Stewart set out from Chesterfield Inlet in a whaleboat on September 23, reached Baker Lake on October 3,

and almost at once were informed by an Eskimo that he had seen sleeping-bags lying on the ground in the district where Rutherford's body was supposed to be. Guided to within five hundred yards of the spot—that was as near as the superstitious Eskimo would go—Nichols and Stewart soon found the sleeping-bags, and not far away found the body they sought. Having made sure of the identification, satisfied themselves that death had resulted from natural causes, and gathered the effects that were scattered around, they placed the body in a sleeping-bag and erected over it a cairn of stones. Returning to Baker Lake, they reported that the search which had engaged the best efforts of the Chesterfield detachment for a year had been successfully ended.

The repeated thrusts of the Chesterfield Inlet detachment into the Baker Lake area in search of the body of Joseph Rutherford and the success achieved with so little difficulty by Nichols and Stewart after more arduous efforts had failed attracted much public interest—more, perhaps, even than Inspector Joy's great patrol which, as previously mentioned, Commissioner Starnes considered to be the most noteworthy event of the Force's Arctic year. Starting out on March 12 from Dundas Harbor with Constable R. A. Taggart, the Eskimo, Nookapeungwak, and two dog-teams, with Constable R. W. Hamilton, a second Eskimo, and an additional dog-team in temporary support, Joy skirted the south coasts of Devon and Cornwallis Islands. He swung up the west coast of Bathurst Island to Longford Point, crossed Byam Channel to Melville Island, followed the shore to Winter Harbor on the south coast, cut northward from Bridport Inlet across Melville Island to Sabine Bay, and traveled up through Hecla and Griper Bay and Hazen and Desbarats Straits to Edmund Walker Island. Swinging up the east coast of Loughheed Island, Joy crossed Maclean Strait, skirted north of King Christian Island, passed around the south of Ellef Ringnes Island, continued on into Hendriksen Sound, and touched the northern tip of Cornwall Island. Having crossed to the south coast of Axel Heiberg Island, Joy turned up Eureka Sound, struck into Bay Fiord on Ellesmere Island, climbed and crossed the ice-cap, where he sighted the tracks of Anstead's

patrol, and reached the Police detachment at Bache Peninsula at nine o'clock on the morning of May 31.

From the outset, the journey was difficult. Deep snow was encountered almost at once and for a time progress was made at a speed of not more than one mile an hour. Next day, good sledding was found across the mouth of Croker Bay, but when Cape Home was reached, open water forced the party inshore where the only possible route lay through a narrow canyon between the cliffs of Devon Island and a towering wall of sea ice, often one hundred feet high. Blocking this corridor at intervals were great masses of ice, over which a path had to be chopped, a difficult and toilsome process, but not as dangerous as the crossing on March 14 of numerous places where the outer wall of the canyon had broken down, leaving a steep icy slope with almost no footing, ending in an abrupt drop into the sea. A misstep on these gleaming slopes meant death, and infinite caution was needed to get men, dogs, and komatiks across in safety.

In the next five days, the party struggled over a trail where conditions were as difficult as it is possible to imagine. Sometimes they crept along ledges on the cliffs more than 150 feet above the shore, dragging the heavy komatiks over miles of rock, from which all snow had been swept by the biting wind. At other times, they dropped down to the ice-foot where the komatiks, out of control, slid repeatedly into crevasses and were in constant danger of skidding into the sea. And on other occasions, when the passage on shore was blocked completely, they chopped a way through upheaved masses of sea-ice, where each mile of progress involved hours of exhausting labor.

When the end of this difficult stretch was reached and good sledding for at least a short distance lay ahead, Joy ordered Hamilton and the supporting dog-team to return to Dundas Harbor and, accompanied by Taggart and Nookapeungwak, pushed on to Beechey Island, where he halted for several days to rest his dogs and to hunt for bears to feed them. Hunting for bears on their own account, several of the dogs were slightly mauled and one, torn badly, had to be destroyed when the journey was resumed on March 26. That night the party camped within ten miles of Cornwallis Island where, on the following afternoon, Joy sighted a

cairn, standing on a hill about eight hundred feet high and half a mile from the beach. There was no telling what the cairn marked, or contained, and Joy felt that it was his duty to find out. So he turned aside, climbed the hill, opened the cairn which apparently had stood untouched for nearly eighty years, and found inside a record stating that the cairn had been erected on August 8, 1850, by Commander William Penny of Her Majesty's Ships *Lady Franklin* and *Sofia*, then engaged in a search for Sir John Franklin's vanished expedition.

Four days after the discovery of the cairn on Cornwallis Island, Joy's party reached Bathurst Island and was there stormbound in an igloo for three days. Even this period was not uneventful, for on the night of April 2 the party, wakened by the barking of the dogs, peered into the storm and saw a huge bear prowling outside. As the party had all the bear-meat needed, Joy gave orders not to shoot, but changed these quickly when the bear began to claw at the food supplies on the half-buried komatiks. Then the party realized with dismay that the only rifle ready for use was leaning against the igloo outside the entrance which was blocked by the heavy fall of snow. Meanwhile, the bear, attracted by the stir within the igloo, had found the blocked entrance and was trying to dig a way inside. Realizing that if the hunger-maddened bear succeeded, the party would be caught like rats in a deadly trap, Joy, Taggart, and Nookapeungwak hurriedly cut a hole in the wall of the igloo and tried to reach the rifle outside. But the bear, as if he understood the move, drove them back and tried to force a way in after them. As the creature pushed his shaggy, icicle-covered head into the hole in the wall, one of the men hit him on the snout with a club, and he pulled back, roaring angrily. Taggart thereupon reached out and seized the rifle, but, before he could grasp it firmly, the bear knocked it out of his hand and stood on it, snarling defiance. A moment later, the bear charged the hole in the wall again, reaching in for a victim with his enormous paws. This time, somebody stabbed him, and again, after a heavy blow had smashed on the end of his nose, he drew back, enabling Taggart to reach the rifle and finish him off with a bullet in the brain.

It is not possible to describe the adventures of the party in the

long weeks that followed, but a few summarized extracts from the diary Joy compiled help to an understanding of why the patrol still holds an honored place in the Force's record of Arctic travel:

April 6: In the afternoon the runner of Taggart's komatik split. The repairs took until 2:30 A.M.

April 7: While building our igloo at night, a bear approached and was shot to feed the dogs.

April 9: Fifteen hours on the trail. After midnight when we reached Longford Point. Dogs badly tired.

April 11: Blizzard started and lasted until the afternoon of April 13.

April 13: One of Taggart's dogs unable to get to its feet and had to be destroyed.

April 14: Progress painfully slow. Traveled over a lot of rough ice and floundered through much deep snow.

April 15: Five brilliant mock suns visible when we left camp at 6 A.M. Seven wolves approached our igloo at night, but were driven off by the dogs. Nookapeungwak made a 7-hour trip inland at night and killed five caribou.

April 17: Left camp at 10 P.M. Dogs sighted a bear and started after it, dragging the komatik with them. We tried to stop them, but might as well have tried to stop an avalanche, and finally, to save the komatik, we had to cut them loose.

April 19: Left Constable Taggart here (Dealey Island), as his dogs needed rest, and set out with Nookapeungwak for Winter Harbour (McIlville Island).

April 20: Reached Winter Harbour and checked the supplies in the Government shack. Found a note dated July 8, 1917, left as a record of a visit by Vilhjalmur Stefansson.¹

April 22: Finished return trip to Dealey Island.

April 23: Heavy 2-day snowstorm ended this evening, then seven mock suns appeared and were followed by a fierce gale from the north-west.

April 24: Weather cleared at noon and remained perfect for three days. This enabled us to get our clothing dried by the sun for the first time on the trip. We are camped near the cache deposited in the winter of 1852-53 by Commanders Kellett and McClintock, then in search of Sir John Franklin. In the roofless cache, while searching for something to augment our supply of dog-food for the homeward journey, we found a full two hundred pounds of perfectly good canned meat, which was used most satisfactorily. Nearby, bottom up, lay the rowboat *Arctic*, apparently in serviceable condition.

¹ Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Canadian-born explorer of Icelandic descent, who has contributed greatly to modern knowledge of the Arctic and the Eskimos.



JAMES BAY
The Police post at Moose Factory.

It was while camped on Dealey Island that Joy finally decided not to attempt to return to Dundas Harbor by way of Lancaster Sound or Jones Sound, where dangerous ice and climatic conditions would be encountered, but instead to cut north across Melville Island and carry out the longer but less dangerous journey northward and eastward to Bache Peninsula. If judged only from a map, the decision would seem like madness; actually, it was wise, well considered, and based upon a sound knowledge of the conditions that probably would be met. Nothing established this more clearly than the state of the party when it arrived at Bache Peninsula five weeks later. The remaining dogs—ten had been disposed of en route—were weak and weary, it is true, and the komatiks were almost worn out; but the men, though gaunt, were sound in wind and limb and stood prepared, with only a brief period of rest, for whatever duties the situation at Bache Peninsula should demand. Summing up the whole journey with soldierly directness, Joy reported, "I would estimate the distance covered to be well over seventeen hundred miles. Time occupied, eighty-one days."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

FURTHER ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE NORTH

WHILE INSPECTOR JOY AND THE MEN OF THE FORCE STATIONED IN the Eastern Arctic were carrying out the duties described in the last chapter, Inspectors Eames, Moorhead, Trundle, and Gagnon and the detachments under their command were compiling an equally creditable record in the Western Arctic and in the sub-districts of the Mackenzie River and Great Slave Lake. Referring to the work in these areas in 1929, Commissioner Starnes reported that the deaths of a number of white men and natives had been investigated, notably that of James Hay, of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Krusenstern, who fell off the ice into the sea in November, 1928; that of Harold Luca, also of the Hudson's Bay Company, who perished in a blizzard at King William Land in February, 1929; and those, in King William Land, of the Eskimo Itkilik and his three children whose mysterious fate was investigated by a patrol from Cambridge Bay under the command of Constable E. Millen.

In his report upon the work of the detachments, Starnes included many interesting details, some of which are quoted in summarized form below:

The *St. Roch (Floating Detachment)*: In February, Sergeant F. Anderton and Constable M. F. Foster patrolled from the ship, which was wintering in Langton Bay, to the bottom of Darnley Bay and made sure that two white trappers who had not been heard from for months were alive and well. Two months later, Anderton carried out a two-hundred-mile patrol to Cape Perry and Bennett's Point to take a census of the Eskimos in the district and, incidentally, to locate future winter harbors for the *St. Roch*. In July, the ship left Langton Bay, proceeded to Herschel Island, and made her way eastward as far as Bernard

Harbor; then returned to Herschel Island and on August 26 left on the long voyage to Vancouver to refit. Throughout her travels, Sergeant F. Anderton was in command, Corporal H. A. Larsen acted as navigating officer, and Constable M. J. Olsen served as first mate.

Cambridge Bay (Victoria Island): The features of the work of this lonely detachment were provided by Millen's nine-hundred-mile patrol to King William Land and Sergeant E. G. Baker's 890-mile patrol to Bernard Harbor. Describing some of the Eskimos encountered on his journey, Baker wrote: "I saw an interesting though somewhat deplorable case at Bathurst. A man named No Feet, so called because he has no feet, has a wife who is totally deaf and dumb. The story goes that No Feet got lost in a storm some years ago and froze his feet. Before he was rescued he nearly died of starvation, so, finding that his feet were useless to walk on, he decided to make the next best use of them, so he cut them off and used them for food. No Feet is very active and walks around on his knees. He can even run on his knees alongside a dogsled as long as he keeps one hand on the sled. He is a man in the prime of life, quite healthy and robust. He certainly is happy, and appears to enjoy his unenviable distinction. Both he and his wife are employed around the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and I understand the company have ordered a pair of artificial feet for him."

Commenting on other Eskimos, Baker mentioned a prosperous young seal-hunter—he had two wives—who wore a tweed overcoat of the latest London style, with a cloth cap to match. "It certainly appeared a little incongruous," the sergeant wrote, "to see an Eskimo looking like a tailor's dummy, while I was dressed from head to foot in deerskins."

Bernard Harbor (Coronation Gulf): In March, Constable R. S. Wild made the 468-mile winter mail patrol to Pearce Point and return. Later, between December 16, 1929, and January 7, 1930, he carried out a 345-mile patrol of Coronation Gulf, spending Christmas at Coppermine River which was rapidly

developing into a missionary, trading, and prospecting post of considerable importance. Referring to the difficulties of travel, Wild noted that of the hundreds of small islands in the gulf not one quarter were shown on any map, not even on the Admiralty Chart which was far from reliable. As a companion on his patrol, Wild had Special Constable Amokuk who was one of the Eskimos tried and acquitted at Herschel Island in 1923 on the charge of murdering Ahkak. He proved to be a splendid traveler and snow-house builder, Wild reported, and "is a first-class man for this kind of patrol."

More eventful even than Wild's winter journey in Coronation Gulf was a daring motorboat patrol made in September and October by Constable T. G. Parsloe, a skilled boatman, trained on board the *St. Roch*. Unfortunately, his companion, Special Constable Niptinatchiak, fell ill with congestion of the lungs. "I found him in a high fever," Parsloe wrote, "and had him moved to the old H. B. Company house at Krusenstern, where I could attend him. I applied plasters to his chest and hot mustard towels to his feet for two days and a night and succeeded in bringing him out of the delirium and loosening the congestion in the lungs." Afterwards, by a single-handed effort which few men would have dared attempt, Parsloe brought the motorboat and the still helpless Eskimo back to Bernard Harbor.

Baillie Island: Between January 10 and February 13, Corporal G. M. Wall was absent from the detachment on a 563-mile patrol into the region above the forks of the Anderson River. Reporting on his journey, Wall noted that his was the first patrol of the Mounted Police to penetrate into this lonely district and that he had in consequence gathered as much information about the natives, animal life, and topography as possible. Caribou, the natives told him, were plentiful; moose were sometimes seen; marten, mink, lynx, wolverines, and weasels were numerous; a coyote, a rare visitor so far north, had been killed in the previous spring; foxes were scarce; wolves were scarcer; fish were abundant; and the lakes to the south were a vast breeding-ground for geese and swans. Two tribes of natives, the

Slavies and the Loch Indians, hunted in the district, but none would hunt from west of the Lockhart River to the watershed of the Mackenzie. "Bad medicine" was to be feared by intruders in this district—half a tribe had died there of starvation years before—and the Indians now kept away.

Aklavik: Corporal A. Fielding, in command, reported that in the half year ended on December 31 the patrol mileage of this detachment was 2,124. Included in the aggregate was a patrol of 108 miles made in November by Constable R. G. McDowell to rescue an old trapper who had suffered a serious accident. "On arriving at the cabin of George Lux," McDowell reported, "we found him to be suffering terribly from an injury he had received to his right eye, accidentally caused by driving a stick of wood into same on November 2. As this man is in his 80th year, the accident made him practically helpless, and he certainly was in bad shape when we arrived. Hot applications to his eye seemed to relieve the pain more than anything else, and these were kept on his eye more or less during his trip to Aklavik."

In forwarding McDowell's report, Fielding added, "I visited Mr. Lux at the hospital [the Church of England Mission Hospital at Aklavik] and, judging from his own statements, he must have suffered terrible agony for over two weeks, and was unable to look after himself, and it was only the prompt action on the part of Constable McDowell, who proceeded to investigate the report [of his injury], that prevented a case of suicide."

Arctic Red River: Between February 11 and March 13, Constable C. J. Johnstone carried out a patrol of 440 miles to Good Hope and back. Noting the gradual change in conditions in the Mackenzie River valley, Johnstone mentioned that, except in a sixty-mile stretch between Gillis River and Good Hope, it had been possible to spend every night in a cabin. While Johnstone was on the trail, an Indian arrived at the detachment with his wife and child, both so seriously ill that Constable A. S. Wilson knew that only treatment in the hospital at Aklavik would help

them. The man had paid two other Indians six marten skins—equivalent to two hundred dollars—to help him in from his distant camp to Arctic Red River, and he could pay no more. So Wilson cheerfully made the ninety-mile journey required to get the sick woman and her child to the hospital and then made the return journey to the Arctic Red River detachment.

Fort Simpson: From this headquarters of the Mackenzie River sub-district, Inspector W. J. Moorhead carried out a 312-mile patrol in January to Wrigley and back, interviewing the Indians and white trappers on the way and carrying inter-detachment mails. On March 6, Moorhead flew by seaplane to Fort Providence in ninety minutes. He inspected the detachment there and held court in the weeks that followed; then made the return journey to Simpson by dog-team between dawn on April 11 and nightfall on April 15. The annual spring mail patrol of 622 miles to Fort Norman and back was carried out by Constable F. R. McIntyre. In November and December, Constables C. F. Harrington and J. D. Lee made a 490-mile patrol to Fort Liard and back. Wolves, Harrington reported, were running in large packs and were seriously hampering the trappers and hunters near Liard.

Good Hope: Illustrative of the reliance of the Indians upon the Police in all times of trouble was the action of a group of seven families and two widows in the Hume River country in April, when sickness amongst their dogs hindered their hunting and a sudden scarcity of rabbits left them starving. All they could think of to do was to send a pathetic appeal for help to Constable L. Weston at Good Hope. Answering the appeal—seldom in the history of the Force has such a call gone unanswered—Weston and a special constable sped to Hume River with temporary relief, studied the situation, and found a simple solution of the problem by directing the Indians to more favorable hunting ground near the Fish Lakes.

Fort Smith: From this post, the headquarters of the Great Slave Lake sub-district, several notable patrols were launched. In

January, Inspector C. Trundle covered the 165 miles to Fort Resolution, following this by a 525-mile round-trip between Resolution and Reliance in January and February, and topping off an arduous winter of patrolling in February and March by covering four hundred miles on the ice of Great Slave Lake between Fort Resolution and Fort Rae. In February, Inspector H. A. R. Gagnon also set out from Fort Smith and in 28 days covered the 748 miles to Stony Rapids and back. Previously, in January, Gagnon had traveled from Fort Smith to Fort Chipewyan with Corporal R. A. Williams of the Fort Reliance detachment who had developed severe appendicitis. "The weather was very cold all the time," Gagnon reported, "the mean temperature being 36 below zero. For six of the ten days the thermometer kept under 40 below, two days at 50 below." Another interesting patrol from this post was made by Corporal L. M. Lloyd-Walters to the Hanging Ice River in April. Walters experimented with two "pack-dogs" on this trip—that is, dogs carrying loads on their backs instead of dragging them—and reported that the method, if carried out with properly constructed harness, would have advantages.

Fort Rae: The most interesting patrol from this detachment was the journey made in the spring by Corporal J. L. Halliday to the Coppermine River, to make sure that the natives of the Barren Lands were carrying out the Police orders and were not recklessly slaughtering caribou. After a careful investigation, Halliday reported that no useless slaughters had taken place. The natives, he said, seemed to understand the restrictive orders and were refraining from indiscriminate slaughter with admirable good sense.

Fort Reliance: Corporal R. A. Williams, after being treated in Edmonton for appendicitis, was declared fit for duty in April and was ordered back to Fort Reliance. He traveled the 290 miles from Edmonton to Waterways by train, the 364 miles from Waterways to Fort Resolution by seaplane, taking four hours and fifteen minutes, and the 225 miles from Resolution to Reliance by dog-team, taking twelve days.

From the fact that, in this chapter and the last, patrols of the Mounted Police are shown to have set out from detachments in all parts of the North and to have arrived in safety at their destinations it must not be inferred that travel in the northern districts could be undertaken with impunity by anyone who so desired. Thoroughly trained men—hazardous patrols of the Mounted Police were never commanded by greenhorns—could face the dangers with confidence, but the inexperienced traveler, unless accompanied by trustworthy guides, was inviting trouble with an insistence which seldom was denied. Illustrating this with tragic emphasis were the adventures of Dr. Kurt Faber, a German gentleman of scientific attainments—he is so described in official reports—who reached Fort Vermilion in the Peace River country in the autumn of 1929 and was driven by a teamster to the headwaters of the Hay River down which he traveled to Rat Lake in a trapper's canoe. Despite the warnings of chance-met friends and the invitation of the trapper to remain for the winter, Dr. Faber set out in November to cover a seventy-five-mile stretch of the river which experienced travelers never attempted in winter. That was the last seen of him alive. But months later, Corporal F. Cook of the Hay River detachment made a special patrol to investigate his death and arrange for the burial of his remains. "He was lightly clad and had frozen to death as a result of starvation," Commissioner Starnes later reported, adding that he had died close to a shack which contained a stove, fuel, and matches. He had found the shack but, in his weakened state, had been unable to clear away the drifted snow that blocked the door.

Even more starkly tragic than the death of Dr. Faber was the fate of Edgar V. Christian, an English boy of eighteen, H. C. E. Adlard, and John Hornby, a northern traveler of renown, who left Fort Smith by canoe in June, 1926, journeyed to the east end of Great Slave Lake, proceeded into the Barren Lands, and, as was usual in such circumstances, were promptly lost to view. No concern about the safety of the party was felt at first, as Hornby was one of the few men who had crossed the Barren Lands and knew the conditions to be expected all the way from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay. But when the party failed to reappear in 1927, the alarm was sounded, and the

Mounted Police were ordered to ascertain what fate had befallen it. These orders were issued in December, and by February, 1928, the Police had traced the party's early movements in the North and had learned that Hornby had planned to spend the winter of 1926-27 with his companions—Edgar Christian was his second cousin—near the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers, as remote and lonely a spot as even the ardent and adventurous souls of his young partners could desire, but where, Hornby believed, adequate numbers of caribou could easily be shot. In the winter of 1928, Corporal R. A. Williams tried to reach this area by a patrol from Fort Reliance. He found an old camp of the Hornby party north of the Casba River but was prevented from pushing through to the final objective by the refusal of his Indian guides to accompany him. The men he sought were dead, the Indians argued; of that there could be no reasonable doubt. What was the use of risking more lives in the search for a few heaps of long-dead bones?

That the Indians were correct in assuming the party had perished was proved on July 21, 1928, when a prospecting party under the leadership of Mr. H. S. Wilson came upon the bodies in a camp about seventy miles below the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon Rivers. Realizing that the case was one for the Mounted Police, Mr. Wilson, after establishing the identity of the unfortunate campers and estimating that they had been dead for at least eighteen months, left the bodies where they lay and, proceeding to Chesterfield Inlet, reported his find to the Police on August 7. Though arrangements for a flight to the scene of the disaster by seaplane were made by the Police at Chesterfield, an accident to the seaplane aborted the plan, and Commissioner Starnes, on hearing the news, sent orders to Corporal Williams to renew the effort of the previous year and push a winter patrol to the fatal camp from Fort Reliance.

Having arranged for guides and made adequate preparations, Williams would probably have reached the objective without great difficulty, but, as the reader may recall—by this time it was the winter of 1929—Williams was stricken with appendicitis, and before an officer with the necessary qualifications for commanding the patrol could be sent to Fort Reliance to replace him, the season

for winter patrols had passed. Rather than wait for nearly a year and then renew the winter effort, Inspector C. Trundle volunteered to command a summer patrol. This offer was accepted, and on July 2 Trundle, Corporal Williams, Constable E. A. Kirk, and an employed civilian set out in two canoes from Fort Reliance.

Following much the same route as that traveled by Inspector E. A. Pelletier's party in the memorable patrol across the Barren Lands in 1908, Trundle's party reached the Hornby cabin on July 25 and spent two days in the distressing work that was required there. From the positions and condition of the bodies—they were skeletons by this time—and from Edgar Christian's diary,¹ still legible, the tragedy could be convincingly reconstructed. Hornby had counted definitely on shooting caribou for food, and, when no caribou could be found, the fate of his party had been sealed. Slowly, amid the unbroken silence of their camp, they starved to death. Hornby died on April 16, and the two lads wrapped his body in burlap, carried it outside the hut, and covered it with a tent. Then, on May 3, Adlard died. There was no tent to cover him, but Christian wrapped him in a blanket and dragged him outside. Returning to the hut, he bravely awaited his own death which, from the entries in his diary, must have taken place a few days before his nineteenth birthday, June 6. Having ascertained these harrowing details, Trundle's party buried the three bodies, marked and photographed the graves, retrieved the dead men's personal effects, and, with their melancholy duties completed, set out on the return journey to Fort Reliance, where they arrived safely on August 8.

Though the purpose of his patrol had been to investigate the deaths of Hornby's party and to give burial to the remains, Trundle, in accordance with the custom of the Force, included in his report an account of the patrol's adventures and many items covering the conditions in the country through which it passed. Particularly interesting were his notes on the Hanbury River. "I was very disappointed in this river," he wrote, "it must have changed tremendously since Tyrrell mapped and described it; it is a mean treacherous river; where Tyrrell marks current strong or swift, sometimes there is very little and sometimes there is a

¹ Under the title *Unflinching*, this diary was published in 1937.

wicked rapid; we were very nearly caught on one or two occasions. The several falls on this river do not seem to me to be nearly as high as described by Tyrrell; it is possible that this may have caused the drop in the river. The Dickson Canyon alone seems to be unchanged. On July 24 we made the junction of the Hanbury and Thelon; the river here is very broad and it is very hard to find the channel through it. The Thelon at the junction comes in by a rapid; it is a fine river; we appreciated it very much after the Hanbury."

After mentioning that the journey eastward from Great Slave Lake, though undertaken in July, had been hampered by the remnant of the previous winter's ice on many of the portages and after describing the torment inflicted by mosquitoes and sand-flies—"I thought I knew what flies were, but I found I had not the faintest idea"—Trundle added some remarkable notes about the Barren Lands caribou. A few stragglers from the great herds were seen on the journey out, he reported, adding that these poor beasts, driven nearly mad by flies and mosquitoes, were usually found seeking an escape from the torment by lying in the snow-drifts that still remained. Above Helen Falls, Trundle noticed a number of dead caribou floating past the Police camp, and on the return journey he counted 525 caribou corpses, stranded or floating, in the stretch between the Helen and Ford Falls. Though he tried to discover why so many animals had drowned in crossing a river that should not have proved a serious obstacle, Trundle could find no satisfactory explanation. All he could do was to record the fact, with the following interesting comment:

"We easily found the place where this herd had crossed; it was a narrow canyon just approaching the Ford Falls. The ground on both sides was trampled up like a cattle corral. It would be hard to estimate the number in the herd, but there must have been at least 20,000. It is extraordinary why they chose such a dangerous place, but it is not the first time this must have happened, for bones and antlers of last year's caribou were found below these falls. The herd must have crossed very soon after we had passed. Above MacDonald Falls another herd had crossed. This herd was fully as large. This place is not nearly so dangerous, though very much wider; there were only five dead caribou seen in the small lake

below. . . . It was noticed that in the different areas the caribou had passed, especially in large numbers, the flies were worse. The caribou we saw were not in good condition; the flies must be responsible for this."

In contrast to the fly-pestered caribou were the much scarcer musk-ox, of which the Police party sighted less than a dozen. In one instance, Trundle reported, the party approached to within fifteen yards of two beasts "but they only regarded us curiously and walked away like tame cattle. They are truly noble animals; it would be a great loss to have them become extinct. There could be no sport in shooting such animals as these; it would be a case of butchery. They were all in very fine condition; considering their size, they were very agile; and the flies do not seem to bother them at all."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

MACBRIEN ASSUMES COMMAND

ON AUGUST 1, 1931, MAJOR-GENERAL CORTLANDT STARNES, AFTER forty-five years of devoted service in the Force, including eight years in command, retired to pension and was succeeded as Commissioner by Major-General James Howden MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who had first engaged with the Force in April, 1900, and since then, while serving with the military forces of Canada, had risen in rank until in the years before his appointment to command the Mounted Police he had attained a peak of his profession as Chief of the Canadian General Staff. When his appointment as Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. was announced, few people in Canada realized that a period of expansion and development such as the Force had never seen lay almost immediately ahead; but the situation was sufficiently clear for MacBrien to appreciate that he was accepting a duty as weighted with responsibility and as important to the Dominion as any he had performed in the past. Commissioner Perry had laid the foundations of a modernized force, capable of serving Canada well; Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes, in his shorter period of command, had ably built upon the foundations Perry had provided; but MacBrien knew that the pace of modernization must be quickened, that crime, rapidly becoming more highly organized, must be fought remorselessly by land, sea, and air, that the day of the scientific police force had definitely come, and that to meet the need the Royal Canadian Mounted Police must be equipped with, and trained in the use of, every device for fighting crime that science and engineering had made available. Such a program could not be carried out in a day or even in several years, but from the time when he assumed command, MacBrien knew that this was his true objective.

Before continuing with an account of the Force's development,

it seems advisable to view the situation when Commissioner MacBrien assumed command. At that time, the Police were engaged in enforcing the *federal* law throughout the entire Dominion, but were responsible for the enforcement of *all* laws, criminal and civil, only in the North-West Territories (including the Arctic sub-districts), the Yukon, and the Dominion Government Parks. In addition, by special arrangement, a section of the Force was serving as provincial police in the Province of Saskatchewan, co-operating with the municipal police forces which existed and, in the rural districts, exercising sole authority.

On September 30, two months after he assumed command, Commissioner MacBrien presented to the Government the annual report of the Force, in which, as usual, details of the strength, the distribution of personnel, the promotions and retirements, and the cases dealt with were included. After paying tribute to Major-General Cortlandt Starnes, MacBrien noted that the two next senior officers of the Force, Assistant Commissioners G. S. Worsley and A. W. Duffus, had also retired to pension after long periods of fine service, and that their posts had been filled by the promotion of Superintendents J. W. Spalding and T. S. Belcher who respectively had served since April, 1900, and May, 1894. The year had also seen the promotion of Inspector T. Dann to the rank of superintendent and the promotion to the rank of inspector of eight non-commissioned officers, including Staff-Sergeant W. J. D. Dempster, noted for his outstanding work in the Yukon and for his leadership of the party which solved the tragic mystery of Fitzgerald's lost patrol in the winter of 1911.

Including these officers, the strength of the Force comprised fifty-nine officers, 1,154 non-commissioned officers and men, and 138 special constables, a total of 1,351 all ranks. More than three thousand men had sought admission to the Force in the twelve months under review, despite an increase in the period of enlistment from three to five years, but vacancies had been few, recruiting standards had been rigidly maintained, and only two hundred applicants had been accepted. MacBrien mentioned this fact, noted that the Force was maintaining 208 detachments and provisional posts, that "cases" dealt with in the year had totaled 101,131,

and that the Force's 13,249 patrols had covered the almost unbelievable aggregate of 1,281,911 miles.

Amplifying his remarks on the distribution of the Force and the number of cases dealt with, the Commissioner included the following details:

LOCATION	POLICE STRENGTH	CASES
Headquarters Staff (Ottawa)	66
Maritime Provinces	34	1,458
Province of Quebec	36	4,235
Ontario	333	14,367
Manitoba	79	5,493
Saskatchewan	442	38,381
Alberta	115	11,824
British Columbia	103	4,927
Yukon	46	16,211
North-West Territories	78	4,235
Baffin Island	7
North Devon Island	3
Ellesmere Island	3
Chesterfield Inlet	4
Baker Lake	1
Canadian Legation (Washington, D. C.).....	1
TOTAL	1,351	101,131

Lest anyone should be misled by the total of "cases" into the belief that Canada was being swept by a wave of crime, the Commissioner explained that "cases" entered in the Police books were divided into four categories and included many investigations and duties in which no criminal action was involved. The first and third categories, totaling 24,321 entries, included all the cases of a criminal nature. In the second category were listed 27,151 investigations, including inquiries into the qualifications of applicants for naturalization, searches for missing persons, inspections of the narcotic sales in drug stores, and other inspections of the same type. Category No. 4, with a total of 49,659 cases, or nearly one half of the grand aggregate, was made up of the posting of guards at public buildings, the collection of taxes, and other duties of a routine or administrative nature.

Though many had doubted when MacBrien assumed command if a period of expansion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

was indeed at hand, events in 1932 settled the question beyond dispute. On April 1 the Force absorbed the provincial police forces of Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and the Preventive Service of the Department of National Revenue; on April 30 it took over the provincial police of New Brunswick; on May 1 it assumed provincial police duties in Prince Edward Island; and on June 1 it absorbed the provincial police force of Alberta. As a result, when the Commissioner reported on September 30, the strength of the R.C.M.P. had risen sharply to a total of 2,348 all ranks, the number of posts and detachments had increased to 456, and the number of "cases" had risen by more than 18,000 to a total of 119,825. This rapid expansion had involved an extensive reorganization of personnel and many promotions had been made, among them that of Assistant Commissioner T. S. Belcher to the newly created rank of deputy commissioner, those of Superintendents G. L. Jennings, O.B.E., H. M. Newson, C. Junget, R. Field, and A. J. Cawdron to the rank of assistant commissioner, and that of Superintendent A. E. Acland to acting assistant commissioner. These were the outstanding promotions, but there was one grievous loss: Inspector A. H. Joy, perhaps the finest Arctic traveler the Force had ever known, was shown to have died of illness in Ottawa on April 29.

In addition, the absorption of the Preventive Service necessitated the creation of several new posts. These included Chief Preventive Officer, which was filled by the appointment of Superintendent M. H. Vernon; Adviser to the Commissioner on Marine Matters, filled by Lieutenant-Commander C. Stephen, late of the Royal Navy; and Adviser on Marine Matters to the Officer Commanding in the Maritime Provinces, to which Commander J. E. W. Oland, D.S.C., of the Royal Canadian Navy, was appointed. Reporting on the first seven months' operations of the Preventive Service in its new guise as the Marine Section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Superintendent Vernon mentioned that when he assumed command on April 1 the section comprised 246 officers and men and thirty-two patrol boats of all sizes and types. Four of these last he had found to be uneconomical or unseaworthy and had promptly ordered out of commission; with the remainder his men had patrolled for a total of 270,000 miles, seizing nineteen



FOR DUTY IN THE NORTH
Police landing from the S.S. *Distributor* at Fort Simpson.

rum-running boats in the process and rendering help to the crews of a number of schooners and motor-boats in distress. Co-operation of great value in all this work had been rendered by planes of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which had contributed fifteen hundred hours of flying time and had patrolled for 120,000 miles.

In the period when negotiations for the absorption by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police of the provincial police organizations and the Preventive Service were under way, a man-hunt for Albert Johnson was taking place in the Canadian North. Erroneously described by many newspapers as "mad" or "demented," Johnson, according to Inspector A. N. Eames, was an extremely shrewd and resolute man, capable of quick thought and action, tough and desperate, and "demented" only in the sense that all man-killing criminals are insane. Who Johnson really was will likely never be known. The secrets of his probably criminal life he carried with him to the grave, leaving only a name, presumably false, and a Police record as the quarry in the grimmest man-hunt the North had ever known.

So far as the Police were concerned, Johnson first became an object of interest in July, 1931, when he floated down the Peel River to Fort McPherson on a small raft. Where he came from, nobody knew, but his method of travel was peculiar. As he possessed little equipment, but abundant money, his arrival excited some curiosity, friendly enough on the part of the trappers at McPherson—Johnson was apparently a trapper—but tinged with suspicion on the part of the Mounted Police. Even the friendliest advances Johnson gruffly repelled, and a little later when he left, ostensibly to travel to the Yukon by way of the Rat River, no one was sorry to see the last of him.

If only Johnson had crossed the mountains as he apparently intended, the tragedy that followed would have been averted. At Christmas a party of Indians, reaching Arctic Red River, informed the Police that Johnson had built a cabin—it was almost a fort—on a promontory in the Rat River about seventy miles away, and had repeatedly interfered with their lines of traps. As the Indians' indignation was intense, Constable E. Millen at once ordered Constable A. W. King and Special Constable Joseph Bernard to drive a dog-team to the Rat River to ascertain if Johnson had a trapper's

license and to warn him, if the Indians' story proved true, that interference with other people's traps must cease forthwith.

Expecting no serious difficulty in carrying out their orders, King and Bernard left Arctic Red River on December 26, sped over the seventy-odd miles that intervened, and reached Johnson's cabin on December 28. The man they wanted was in his fort—King sighted him through the tiny window—but he ignored repeated knocking at the door and would not answer King's demands for admission. Without a search warrant—the Police rules in such matters were strict—King could not legally break down the door. Accordingly, there was nothing for him and Bernard to do but mush to Aklavik and report to Inspector Eames who, almost certainly, would issue the warrant required.

As King had taken pains to make clear to Johnson that he was demanding admission as a constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Inspector Eames heard his story grimly, issued a search warrant, and ordered a party composed of Constables King and R. G. McDowell and Special Constables Bernard and Sittichiulis to execute it forthwith. Leaving Aklavik on December 30, this party reached Johnson's fort-like cabin at ten-thirty o'clock next morning, and again King walked up to the door and called to Johnson to let him in. As on the previous occasion, no voice answered, but this time a rifle cracked viciously, and King fell badly wounded. Under covering fire by McDowell who lay concealed by the bank of the river twenty yards away, King crawled back over the frozen ground, struggled painfully to his feet, and, by circling out of the range of Johnson's fire, eventually rejoined his party. Meanwhile, Johnson, firing through a loop-hole in his cabin wall, had smacked two bullets into the river bank a few inches from McDowell's head.

With a badly wounded man on his hands, McDowell, now in command, realized that he must withdraw at once to Aklavik. To stay in the forty-five-degrees-below-zero cold and attempt to finish the affair would seriously endanger King's life. Moreover, it was clear that without reinforcements the chances of routing Johnson from his lair were almost negligible. Reluctantly, therefore, but wisely, McDowell gave the order to retire and, with

King lying helpless upon a toboggan, raced over the trail to Aklavik in twenty hours.

The affair by this time had become most serious. A constable of the Mounted Police had been shot down while performing his duty, and the man who had committed the crime was at bay in a loop-holed hut which, from the very nature of its site and the manner in which it was fortified, proclaimed the owner's defiance. Aware that the challenge must be met with the least possible delay, Inspector Eames organized a party composed of Constables McDowell and Millen, Special Constables Bernard and Sittichiulis, and three civilian volunteers. They set out from Aklavik with forty-two dogs and reached Johnson's cabin at noon on January 9.

The party attacked the cabin that day and renewed the attack, using dynamite, that night; but Johnson remained completely master of the situation, and at four o'clock on the bitterly cold morning of January 10, Eames, unable to maintain his men and dogs in the open, was forced to fall back upon his base of supplies at Aklavik. From this depot, Constable Millen and K. Gardlund, a volunteer, were sent back to watch Johnson's movements, but when they reached the Rat River Johnson had fled, a fact which they at once reported when Eames, with a strengthened attacking party, returned to the scene of action on January 17. For three days the Inspector's party searched the surrounding country for Johnson's trail; then, as food supplies were running low, the majority of the party mushed back to Aklavik, leaving Constable Millen, Quartermaster-Sergeant R. F. Riddell, of the Royal Canadian Signals, and two civilian volunteers to continue the search and pick up the trail if possible.

Sticking to their work with grim determination, Millen, Riddell, and the volunteers, Noel Verville and Karl Gardlund, eventually found Johnson's tracks at the junction of the Rat River and the Bear. Following the tracks into the mountains bordering the valleys of these streams, the party discovered on January 30 that Johnson, aware of the pursuit, had halted and was lying ambushed in a dense patch of woods.

Reporting upon the events that followed, Riddell stated that the four members of the party tried to close in on the wood from

the two banks of a frozen stream. They could hear Johnson coughing, and the rattle of his rifle—the sound carried clearly in the cold still air—warned them that he was on the alert. Then Johnson opened fire; Millen replied; a fusillade of shots cracked; and silence followed. Was Johnson hit? Or had someone else fallen? Climbing cautiously up the bank of the creek, Riddell soon found the answer, for there, stretched lifeless in the snow, lay Millen, drilled by one of Johnson's shots.

Once more Johnson had triumphed, but the sands of his success were now running low. When the news of Millen's death spread, volunteers—some from one hundred miles away—mushed in to Aklavik, angrily determined to help the Police get Johnson, whatever the cost. Leading a party comprising Riddell, Sittichiulis, and seven volunteers, Eames set out from Aklavik on February 2, reached the wood where Millen had been killed, and was there reinforced on February 7 by Captain W. R. May, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and Constable W. S. Carter, of the Mounted Police, who arrived from Edmonton by airplane. Meanwhile, as the result of a broadcast by Radio Station UZK at Anchorage, Alaska, Constable S. W. May and Special Constable Moses had heard of the man-hunt and hurried from the lonely post of Old Crow in the Yukon to lend their aid. Losing no time, they made a forced march over the mountain passes and reported to Eames for duty on February 8.

With an airplane to bring up food supplies from Aklavik and to search from the skies for Johnson's tracks, Eames found himself master of the situation for the first time, and when Johnson made the mistake of fleeing over the mountains into the Yukon, the Inspector launched a patrol in pursuit. Following the trail relentlessly, the patrol traveled down the Bell River and, swinging up the Eagle River, camped on the night of February 16 at a point about fifteen miles from the mouth. Meanwhile, Johnson, aware that in the deep snow his trail could be followed easily, took advantage of the passing of a great herd of caribou to hide his footprints in their track. Taking off his snowshoes, he tramped for ten miles over the hard-beaten trail the caribou had left, but his cunning was useless. Not to be deceived, the Police party followed along the caribou trail and on the morning of February 17

found the point where Johnson had once more left a clear trail of his own.

At the time, it seemed that Johnson, with Alaska as his probable objective, was at least a day's travel ahead, but at noon Staff-Sergeant H. F. Hersey, of the Royal Canadian Signals, driving the patrol's leading dog-team, turned a sharp bend in the river trail and sighted Johnson less than three hundred yards away. Seizing a rifle from his sled, Hersey opened fire, and Joseph Verville, driver of the second team, joined in. Then an attack by the whole party in extended order developed, while Johnson dodged to one bank of the river and then towards the other, turning and firing as he ran. Unfortunately, his aim was true, and Hersey was soon dangerously wounded by a bullet in the lung. Death would probably have resulted if Captain May had not arrived upon the scene and rushed Hersey to the hospital in Aklavik by airplane.

By shooting Hersey, Johnson won a round of the fight but probably he knew from the beginning that his time had come. Flinging himself down in the deep snow, with his pack in front of him for protection, he opened a heavy fire, but the men of the Police party now had the advantage and, under their well directed fire, his shooting faltered and died away. Fearing a ruse, the Police party closed in cautiously, but Johnson was dead. There he lay in the blood-spattered snow, with his kit and empty cartridges all around him. On his body the Police found more than two thousand dollars in cash, but not a letter, a scrap of writing, or any clue to his real identity.

Contrasting with the pursuit of Johnson, which was a man-hunt in every sense of the word, was a sweep through the Arctic islands made by the Police in search of Dr. H. E. K. Krueger and the lost members of the German Arctic Expedition in the period immediately after Johnson was brought to bay. Planned by Inspector A. H. Joy, who lay dying in Ottawa as the search progressed, the sweep was conducted under the immediate command of Corporal H. W. Stallworthy and Constable R. W. Hamilton, with the help of many Eskimos, including the veterans, Nookapeungwak and Etookashoo. Fine co-operation was afforded by Constable Arthur Munro, Constable P. Dersch, and the personnel of many detachments. Krueger and his party had stopped at the Police post at

Bache Peninsula in March, 1930, had left to visit Axel Heiberg and other islands, and had not been heard of since. Deep anxiety had been caused in Germany by the disappearance of the party, and the Mounted Police had been instructed by the Dominion Government to ascertain, if possible, the details of its fate.

After months of preparation, without which there could be no hope of success, Stallworthy and Hamilton set out from Bache Peninsula with seven Eskimos, eight sleds, and 125 dogs at noon on March 20, 1932. Later the patrol was divided into two parties, Stallworthy commanding a section which, in a journey of fourteen hundred miles, searched the shores of Axel Heiberg Island; and Hamilton leading the section which proceeded to the west, touched at Cape Southwest on Axel Heiberg Island, continued on to Amund Ringnes and Cornwall Islands, and, after a journey of nine hundred miles, preceded Stallworthy in the return to Bache Peninsula. Both sections suffered great hardships—there are grim details in the reports of dying dogs, of Nookapeungwak being mauled by a bear, of men on the edge of starvation—and neither section achieved complete success, but, at the northernmost part of Axel Heiberg Island, in one of Peary's old cairns, Stallworthy found a message from Dr. Krueger which almost certainly furnished the explanation of his fate. It was dated April 24, 1930, and stated that the German Arctic Expedition was going to Meighen Island. From this document, from his meager knowledge of the German explorer's plans, and from his own experience of the danger of travel in the district without adequate preparation and caches of food, Stallworthy reported without hesitation his conviction that Dr. Krueger and the members of his party had perished somewhere in the vicinity of Meighen Island, or Isachsen Island, in the winter of 1931-32.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

DUTIES ASHORE AND AFLOAT

IN 1933, THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE COMPLETED sixty years of duty, but, as Commissioner MacBrien explained in his annual report which in this instance covered the eighteen months ending on March 31, 1934, it was not possible to celebrate the occasion, as the Force was fully occupied in the new duties assumed in the previous year. Formal celebrations had therefore been avoided, but the jubilee had been marked by the establishment of a Police Museum at Regina, under the direction of Assistant Commissioner S. T. Wood, and the founding of a magazine, the *Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly*, the first number of which was published in Ottawa in July.

These developments were of interest, but more important was the progress made in the Force's reorganization. In May, 1933, the Police Act was amended and the morale of the Force was strengthened by a clause ordering that in future all fees or prize-money received for police services by any member of the Force, other than pay or salary, should be turned into a trust fund, operated for the benefit of the Police personnel as a whole; and in 1934 a further amendment in the Act provided for the taking into the Force of the Marine Section of 207 officers and men. The section had operated under the Force's control since April 1, 1932, but by the amendment it obtained recognition by Parliament as a constituent part of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Noting that the amendment enabled him to list the personnel of the Marine Section as "Uniformed Members of the Force" instead of "Special Constables," MacBrien mentioned that more than six thousand men had applied to be taken on the Force in the period under review, that 571 had been accepted, and that the strength had risen to a total of 2,504. The "wastage" of strength, which the Commissioner mentioned, included the retirement, after

nearly forty years' service, of Deputy Commissioner T. S. Belcher, who was succeeded by Assistant Commissioner J. W. Spalding, and the death of Inspector L. J. Sampson, "a very gallant, efficient, and capable officer," who was sent from Regina in command of a troop of Police to suppress a riot in Saskatoon on May 8, 1933, was stunned by a stone while the riot was at its height, fell from his horse, and died of the injuries that resulted.

Describing the duties of the Police in the eighteen months, MacBrien emphasized that the work as provincial police and special tasks, such as the enforcement of the Migratory Birds Convention Act,¹ had demanded a sustained effort, but by far the most important work had been the operation of the Preventive Service. "Practically the whole Force, whether on land or in the Marine Section, is engaged in this service," the Commissioner wrote, adding that in the twelve months ending on March 31, 1934, more than six thousand cases under the Customs and Excise Acts had been dealt with. For a number of reasons, the Commissioner decided to report in detail only upon two cases which were outstanding.

Considering that the first of these cases—the smashing of a liquor-smuggling ring in the Province of Quebec—involved months of intricate detective work and a series of synchronized arrests in widely scattered towns and villages, the Commissioner's report in eleven lines of print can hardly be considered "detailed" in the strictest sense of the word, and the reader's imagination must fill in the picture if his understanding of the case is to be even reasonably complete. First of all, he must see the ever-widening sweep of the lower St. Lawrence, with a schooner—she typifies a whole fleet—silhouetted in the cool air of the evening against the crimson glory of the west. Night closes over the scene. The schooner glides into a lonely bay. Fast motorboats appear, or heavy rowboats wallow out from shore. There is a quick transfer of cases and kegs. Then the attending boats make for shore, where, as soon as they arrive, motor trucks roar and disappear into the

¹ By Order in Council of the Government on October 14, 1932, the duty of enforcing the Migratory Birds Convention Act—giving effect in the Dominion to the convention between the governments of Canada and the United States—was assigned to the Mounted Police. In March, 1933, the Act was amended to confer upon all members of the Force the powers that game-wardens required.

night. Dawn glows in the eastern sky; the schooner is slipping out to sea; and her cargo, hidden in barns perhaps a hundred miles from shore, is ready for unlawful distribution.

Had the Mounted Police any knowledge of all this? The smugglers, including the "men higher up," evidently thought not. They had seen a few uniformed constables in the district and had laughed at the way these clean-cut lads could be deceived. The deception was so easy that some of the gang grew careless. Success went a little to their heads. They talked more in public than was wise and sometimes ignored strangers whom chance thrust into their company. They had no knowledge, of course, of Detective Staff-Sergeant F. W. Zaneth of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, that master of languages and disguises. No second sight warned them that Inspector H. A. R. Gagnon in Quebec and Superintendent F. J. Mead in Montreal were silently marshaling the forces of law and order against them. Then the blow fell. Sixty men, including the heads of the ring, were arrested, seven vessels engaged in the illicit traffic were seized, and the lower St. Lawrence, rid for a time of demoralizing bootlegging operations, viewed the scarlet or khaki uniforms of the Mounted Police with a new respect and approbation.

The second outstanding case took place in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Eight miles off the Cape Breton coast, the schooner *Kromhout* sailed over the horizon. She had five thousand gallons of liquor aboard, and Ross Mason, her master, was already counting the profit her cargo would bring. A cruel December wind was whistling in his ears, a wave had just broken over his bow, and his ship was coated with icy spray. Patrol Cruiser *No. 4*, of the Marine Section, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, came into view. Mason watched her approach, grimly read her fluttering order to stop, defiantly disobeyed, changed his course, and plowed a foaming way straight out to sea.

Undoubtedly, Mason thought that the small patrol boat would not dare follow, but the Marine Section of the Mounted Police, trained under Commander Oland and Skipper Lieutenant J. W. Bonner, was made of sterner stuff than he imagined. Without hesitation, *No. 4* took up the chase, gradually overhauled the *Kromhout*, and at a point thirty miles offshore forced the fugitive

schooner to surrender. The capture involved a pretty piece of seamanship and daring, but the Police prize-crew of four men, under First Officer Mackenzie, still had adventures in store, for that night the crew of the *Kromhout* regained control, cut the tow-line to *No. 4*, shook off the Police cruiser's pursuit, and, carrying the prize-crew as prisoners, escaped to the open sea.

It was a bold move and in a previous era it might have been successful, but it was doomed to failure in 1933. Almost before the *Kromhout* had faded into the night, wireless was crackling with the news of her escape, telegraph wires were humming with orders for her seizure, and messages were on their way to the authorities of foreign ports describing her as a fugitive from Canadian justice. Accordingly, when she arrived at St. Pierre next day, French officials seized her, arrested Ross Mason and the crew, and sent word of the capture to the Mounted Police.

Arrogantly confident that by a skillful defense he could escape the penalty of his crimes, Mason waived extradition from St. Pierre, was taken to Halifax aboard the Police cruiser *Fleur de Lis* and there stood trial on three charges: first, of stealing the *Kromhout*—in the eyes of the law he stole the ship when, after a legal seizure, he escaped with her to St. Pierre; second, of stealing the cargo—the same legal definition of stealing applied to the cargo as to the ship; and third—a most serious offense—of obstructing officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the performance of their duty. Bitterly contested—every legal point was fiercely fought—the case ended with the conviction of Mason on all three counts. The conviction and the forfeiture of the *Kromhout* and her cargo by no means ended liquor smuggling in Nova Scotia, but the traffic suffered a heavy blow and was given warning that in the Marine Section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police an effective preventive service was rapidly being developed.

The most notable preventive cases were those in Quebec and Nova Scotia, though the Police cruiser *Adversus* which traveled to Vancouver by the Panama Canal achieved a number of successes in the West. Referring to the work of the Force in the West and North, the Commissioner reported that, traveling in a plane, he had inspected the Force's principal stations and the majority of the remote detachments in the Arctic and the Yukon. Describing

important changes in the Force's organization, MacBrien mentioned that command of the Eastern Arctic, the Western Arctic, and the Mackenzie River district had been assigned to "G" Division, under Superintendent T. H. Irvine, with headquarters in Ottawa. There was a natural affinity between these northern districts, and the Commissioner believed that the unification of their headquarters would greatly increase the efficiency of their administration.

Efficiency and still more efficiency, intensive training of recruits, higher standards of education, increased use of scientific equipment, these were the Force's watchwords in all this period. Concurrently, tremendous strides were made in the process of mechanization. How far the process had advanced is shown by the following table of the Force's transport:

MOTOR TRANSPORT (March 31, 1934)		MARINE SECTION (March 31, 1935)	
Passenger Cars	385	Cruisers	11
Motorcycles	30	Patrol Boats	8
Motor Trucks	19		<u>19</u>
Railway Gas Cars.....	3	Arctic Ship (<i>St. Roch</i>)	1
	<u>437</u>		<u>20</u>
HORSES (March 31, 1934)		DOGS (March 31, 1935)	
Saddle	265		413
Team	26		
	<u>291</u>		

Mechanization was involving departures from many cherished traditions, but the horsemanship of the Police was still of a high order, as was shown in the autumn of 1934 when Superintendent J. M. Tupper and thirty-three other ranks visited the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, New York, and "stole the show," as the newspapers expressed it, with a musical ride which again and again brought the spectators to their feet in great and generous roars of cheers. By reputation, the Force was not unknown in New York—were not these the men who had guarded the President of the United States at Campobello Island the year before, and were they not the men who, serving under the proud motto, *Maintiens le Droit*, had acquired an almost legendary fame?—but

the great American city had never seen a mounted troop of the Police before and it extended a warm-hearted welcome.

As a stimulus to friendly relations between the United States and Canada, the visit of Tupper's trained and disciplined troop to New York was not without value, but more important was a series of conferences between senior officers of the United States Coast Guard and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Charged by the two countries with responsibility for the suppression of smuggling on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the officers arranged for the exchange of information by radio and, when possible, for the "handing over" of the watch on rum-running vessels, which previously, when pursued by a Canadian patrol-boat, had often escaped into United States waters, or had found a refuge in Canadian waters when the pursuing cruiser was American. By March 31, 1935, MacBrien was able to report that these arrangements were working well, that both forces were co-operating loyally, and that as a result of their unified action a ragged hole in the anti-smuggling net on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts had been mended.

Describing the work of his own Marine Section, now under the command of Lieutenant-Commander G. M. Hibbard, R.C.N., who had been appointed a Provisional Superintendent in the Mounted Police, the Commissioner noted that on the Atlantic Coast planes of the Royal Canadian Air Force, under the command of Squadron Leader F. C. Higgins, were still giving help of great value and had in turn been aided by the Department of Marine's new radio station at Shediac, New Brunswick. On the Pacific Coast, where the war on the smuggling of opium continued, two-way communication between planes of the Air Force and boats of the Mounted Police had been established, enabling the Police to patrol the coast more effectively and to secure a number of important convictions.

Mention of convictions is a reminder that in 1935 the Finger Print Section of the Force, under the command of Inspector W. W. Watson, attained its twenty-fifth year. Invaluable from the start—5,554 records were filed and 145 identifications of criminals were made in the first year—the Section had grown by leaps and bounds until in the year of its Silver Jubilee it filed 41,983 records and made 5,766 identifications. In addition, it received photo-

graphs of 22,798 criminals and filed these, ready for reference when required.

Even older than the Finger Print Section of the Force was the Ticket-of-Leave Section, founded in 1899 and commanded in 1935 by Lieutenant-Colonel R. de la B. Girouard. Reporting upon the work of this section, responsible for maintaining a check on all criminals released on ticket-of-leave, MacBrien noted that from 1899 to 1935 the Section had dealt with 27,196 cases.

Filing of finger prints and supervision of criminals on ticket-of-leave were old aspects of the Force's work, but an important amendment to the Criminal Code imposed a new clerical duty upon the Police in 1935 when the registration of all pistols and revolvers in Canada was ordered. The law was explicit; if you owned a pistol or revolver of any kind, you must register it—with full details of the make, caliber, and manufacturer's number—or suffer the penalties provided. Fifty thousand weapons were registered by the Police in the first three months of 1935, and the Commissioner, keenly aware of the part revolvers were playing in modern crime, reported that the law was undoubtedly "a step in the right direction."

Another good step from the Force's point of view was taken in 1934-35 when His Majesty King George V approved the institution of a Royal Canadian Mounted Police Long Service Medal, and distribution of the decoration was made to fifty-eight officers, eighty-eight other ranks, and fifty-eight ex-members of the Force; and to the next of kin of three ex-members who died after the granting of the medals was authorized. Other honors awarded to members of the Force included the appointments of the Commissioner to the rank of Commander, of Superintendent M. H. Vernon and Acting Superintendent V. A. M. Kemp to the rank of Officer, and of four non-commissioned officers to the rank of Serving Brother, in the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. A further recognition of the Force's work, particularly in the North, was afforded by the appointment of Sergeant-Major F. Anderton as a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

The Force was gratified by these awards and was pleased in the following year by a series of honors including the election as a

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of Acting Sergeant H. W. Stallworthy, the award to two hundred members of the Force of the King George V Silver Jubilee Medal, the appointments of Mr. G. T. Hann (Departmental Secretary) and Mr. John Stevens (Chief Accountant) as Members of the Order of the British Empire, and, above all, the elevation of the Commissioner to the rank of Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath. But the chief source of the unit's satisfaction lay, as always, in the nature of the work it had accomplished.

Interesting as an example of how constables of the Force were applying modern methods of crime detection was the action of Constable Albert Batts, of the detachment at Gleichen, Alberta, when a resident complained of a theft from his granary. Grain is one of the most difficult commodities to trace, but the thieves in this instance had turned and backed their six-wheeled truck over a patch of muddy soil, leaving a clear imprint of their tires, and upon this clue—the only one available—Batts set to work.

First of all, he identified the make of the tires and, from the fact that all were new, was certain that only four trucks in the district could have made the tracks. Within a few hours, he had visited the owners of the trucks, two of whom had incontrovertible alibis and the others alibis, apparently valid, but not supported by disinterested witnesses. Returning to the granary, Batts made plaster casts of the tracks in the mud and found that the four rear tires of the thieves' truck, though identical in make and type, were so placed in relation to one another that, unless the thieves changed tires on *both* sides of their truck, the machine could quickly be identified if it could be found. As a negative result of this work, the two truck-owners in the district with imperfect alibis were at once cleared of suspicion, which would alone have made the taking of the casts worth while.

But negative results failed to satisfy Batts who continued his search and, it seems, explained the mystery of the plaster casts to his schoolboy son. A month passed. Then one day the boy, on his way from school, saw a truck loaded with grain pounding over the muddy road to Calgary, examined the tire tracks—they corresponded with the tracks in the plaster casts—and hurried to tell his father the exciting news. Overtaking the truck—after making sure

that his son's identification of the tracks was correct—Batts arrested Frank Bleier and Fritz von Allman who, when confronted by the evidence of the tell-tale tires, confessed to a series of grain thefts, including the theft at Gleichen, and were sentenced to terms in the penitentiary.

Contrasting with this case, in which success was largely due to the work of one constable, was a series of elaborate cases in the Province of Quebec where the wealthy promoters of a liquor smuggling ring were brought to trial, and an effective blow was struck at a gang of dealers in narcotic drugs. In the most dramatic of these cases, Pincus Brecher was extradited from the United States and brought to trial in Montreal before Mr. Justice L. J. Loranger. Sensation after sensation followed, as the Police filed their damning exhibits, marshaled half a hundred witnesses, and exposed the depths of human degradation for which the accused and his confederates were responsible. Coldly, mercilessly, the web of proof was woven, and for Brecher there was little hope of escape. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the last hope seemed to disappear, but within half an hour Brecher, dead by suicide, proved that a long penitentiary sentence could sometimes be avoided.

Suicide as a means of escape from the law was also resorted to by Peter Winters who, with Ephraim Kort, robbed a branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Ashern, Manitoba. When set upon by citizens, under the leadership of the bank manager, the robbers fled in a sleigh after an exchange of shots in which one bystander was wounded. By nightfall the bandits had shaken off the first pursuit, but a Mounted Police constable from Eriksdale and three Ashern volunteers took up the chase, followed the robbers into heavily wooded country to the northeast, and forced them to abandon their sleigh and take to the bush on foot. In the darkness, the trail in the frozen woods was soon lost, but next morning a sergeant and two constables arrived from Winnipeg and the search in the woods was continued. No success was gained at first, but next day the trail of the robbers was picked up west of Moosehorn and was followed to a small country store. Placing his men so as to cut off escape by the doors and windows, the sergeant

walked in, and was told that the men he wanted were hiding in a loft which could be reached only by a trap-door in the ceiling.

To climb into the loft in the face of the opposition to be expected took courage, but the sergeant made the attempt. As his head pushed through the trap-door, a shot cracked in the gloomy loft, and the sergeant quickly dropped back into the store. But the shot was not for him. There was a tense silence, then a frightened voice—it was Kort's—called out from above:

“You had better come up, Pete’s shot himself.”

Climbing into the loft, the sergeant and a constable found Winters lying dead, and Kort—there was no fight in him now—standing by. Bank of Commerce bills were found in the pockets of both men, and it was clear, with the arrest of Kort, which was made at once, that the case of the Ashern bank robbery was ended.



AT THE MOUTH OF THE MACKENZIE

A boat of the Arctic patrol.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

NOTABLE CASES

SEVEN MILLION MILES OF TRAVEL OVER HIGHWAYS, DIRT ROADS, and city streets was the aggregate compiled by the motor cars of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the year ending March 31, 1936, a period marked by a number of cases as grim as any in the sixty-three years of the Force's history. Though lacking the dramatic elements of the memorable man-hunts for Almighty Voice, Charcoal, and Albert Johnson, the case of the three young Doukhobors, Joe Posnikoff, Pete Woiken, and John Kalmakoff, wrote a bloody page in the annals of the Police and in those of the intractable Doukhobor community.

So far as the Mounted Police were concerned, the prologue of this tragedy took place at midnight on September 28, 1935, when Municipal Constable William Wainwright reported to the Swan River detachment that two masked men had held up a general store at Benito, Manitoba, had beaten the proprietor, and, when interrupted, had escaped in an old motor car without effecting the robbery they had attempted. Six nights later, Wainwright saw a car corresponding to the one the bandits had used, and sent to Swan River for Constable J. G. Shaw. As the car had no license plates, Shaw and Wainwright questioned the occupants, Posnikoff, Woiken, and Kalmakoff, and allowed them to go when they promised to report back and answer the charge of driving without plates next day.

Apparently at this stage, Shaw and Wainwright realized they had made a mistake in letting the men go and tried to rectify the error by chasing the unlicensed car in the Police car from Swan River. Nothing more was seen or heard of the two constables until the morning of October 7, when they were found murdered in a field near Arran, Saskatchewan, where the Doukhobors lived. Simultaneously, the Police learned that Posnikoff,

Woiken, and Kalmakoff had been seen in a car with a Manitoba license—presumably the Police car from Swan River—driving furiously to the west.

That night a garage-man at Exshaw, Alberta, who had picked up a radio description of the murderers, notified the Canmore detachment of the Mounted Police that he had just serviced a Manitoba-licensed car and had gathered from the three occupants, whom he had identified as the wanted Doukhobors, that they were heading toward Banff National Park. When this report was forwarded to the Banff detachment, Sergeant T. S. Wallace and three constables intercepted the bandit car and were met by a blaze of revolver fire which fatally wounded the sergeant and Constable G. C. Harrison. Joe Posnikoff was killed by the return fire of Constable G. E. Coombe, but Woiken and Kalmakoff escaped until the following morning when they were tracked down by a party of Police and volunteers and were fatally wounded by the accurate shooting of Warden William Neish.

By the deaths of Wallace, Shaw, and Harrison the Force's honor roll for 1935 was increased to four, for earlier in the year Corporal M. Moriarty had been shot while attempting to serve a summons on David S. Knox, a farmer living near Rosebud, Alberta. Perhaps no more pathetic case than that of Knox is listed in the Force's annals; certainly sympathy for the murderer as well as for the non-commissioned officer he killed was in this instance possible, even justified.

A Great War veteran, unbalanced by wounds—there were fragments of metal in his brain—Knox had flourished a revolver when a bailiff was sent to evict him from his farm and, it would seem, had determined to defend his property by force. Knowing what had happened, but expecting no serious trouble, Corporal Moriarty and Constable A. R. Allen drove to the Knox farm to serve a summons for opposing the bailiff, and Moriarty, jumping out of the Police car, opened the gate to let Allen drive through. As he did so, Knox appeared and opened fire, and Moriarty fell with a bullet in the back. Allen returned the fire and tried to drag Moriarty into cover, but, finding that the corporal was dead, he left the body where it lay and hurried to the nearest telephone to call for help.

Answering the call, Staff-Sergeant Skelton and a party of Police from Drumheller drove to the farm and cautiously closed in on the granary where, as was proved by persistent fire, Knox had taken refuge. In an effort to escape the return fire, or so it at first appeared, Knox crawled into a narrow space between the granary and a straw-stack, where he was momentarily sighted by Constable R. C. Fenn who, a few moments later, drove a Police car straight at the spot where he had appeared. Fenn's thunderbolt struck or at least grazed him and there was no sign of life after the car had passed, but a subsequent examination of the body indicated that Knox had committed suicide before Fenn reached him. Convinced on this point, it would seem, a coroner's jury brought in a verdict that the demented farmer had died by his own hand.

Tragic as were the cases of the Doukhobor trio and David Knox, with the sacrifice of life involved, they were surpassed in horror by the Bannister, or Doll-Baby, murder case in New Brunswick. Briefly, this case opened when Mrs. May Bannister, living near Berry's Mills, decided to blackmail men with whom she had been familiar by pretending she was the mother of an illegitimate child. To convince each frightened "father" that a child for which he was responsible had indeed been born, the woman used a large doll and succeeded for a time in creating the impression she desired. But the doll would not permit of a close inspection and, with certain of the "fathers" becoming suspicious, a live baby to maintain the deceptions was urgently required. In these circumstances, the Bannister woman cast a calculating eye on Elizabeth Anne, the baby daughter of Philip Lake and his wife, Bertha Ring, who lived near Pacific Junction, not far away.

Determined to get possession of the Lake baby, May Bannister enlisted the help of her sons, Arthur and Daniel, aged eighteen and twenty years respectively, and also that of her fifteen-year-old daughter, Frances. On the night of January 5, 1936, after a previous attempt had failed, Arthur Bannister entered the Lake house, shot and killed Philip Lake, kidnaped the baby which was given to Frances to take home, and, helped by Daniel, set the house on fire in a desperate effort to hide the crime. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lake, carrying Jackie, her twenty-months-old son, fled terri-

fied in her night clothes down what was known as the Ballast Pit Road. Realizing that her evidence would hang them if she escaped, the Bannisters lumbered after her, caught her, and beat her to death. Jackie, who fell from her arms, was left where he lay and soon froze to death.

When the burned house and the dead bodies were discovered next morning, the Mounted Police from Moncton, under Inspector J. D. Bird, took charge of the case, and by the next day they had carried the investigation to a point where the arrest of Arthur Bannister on the charge of murder was considered to be justified. On January 9, Daniel Bannister was arrested on the same charge; on the 10th the Bannister woman was charged with kidnaping, and her daughters, Frances and Marie, were held as material witnesses.

It would be tedious to describe the trials and appeals that followed—the Bannister brothers eventually were hanged and May Bannister was sent to the penitentiary—but certain decisions of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in the case of Arthur Bannister are deserving of special mention. The defense, for example, argued that photographs of the bodies of the victims had been improperly admitted as exhibits at the trial, but the court ruled that the photographs constituted legitimate evidence and that there was no impropriety in their introduction. Rejecting further pleas of the defense, the court stated that proof of the presence of the accused with a rifle at the scene of the crime constituted direct, not circumstantial, evidence of guilt; that newspaper comments prejudicial to the accused, though deplorable, did not constitute a valid ground for appeal; and that the trial judge had not erred in sternly pointing out to the jury that, in Canadian law, a homicide committed during an attempt at kidnaping must be classified as murder, not as manslaughter.

Perhaps nothing in the 1935-36 report illustrated the infinite variety of the Force's work as forcibly as the fact that the story of the sordid Bannister case was followed immediately by a description of the recovery of objects of historical interest from the wreck, submerged off the mouth of the Restigouche River since 1760, of the armed French vessel *Bienfaisant*. Rumors having spread that unauthorized salvage work was being attempted—ef-

forts of this nature had been made for 150 years—the Mounted Police of the Fredericton Division, under the orders of Acting Superintendent E. C. P. Salt, sent a detachment to guard the wreck and to undertake salvage work of a simple type. Powder flasks, cannon balls, and similar objects were recovered in this way and, in accordance with the Government's instructions, were turned over for display to the town of Campbellton, to Dr. J. C. Webster, of Shediac, N. B., and to the curator of the New Brunswick Provincial Museum at Saint John.

Antiquarians and historians joined in commending the Police for the salvage operations off the Restigouche, but to animal lovers nothing in the Commissioner's report was as interesting as the references of Assistant Commissioner H. M. Newson, of the Alberta Division, to the remarkable work of the Alsatian shepherd dog, Dale. Previously owned by Sergeant Cawsey, Dale "joined the Force" in 1935 and took part in a number of the Alberta Division's notable cases. From the humanitarian point of view, the dog's outstanding feat was the finding, after search parties of neighbors had failed, of Eileen Simpson, aged two and one-half years, who wandered away from home and was lost for more than twenty-four hours, but in other efforts the dog's successes were equally spectacular.

There was, for example, the night when the home of a farmer at Crossfield was shaken by an explosion in the basement, touched off, as investigation revealed, by someone who had left an old suit of gasoline-soaked underwear to bear witness to the crime. The farmer could not think of anyone with a grudge against him, but Dale, despite the gasoline, picked up the human scent on the underwear and led the Police to the owner, an insane man who was promptly committed to an asylum. In another case, Dale was brought to a city house where two rolls of wire netting had been stolen, followed the scent of the thief for thirteen blocks, found the stolen wire, and helped the Police to identify the thief who was sentenced to a term in jail.

Still more spectacular was Dale's work on a summer night when a patrol from Calgary found Arthur Johnson in a ditched automobile piled with goods which presumably had been stolen. Johnson denied that he owned the car, and Dale, ordered to follow

tracks into the nearby fields, ran down Thomas Muske, who was at once arrested. Returning to the ditched car with the prisoner, who was subsequently convicted, the Police sent Dale out over Muske's back trail, and five times the dog came back with articles the man had thrown away or dropped. Dale's ability to find small objects was again demonstrated when a woman on relief at Forest-lawn reported to the Police the loss of her purse containing eight dollars and a few cents in cash. Her gratitude when Dale was sent over her back trail and found the purse was touching, and Dale, if a dog's signs of delight can be trusted, seemed to realize that his work in this case was more than usually worth while.

These cases provided a feature of the Force's work in Western Canada in this period, but far more important were events in Regina on the night of July 1 when, on the orders of the Dominion Government, two thousand rioting relief camp strikers from British Columbia were forced by the Mounted Police and local constables to abandon a communist-inspired march whose slogan was "On to Ottawa." Detective Miller of the Regina municipal police was killed in the riot and many others were injured, but approximately one hundred of the mob were arrested and the remainder were forced to realize that their march, with the inevitable terrorization of towns and villages on the way, would not be permitted to continue. In addition to the serious unrest to which the Regina riot bore witness, the period was marked by agitation among the Doukhobor Sons of Freedom who were urged to sell their properties in Saskatchewan and prepare to assemble in British Columbia whence, after a series of demonstrations on a monster scale, a migration from Canada to some new land of promise—Uruguay was mentioned—would be undertaken. The better elements among the Doukhobors—the existence of a sane element must never be forgotten when the aberrations of fanatics are mentioned—were completely disinterested in the agitators' plans, but the unrest among the minority became acute and gave the Mounted Police, who knew how violent Doukhobor outbursts could be, weeks of deep anxiety.

As in other years, however, more hours of anxious watching and patrolling were spent by members of the Force in the conduct of the Preventive Service than in any other duty. Referring

to this work in his report, Sir James MacBrien noted that charges of "conspiracy to defraud the revenues" had proved an effective weapon in the warfare on the large, well-organized rum-running gangs, six of which had been disrupted by the conviction of thirty-one persons, with fines aggregating more than thirty thousand dollars and prison sentences, optional or mandatory, totaling twenty-three years. Such sentences were badly needed to offset the persistency of the gangs which, on the Atlantic Coast, had completely modernized their tactics since 1932. Now, instead of schooners, only a few of which had auxiliary engines, the gangs were using fast motorboats, equipped with high frequency wireless sets, communicating with secret stations ashore. The capture of such vessels provided problems differing radically from those the Force had encountered only a few years before, but, from the seizures the Commissioner was able to report, it was clear that the Marine Section was grappling with the new problems effectively.

Quoting Superintendent M. H. Vernon, Chief Preventive Officer, the Commissioner emphasized that the work of the Marine Section was important but that fully as valuable was the work of the Police along the international border and at points in Canada where alcohol was secretly distilled. Included in the cases illustrating this point were the Pont Rouge conspiracy case, involving the smuggling into Canada in freight cars of American alcohol billed as paper; the Camille Deur case in which the liquor was smuggled in airplanes; and the Paul Comte case in which charges were laid against three persons for selling liquor in Montreal. Convictions were secured in these cases, but in several even more important instances Superintendent Vernon regretfully reported that conspiracy charges had failed and the conspirators, at least temporarily, had escaped the punishment that seemed to be their due.

Throughout the Force's existence, officers and men had maintained friendly relations with the police forces of the United States, and in many of the border cases in this period the close co-operation that both countries fostered bore excellent fruit. Illustrating this, the Commissioner cited an instance in which two United States officers followed in the snow tracks of several cars

which, apparently for no good purpose, crossed the Canadian border and lurched over almost impassable roads to a lonely farm near Lacolle in the Province of Quebec. News of these cars was relayed to the Mounted Police who raided the farm and seized eight hundred and fifty gallons of smuggled American alcohol. Returning the compliment, the Mounted Police notified American authorities when a supply of butter-cartons with forged American labels was seized in Ontario. The labels were obviously printed to aid the smuggling of Canadian butter into the United States, and the information regarding them enabled American customs officials to take the preventive measures required.

As a rule, the preventive work of the Force was carried out with a minimum use of firearms, but sometimes rifle or revolver fire was required to enforce the law and casualties resulted. Such a case took place off Cross Island, Nova Scotia, on a night in May when Skipper J. C. Kelly, without being sighted, cleverly maneuvered the patrol boat *Acadian* to within forty feet of the *Lucky Peggy* and two other rum-smuggling boats, which were engaged in a transfer of cargo. Surprised, the rum-runners tried to escape, and fire was opened by the *Acadian* upon the *Lucky Peggy*, which ignored Kelly's order to heave to. After three minutes' chase, the *Lucky Peggy* stopped, and the Police found that William Tanner, one of her two-man crew, had been killed by the ricochet of a bullet from a rum-keg on her deck. Mindful of the rights of the subject, the authorities ashore laid a charge of manslaughter against Skipper Kelly, but the Grand Jury found "no bill" and ruled that the fire which killed Tanner had been justified.

From these incidents, chosen almost at random, an impression may be gained of the Force's work in the years immediately past, of the problems with which the unit had to deal, of the manner in which these problems were met, of the never-ending efforts to promote efficiency, and of the pride which formed the basis of the unit's high morale. There remains to be described the Force of the present day, the Force which, as these lines are written, is grappling in Canada with organized crime, with rum-running, drug-peddling, murder, arson, theft, robbery, counterfeiting, and forgery; the Force whose patrols are still pushing to far objectives over the frozen routes of the lonely North, whose horsemen

are still riding remote prairie and woodland trails, whose canoe-men are still traveling distant rivers and streams, whose marine patrols furrow the waters of three oceans. Years ago, the duties of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were said to be more varied than those of any other police force in the world. Recent developments suggest that the old-time classification of the Force's work is more than ever justified.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

POLICE DUTIES, 1936-37

IN THE YEAR ENDING ON MARCH 31, 1937, NO NEW DUTIES OF major importance were assumed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, no recruits were enlisted, and, as the result of economies ordered by Parliament, the strength of the Force was reduced slightly to a total of 2,573, but the year as a whole may nevertheless be counted as one of notable progress. Of primary importance were the agreements for the Force to continue to act as provincial police in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The original agreements, expiring on May 31, 1935, had in the interim been extended on an annual basis, but by the new arrangements a continuity of the Police effort was assured for some years with a resulting stimulus to the Force and great advantage to the provinces concerned.

Next in importance to the agreements with the provinces was the action of Parliament in amending the Police Act and authorizing the training for three months in each year of three hundred men who, subsequent to, or in the course of their training, might be absorbed into the main body of the Force if required. The need for such a reserve had long been realized at Police Headquarters and steps to expedite its formation were taken as soon as Parliament had granted the permission required. As a result, the first reservists—carefully chosen groups of stalwart young men—entered upon their training in the summer of 1937.

Before this, a notable milestone in the history of the Force had been reached when, in October, Headquarters had moved from the cramped offices previously occupied into the new Justice Building in Ottawa. Handsome in appearance, the new building had been designed with special consideration of the Force's needs and with adequate provision for the laboratories required in the scientific investigation of crime. Reporting upon the new quarters, offi-

cers of the technical and administrative branches wrote of their satisfaction and of their belief that the better accommodation would greatly increase the efficiency of their personnel.

Some months after the Justice Building was occupied, a new enterprise was undertaken by the Force which, for the benefit of all police forces in the Canadian West, published the *Royal Canadian Mounted Police Gazette*. Appearing on March 3, 1937, with an estimated circulation of 450 copies, the paper received a warm professional welcome and it was at once obvious that a much larger circulation was required. Included in the contents were descriptions and photographs of persons wanted, details of stolen cars, descriptions of missing persons, notices of the deaths or movements of notorious criminals, and other items of concern to the Police detachments and to the chiefs of municipal forces, a number of whom reported that, almost at once, the publication had proved its value.

At the time when the first issue of the *Gazette* appeared, the clerical staff of Royal Canadian Mounted Police Headquarters were preparing a detailed statement of the Force's strength and distribution for inclusion in Sir James MacBrien's annual report. As previously mentioned, the strength had dropped to 2,573 officers and men, who were shown to be using 209 horses, 397 dogs, 512 motor vehicles, twenty-three cruisers and patrol boats, the Arctic cruiser *St. Roch*, and an undetermined number of small craft of all descriptions. The distribution of the Force throughout the provinces was as follows:

PROVINCE	DIVISION	NUMBER OF DETACHMENTS
Prince Edward Island	"L"	6
Nova Scotia	"H"	37
New Brunswick	"J"	33
Quebec	"C"	25
Ontario	"A," "N," & "O"	27
Manitoba	"D"	55
Saskatchewan	"F" & "Depot"	98
Alberta	"K"	96
British Columbia	"E"	15
Yukon	"B"	11
North-West Territories	"G"	21
	<hr/> 14	<hr/> 424

If the special branches and the divisions shown above are considered, an impression of the Force's work in the 1936-37 period may be gained. In Ottawa, the Criminal Investigation Branch, under the command of Assistant Commissioner S. T. Wood, found that the long-cherished dream of an up-to-date laboratory with the necessary equipment for scientific research and teaching, was approaching realization as a result of the move into the Justice Building and the provision of necessary funds. Meanwhile, the Branch had accomplished work of a creditable order, had taken steps to improve the Force's photographic technique, and had introduced new methods of scientific training. Striving for similarly increased efficiency, the Adjutant's Department under Superintendent V. A. M. Kemp had studied methods to improve the records of personnel, and the Supply Department under Assistant Commissioner C. D. La Nauze had supervised the storage and issue of more than 160 tons of uniform and equipment, including an improved baton for general use and new waterproof slickers, approved after careful tests in the laboratories of the National Research Council.

The work of these sections and others—the Fingerprint Bureaus, the Ticket-of-Leave Section, the Secretariat—was vital, but the interest of the public was centered, as always, in the work of the Force in the field, and particularly in this period in the Preventive Service, which, under the command of Superintendent E. W. Bavin, made more than three thousand seizures, supplied the evidence upon which nearly twenty-four hundred persons were convicted, and was responsible for the imposition by the courts of fines totaling more than a quarter of a million dollars. Summarizing the work, Bavin reported that charges of "conspiracy to defraud the revenue" were still proving of value in organized smuggling and bootlegging cases, as the "men higher up" seldom took a physical part in the operations of their gangs and, if not drawn into the net by the "conspiracy" method, easily avoided the penalties for smuggling or distilling that the Customs and Excise Acts provided. In British Columbia, Bavin added, ordinary smuggling on a commercial scale had been reduced to a minimum, but narcotic smugglers were still giving trouble; on the prairies, the operations of organized gangs of any kind were negligible;



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE MARINE SECTION, 1936

The launching at Quebec of the Police cruisers *Macdonald* and *Laurier*.

but in eastern Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces, rum-runners and bootleggers were giving the Police a harder fight than most of the people of the country imagined.

To offset the modern craft employed by the smuggling gangs on the Atlantic Coast, Lieutenant-Commander Charles Stephen, Technical Adviser of the Marine Section, reported that the obsolete Police cruisers, *Bayhound* and *Preventor*, had been replaced by the fast new ships, *Macdonald* and *Laurier*, that a costly motorboat, seized from a rum-running gang, had been placed in commission as the R.C.M.P. boat *Beaver*, and that two sixty-four-foot speedboats, specially designed for preventive work, were being constructed. Proving the efficiency of the new boats, Stephen noted that the *Laurier* had already patrolled for more than fifteen thousand miles, at one-half the cost of the *Bayhound* or the *Preventor*.

If anyone should doubt the Force's need of the new ships, the reports of the officers commanding the Police divisions on the Atlantic Coast would prove convincing. There would be, for example, the report of Inspector J. Fripps, commanding "L" Division, with headquarters at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. After noting that his men were troubled by little serious crime ashore—their chief work lay in the supervision of traffic, in the prevention of stealing from fox ranches, and in the enforcement of the Migratory Birds Convention Act—Fripps reported that excellent work in the fight against smugglers had been performed by the crews of the patrol boats, *Islander*, *Alarm*, *Alert*, and *Alachasse*, but that time and time again, notably in the case of the motorboat *Liberty*, eventually captured by the *Alachasse*, fast smuggling vessels, when approached by the slower Police craft, had escaped seizure with contemptuous ease.

Had it not been for the operations of rum-runners, Assistant Commissioner M. H. Vernon, commanding "H" Division, Halifax, might have reported that in Nova Scotia also there was a minimum of serious crime. He did report, for the second year in succession, that no premeditated murder had been committed in the province, but smugglers were as active as ever. Rum, he noted, was the basis of their trade, rum and spirits of all kinds, but chiefly rum which, in the Maritime Provinces, never lacked a market. Fourteen ships with rum or spirits aboard had been seized,

forty-five motor trucks and more than sixteen thousand gallons of liquor had been confiscated, but still the flow continued. There had been the seizure of the motor ship *Mudathalapadu* with thirty-five hundred gallons of alcohol aboard; the seizure of the *Lenarfish*, with five hundred kegs of rum; and the discovery of five hundred gallons of spirits in the false basement of a house at Sydney Mines. There were seizures of more than a thousand gallons of rum in desolate country near Blind Bay, of six hundred gallons buried in the sand at Point Aconi, of fifteen hundred gallons in a cave at Gabarus Bay, and of more than three thousand gallons at Portauquique wharf. Arrests in many of these and other cases had been made and a satisfactory percentage of convictions had been secured, but from day to day and month to month the efforts of the smugglers continued.

The Police of "J" Division, Fredericton, under the command of Superintendent W. V. Bruce, found that in New Brunswick, also, preventive work was never-ending, but here the fight was less intense and, side by side with the list of seizures and crimes, the commanding officer included in his report details of other duties the Police had accomplished. Deserving special mention, Bruce considered, were the patrols which protected game birds on the Saint John River during the period of migration, and also the work of the Shippegan detachment in recovering a cannon carried off by vandals from an old wreck at Inkerman. No one could state definitely when the wreck had taken place, or identify the vessel the shifting sands had revealed, but old men of the district, recalling a legend passed down to them by their fathers and grandfathers, believed that the ship had stranded more than two hundred years before.

In the hunting season, as Assistant Commissioner F. J. Mead reported, the protection of migratory birds was a feature of the work of "C" Division, Montreal, and patrols were carried out on the Canadian end of Lake Champlain in the outboard motorboat *Miss Windsor*. But more arduous and eventful were the anti-smuggling patrols on the St. Lawrence of the fast cruiser *Interceptor*, based at Matane, the *Madawaska*, based at Rimouski, the *Fernand Rinfret*, patrolling from Quebec, the *Advance*, in charge of the waters near Ste. Anne des Monts, and the *Greavette*, based

at Montreal. Aware that a number of well-financed gangs had made arrangements in the winter to operate as soon as navigation opened, Mead launched a counter-offensive by land and water in the spring and by midsummer had disrupted the gangs completely. Inspecting in the autumn, he found that his men had driven the price of smuggled liquor sky-high, and before the season ended he was able to report that "not a speedboat built for smuggling operations remained uncaptured in 'C' Division area."

But the capture of the speedboats did not solve Mead's liquor problems, for in the Province of Quebec alcohol was as popular as rum, and bootleggers, with secret distilleries as their sources of supply, were as active and troublesome as the rum-running fraternity afloat. Taking action against these gangs after evidence had laboriously been gathered, the Police seized a large still outside Montreal and arrested eight members of the gang operating it, including the leader, a hyphenated American who paid his own fine but let his gangsters serve terms in jail and face the certainty of subsequent deportation.

Some months later, the Police tracked down and seized three even more elaborate stills, one in Montreal, one camouflaged as a coal-yard in suburban Outremont, and one cleverly hidden in a house in Montreal West. Still later, another suburban still was seized, and the chief operator, an Italian from New York, was fined and sentenced to jail, a procedure he considered grossly unfair, as he had trustingly paid a disgraced ex-constable of the Force for "protection."

Rum-runners, bootleggers, and counterfeiters were dealt with by the Police of "C" Division, who continued meanwhile to search out diligently the smugglers and vendors of narcotic drugs. As a result of work in previous years, the drug situation in Montreal was much improved, but the Police knew that the change for the better would continue only if vigilance was never ceasing. A careful watch of incoming vessels was therefore maintained and resulted in the arrest of a ship's steward who was found to be concealing more than fourteen pounds of Iranian opium. No seizure of this type of opium had been made in Canada before and the Police had reason to believe, as a result of the penitentiary sentence the smuggler received, that plans for an extensive dis-

tribution of the Iranian drug in Canada had been nipped in the bud.

In Ottawa, where "A" and "N" Divisions were stationed under the command respectively of Assistant Commissioner C. H. King and Superintendent J. M. Tupper, few criminal cases of major importance were listed, but "A" Division carried out a heavy schedule of duties in policing the public parks, in guarding Government buildings, and in conducting the daily fire inspections these buildings required. Equally continuous was the training work of "N" Division which, with forty horses on the strength, conducted courses in equitation and provided instructional classes for Police from five divisions of the Force, yet found time to drill the troops permitted by the Commissioner to present musical rides at the Military Tattoo in Ottawa and the autumn Horse Show in New York.

Sometimes, as on the occasions of the musical rides, the Police appeared in scarlet jackets and gleaming equipment, but, like the navy in time of war, much of the Force's most effective work was silent and unobtrusive. Scarlet jackets, for example, would not have helped "O" Division, Toronto, under the command of Superintendent E. A. Reames and later Superintendent R. E. Mercer, to investigate the activities of the Communist Party of Canada, which demonstrated surprising strength in a May Day parade and rally and was known to be secretly enlisting aid for the government side in the civil war in Spain. Similarly, it was not in scarlet uniform that the Police tracked down and shattered a powerful gang engaged in smuggling stolen motor cars into Canada from Detroit, seized at different points in Ontario a number of illicit stills, arrested certain Chinese vendors of opium, or disrupted gangs engaged in smuggling American jewelry and cigarettes.

On the other hand, uniform was appropriate when, following the entry into Canada of the Committee for Industrial Organization and the strike of automobile workers at Oshawa that resulted, the Prime Minister of Ontario asked that the Police in Toronto be reinforced until the danger of rioting in Oshawa had passed. At the request of the Prime Minister, the reinforcements supplied were soon withdrawn, but their prompt arrival served notice on

all concerned that the Force was ready to serve in the support of constituted authority if need should arise.

Meanwhile, under the command of Assistant Commissioner T. Dann, the officers and men of "D" Division, Winnipeg, were employed in varied duties throughout Manitoba. Three murders were committed in the province in the year and all were solved; two branches of the Royal Bank of Canada were held up and the principals in the robberies were arrested; and by a series of night patrols rural burglaries and crime were held to a minimum. Bootlegging, as always, was a difficult problem to deal with, but four large stills, with a total capacity of more than five thousand gallons, were seized, together with a number of smaller stills. In the anti-narcotic campaign, too, the division achieved notable successes and deserved the public tribute of Mr. Justice Montague, who said, "The country is fortunate in having an agency like the Mounted Police" to deal with this class of crime.

Resembling the work in Manitoba in many respects was the work carried out by "F" Division, Regina, which under the command of Assistant Commissioner D. Ryan was responsible for the policing of Saskatchewan. Perhaps the most interesting case in the division's area opened on the morning of October 20, 1936, when Constable J. E. Williams was called to the village of Laird to arrest a man giving the name of George White. Accompanied by two rural officers, Williams made the arrest and searched the prisoner who pulled a gun, shot Williams in the face, and forced him, with the rural officials, into a cell in the town hall. Locking the cell with a key he had seized, White escaped, but soon his victims were released, and Williams, though nearly unconscious from loss of blood, managed to report by phone to Inspector F. W. Schutz at Prince Albert.

Once the alarm was sounded the Police quickly closed in on Laird, and early in the afternoon Constable T. S. Guthrie discovered White hidden in a haystack outside the town. But White was not taken by surprise. He had seen Guthrie coming and he tumbled out of his hiding place with his gun in his hand. To make sure of his aim, he delayed his shot and the delay was fatal. For Sergeant E. J. DesRosiers, who was approaching, shouted to Guthrie to fire, and Guthrie, obeying the order, killed White with

a bullet in the head. In one sense, Guthrie's shot ended the case, but the Police were uncertain about the dead man's true identity and, seeking information, circulated a description of his physical characteristics and appearance. Three months later, Constable P. E. Hughes reported that the description seemed to fit Henry Hoppke who had served a term for theft in Prince Albert jail in 1934. A comparison of Hoppke's fingerprints and those taken from the body of the dead "George White" proved that Hughes was right and solved completely the perplexing features of the crime at Laird.

Sharing public interest with the Hoppke case and showing the determination of the authorities to protect all who traveled on lawful errands on the King's highways was a case in the Warman district. Driving home from Saskatoon over a lonely road on a night in September, a farmer was stopped by two armed men who robbed him, bundled him roughly to the side of the road, and drove off with his team of horses. Making his way to the nearest phone on foot, much faster than his attackers had expected, the farmer reported the theft to the Police of the Saskatoon detachment, who tracked down and arrested the robbers that night. Later the two men and an accomplice were charged with the hold-up, convicted, and sentenced to three years each in the penitentiary with eight lashes each for the two principal offenders and five lashes for their accomplice.

In describing the work of the Police in Saskatchewan, reference must be made to the Depot Division which under the command of Superintendent C. H. Hill, M.C., conducted the Force's training center at Regina. Here, the reorganized Mounted Section, with a strength of three officers and eighty-seven men, was training vigorously, in equitation, troop and squadron drill, truncheon drill, the care of horses, and the tactics required to deal with street riots and demonstrations. A feature of the work was the training of the horses, to accustom them to crowds, to unexpected rifle or revolver fire, to sudden cheering or booing and yells, in short, to all the startling sounds that riots or more friendly demonstrations might occasion. Other features of the division's work included refresher courses in normal Police routine for the squads of men back from duty in the North and similar courses for other

squads, with instruction in such varied subjects as physical training, jiu-jitsu, boxing, musketry, revolver fire, court procedure, post-mortem examinations, fingerprints, map reading and compiling, handwriting, dust analysis, counterfeiting methods, police dogs, riot duties, and the photography of the scenes of accidents or crimes.

Contributing to the success of the equitation courses were many hours spent in the preparation of musical rides. Only two men of those who had previously been trained for the rides remained at the Depot in 1936, yet rides of which any crack cavalry regiment might have been proud were presented in the autumn at Regina, and, by special permission, at St. Louis, Missouri, and Omaha, Nebraska. Thanking the Police for their participation, the manager of the Omaha performance wrote that congratulations had poured in upon him from all parts of the American Middle West, many of the spectators stating in effect that the ride had more than repaid them for the long journeys they had made to witness it.

The musical ride squads were drilled intensively, but training even more exacting became the order of the day when on March 1, 1937, thirty-eight members of the Force, chosen for meritorious service from all divisions, assembled at Regina under the command of Assistant Commissioner S. T. Wood to undergo six weeks of training to represent the unit at the coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. As no other mounted troops were being sent to the coronation by Canada, the Police were conscious of their responsibility and trained steadily until men and horses had achieved the perfection in their work which, even amid the magnificence of the coronation procession, impressed itself upon the spectators and drew a roar of excited cheers.

Meanwhile, as the training of the coronation troop progressed, Assistant Commissioner H. M. Newson and the officers and men of "K" Division, Edmonton, were concluding a year of effective work in Alberta. Reporting upon the effort, Newson noted among other items that 234 convictions had been secured under the Excise Act, that 106 had been secured for cattle-stealing, 126 for thefts of grain, and four for safe-blowing, the last an unsatisfactory total, as twenty-seven offenses of this kind had been reported. Of 12 murder cases in the period, all had been solved, including the

case of the maniac, Carl Schvetz, whose slaughter on November 15 at Tieland of three men, a woman, and a baby, and whose subsequent suicide, constituted as wholesale a crime as the Edmonton Division had ever dealt with.

Beyond Alberta to the west, "E" Division, with headquarters in Vancouver, was meanwhile fighting staunchly in the anti-narcotic war with a notable measure of success. Under the command of Assistant Commissioner R. L. Cadiz, a series of opium smuggling and selling cases was completed; and the increasing severity of punishment that drug-traffickers might expect was shown in the case of Mike Punok who, when convicted of selling opium, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary and five lashes, with a fine of five hundred dollars to boot. Particularly praising Sergeant Wilson, who was in direct charge of the anti-narcotic work, Mr. Justice A. M. Mason at the conclusion of the Fall Assize commended the manner in which the Police cases had been brought before him and voiced the pride that many Canadians shared in the Mounted. Perhaps no single item as strikingly illustrates the amount of work that was required to earn the judge's tribute as the record of the cruiser *Adversus* which, largely on drug cases, patrolled off the British Columbia coast for more than twenty-three thousand miles, accompanied for eighty-two hundred miles by a seaplane of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Twenty-three thousand miles for a small cruiser in a single season! No one could suggest that her crew was idle.

Nor was idleness a feature of Police service in the Yukon where "B" Division, under the command of Superintendent T. B. Caulkin, was carrying on the traditions established in the days of Constantine and Steele. The excited days of the gold rush period were, of course, no more. Even their memory, though cherished by Yukon old-timers, was fading with the passing of the years, but the country still called for efficient policing, for officers and men capable of conducting long and stamina-testing winter patrols, and capable, above all, of maintaining among the white and Indian population a deep respect for law and order. Evidence of how effectively the country was policed was given in Caulkin's report which included only one case of murder. That case, however—the shooting of one Indian by another in the Champagne

district, sixty miles west of Whitehorse—provided some intricate features from an investigator's point of view and plenty of trouble for Constable D. A. Dunlop of the Champagne detachment. Summoned when the shooting took place, Dunlop arrested the offending Indian and decided that the victim who was still alive could be saved only if skilled surgical treatment could be given him. The nearest surgeon was at Whitehorse, and thither, over trails buried deep in snow, Dunlop conveyed the wounded man, leaving the prisoner in temporary charge of the manager of a trading post at Champagne. It was a valiant effort but it failed, for the wounded Indian died soon after reaching Whitehorse, and Dunlop, returning to Champagne, was told that the prisoner—now become a murderer—had escaped and fled towards the Alaskan boundary. In these circumstances, there was only one thing for Dunlop to do—give chase and recapture the fugitive if possible. That he succeeded in this duty, without firing a shot, is in itself a tribute to his courage and determination, qualities which, Caulkin reported, were displayed also by Inspector G. Binning who journeyed to Champagne, conducted a difficult investigation of the whole affair, and gathered the evidence which convicted the prisoner with skill deserving the highest commendation.

Commendable, too, was the work of "G" Division which, under Superintendent T. H. Irvine, was maintaining Canada's authority in the North-West Territories and the Arctic. The Bache Peninsula detachment, that "farthest north" post in the Force's history, had by this time been closed, and wireless, radio, and airplanes had in a sense brought the Arctic closer to civilization, but, so far as the work of the Mounted Police was concerned, the change in the most northern districts was more imaginary than real and the land continued to be an area as testing of character, courage, and endurance as before.

Reporting on general aspects of the work, Irvine mentioned that, through the encouragement of fishing at the detachments, a substantial saving had been made in the cost of feeding the division's 250 dogs. Only \$2,590 had been paid out for dog-feed in the year instead of the twenty-four thousand dollars which would have been required if all food had been bought at current prices. To effect a further major saving and at the same time to reduce

the heavy loss of dogs from disease, a study of the animals' internal parasites had been undertaken with the co-operation of the Institute of Parasitology at McGill University and, from the discoveries made, it seemed that great benefit to the Force's Arctic work might be expected.

Having noted these developments, Irvine described briefly a few of "G" Division's outstanding winter patrols, including Corporal Gray's 1,020-mile, forty-eight-day journey from Ponds Inlet to Pingitkalik and return, Corporal Bolstad's twelve-hundred-mile, sixty-five-day patrol of the east coast of Hudson Bay, and the notable journey of 1,063 miles in fifty-two days made by Sergeant Makinson, accompanied part of the way by Constable A. MacKenzie, from Cambridge Bay to King William Island and back. Leaving the floating detachment *St. Roch* which was wintering in Cambridge Bay, Makinson, MacKenzie, and two native special constables traveled to Perry River and, continuing, reached Peterson Bay, King William Island, on April 1. Here the patrol halted while Makinson investigated the death of the Eskimo, Kignek, who, with eyes staring, face bruised, and mouth full of clotted blood, had been found lying dead on the ice of the island's shore. As Kignek had no enemies, his friends and relatives believed he had been killed by ghosts. Ghosts, they said, abounded on the coast and, if slighted, were greatly to be feared. But Makinson, learning that Kignek had been hunting seal with an ancient rifle and powerful cartridges of his own manufacture, ruled out the ghosts and decided that Kignek, through the bursting of his defective gun, had died quite accidentally.

As food for the patrol's dogs was by this time running low, Makinson ordered MacKenzie to return to Cambridge Bay, while he and Special Constable Luke continued on to Matty Island, eighty miles to the northwest. Arriving at this remote spot Makinson found a sealing-camp of Eskimos, few of whom had seen a member of the Mounted Police before. Realizing that the opportunity was too good to miss, Makinson had a large snow-house built, assembled the natives, and, with Luke as interpreter, explained the reason for the Force's presence in the North and the King's laws which all who heard him must obey. Having car-



HAULING IN THE NETS

Police and Hudson's Bay Company's men at work on the shore of the Arctic.

ried out this duty, much as Assistant Commissioner Macleod had carried it out when dealing with the Blackfeet more than sixty years before, Makinson bade the Eskimos a ceremonious farewell and, turning his steps homeward, arrived back at Cambridge Bay on May 6.

EPILOGUE

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF A BOOK ON A FORMATION SUCH AS THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police that no appropriate ending is possible. There is no armistice in the war on crime. No pealing church bells announce the end of the campaign. No *Te Deum* can be sung, giving thanks that the forces of crime have accepted a righteous peace. On the contrary, criminals are arming as never before with the devices that modern science has created, are operating in gangs with the power of adequate money supporting them, are allying themselves with subversive propagandists, and are attacking the foundations of established law and order more boldly than ever before.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that those to whom the preservation of law and order has been entrusted are fighting hard, none harder and with a greater measure of success than the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. If Canada merits the distinction, often bestowed upon her by the people of other lands, of being among the most law-abiding countries in the world today, a share of the credit must go to the old scarlet-clad Riders of the Plains and to their successors, who, in tunics of scarlet, khaki, blue, in the naval uniform of the Marine Section, or in the parkas and furs required in the North, are day by day engaged in maintaining the law and the authority of the Government from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the United States border to within eight hundred miles of the North Pole.

In his report covering the year ending at midnight on March 31, 1937,¹ Sir James MacBrien outlined the manner in which the Force's responsibilities were being discharged and stated that developments of major importance were pending. How completely that statement was justified is not yet realized, and will not be fully realized, perhaps, even when the Commissioner reports upon

¹ Published, November 5, 1937.

the year ending on March 31, 1938. No advance copies of that report are made available, but it is not impossible to suggest with a measure of assurance the nature of certain items that will appear.

Almost certainly there will be a few paragraphs stating that on April 1, 1937, the Aviation Section, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, came officially into existence, and giving details of the new section's formation which was required because the Royal Canadian Air Force could no longer supply pilots and planes to co-operate in the work of the Preventive Service. The Aviation Section was formed by grouping in Toronto eight qualified pilots, drawn from within the Force's ranks, under the command of Staff-Sergeant (now Sub-Inspector) T. R. Michelson, arranging that these men should be given a refresher course, and providing them with four De Havilland Dragonfly planes. Upon the completion of the courses, the Aviation Section was assigned to duty in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the Atlantic seaboard, where its co-operation with the Force's land detachments and patrol boats has already proved of value.

It is safe to assume that Sir James will mention the new Aviation Section and that he will comment on the establishment in Regina in August, 1937, of a Scientific Laboratory, created to aid the Force in its investigations of crime. Long a cherished dream of the Commissioner's—that the institution should serve eventually as a great teaching and research center for all police forces in Canada—the Scientific Laboratory is equipped with research and comparison microscopes, micro-photographic and ortho-steric cameras, parallel light and ultra-violet ray equipment, a fluoroscope, instruments of use in the study of ballistics, a spectrograph, and infra-red lamps. With the equipment available, precise work will be possible in many types of criminal investigation, notably in cases of murder, poisoning, bullet wounds, counterfeiting, and arson, and cases in which identification of motorcars, firearms, dust, grain, metal filings, cloth, handwriting, paper, or ink is essential.

By order-in-council of the Dominion Government on July 31, Dr. Maurice Powers, a graduate in medicine of McGill University, who had taken a course in forensic medicine at the New York University College of Medicine and had studied ballistics



AVIATION SECTION, R.C.M. POLICE
Formed at Toronto, Ontario, April 1, 1937.

under the auspices of the police departments of the City of New York and of Newark, New Jersey, was appointed to the rank of Surgeon in the Mounted Police, and immediately thereafter was assigned by the Commissioner to the directorship of the new laboratory in Regina. Dr. Powers will instruct officers and men of the Force in the medical and scientific aspects of crime investigation, will carry out the investigations required by crimes committed in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and will at all times hold the new laboratory in readiness to serve the Force and the civil powers of Western Canada. Only those closely connected with the problems of criminal investigation in the West and aware of the difficulties that have existed can fully appreciate the formidable addition of strength to the forces of law and order that the new Mounted Police Scientific Laboratory will provide.

In addition to the Aviation Section and the Scientific Laboratory, MacBrien's report will undoubtedly mention the picked detachment that represented the Force at the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in London. At the coronation of a British king, no military unit "steals the show," no unit is more than a humble contribution to the proud pageantry in the sovereign's honor; nevertheless, those who witnessed the coronation procession on May 12 and those in Canada and the United States who heard the account by radio are aware that, with the exception of the ovations to the King, the Queen, and the members of the Royal Family, no roar of cheers exceeded that which greeted Assistant Commissioner S. T. Wood and the detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. There have been many proud moments in the Force's history, but none prouder than the occasion of that march through London, when the Empire voiced thunderous acclaim.

Honor to the King and to the King's representative! Perhaps Sir James MacBrien's report will mention that soon after the coronation contingent returned from London the Force prepared to guard His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, during a voyage down the Mackenzie River by steamer and airplane to Aklavik and Herschel Island, with side-trips by airplane on the return journey to Great Bear Lake and to Cop-

permine on Coronation Gulf. To write of a "side-trip" to Coronation Gulf is to emphasize how greatly the airplane has affected travel in the North, yet His Excellency, during his short visit to Coppermine, received startling proof that the Arctic was the Arctic still. For there he heard from the lips of Captain R. J. Summers and members of the crew of the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner, *Fort James*, a tale of inspiring heroism. A few days before, their stout ship had been caught off Chantrey Island in masses of grinding ice—the ice conditions were the worst in years; a fierce north-west gale had risen; the ice had sunk the *Fort James*; and those on board had been gallantly rescued by Sergeant H. A. Larsen, Sergeant J. U. Eddy, and the crew of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Schooner, *St. Roch*. The tale of that rescue will echo down the corridors of Arctic time, despite the matter-of-fact words of Sergeant Eddy's preliminary report which stated merely that the Police "rendered assistance and took off all hands."

What other developments and incidents in 1937-38 will Sir James consider worthy of mention? What adventures of the Force by land, sea, and air will he describe? What deeds of bravery will he find deserving of commendation? What tales of duty and sacrifice will he record? No answers to such questions can be attempted now. All that may confidently be assumed is that the report, however restrained, will paint a picture of a Force, active, adventurous, disciplined, capable, proud of the traditions of a momentous past, courageously certain of a splendid future.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE
HONOR ROLL

1873-1937

NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
NASH, Sub-Constable John	1 year, 5 months	Accidentally killed near Fort Macleod, March 11, 1875.
MAHONEY, Sub-Constable George	2 years, 1 month	Drowned in the South Saskatche- wan River while on patrol, June 19, 1877.
GRABURN, Constable Marmaduke	5 months	Murdered, pre- sumably by In- dians, near Fort Walsh, November 17, 1879.
HOOLEY, Constable Claudius F.	5 years, 1 month	Drowned in the Belly River while on patrol, July 24, 1880.
WAHL, Constable Adam	Recruit	Drowned in the Missouri River, U. S. A., while on the way to join his division at Fort Macleod, 1882.
GIBSON, Constable Thomas James	1 year	Killed in the action at Duck Lake, March 26, 1885.

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
GARRETT, Constable George Knox	2 years, 8 months	Died of wounds received in the action at Duck Lake, March 27, 1885.
ARNOLD, Constable George Pearce	7 months	Died of wounds received in the action at Duck Lake, March 27, 1885.
COWAN, Constable David Latimer	3 years	Killed by Indians at Fort Pitt while on scouting duty, April 15, 1885.
SLEIGH, Corporal Ralph Bateman	3 years, 11 months	Killed in the action at Cut Knife Hill, May 2, 1885.
LOWREY, Corporal William H. T.	1 year, 11 months	Died of wounds received in the action at Cut Knife Hill, May 3, 1885.
BURKE, Constable Patrick	10 years	Died of wounds received in the action at Cut Knife Hill, May 3, 1885.
ELLIOTT, Constable Frank O.	1 year, 6 months	Killed by Indians while on scout- ing duty near Battleford, May 14, 1885.

HONOR ROLL

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
MONTGOMERY, Sergeant Albert Ernest Garland	9 years, 11 months	Injured when thrown from his horse on parade, August 7, in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Died August 10, 1890.
MORPHY, Corporal Harry Oliver	2 years, 3 months	Drowned when Police boat <i>Keewatin</i> cap- sized in Lake Winnipeg, September, 1890.
DE BEAUJEU, Constable George Q. R.	5 months	Drowned when Police boat <i>Keewatin</i> cap- sized in Lake Winnipeg, September, 1890.
READING, Constable William Tyrrell	2 years, 8 months	Crushed by a falling horse, Calgary, Alta., December 14, 1890.
HERRON, Constable James	7 years, 9 months	Died in a blizzard near St. Mary's River while on patrol, March 2, 1891.
COLEBROOK, Sergeant Colin C.	14 years	Killed by the Cree Indian, Almighty Voice, October 29, 1895.
KERN, Constable Oscar Alexander	1 year, 7 months	Drowned in a flooded stream near Estevan while on patrol, April 26, 1896.

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
WILDE, Sergeant William Brock	14 years, 4 months	Killed by the Blood Indian, Charcoal, November 10, 1896.
KERR, Constable John Randolph	3 years, 1 month	Killed by Almighty Voice, the murderer of Sergeant Colebrook, May 28, 1897.
HOCKIN, Corporal Charles S.	2 years, 7 months	Killed by Almighty Voice, the murderer of Sergeant Colebrook, May 28, 1897.
CAMPBELL, Constable Norman M.	8 years, 1 month	Drowned in the Stikine River, Alaska, while on patrol from British Columbia, December 26, 1901.
HEATHCOTE, Constable Spencer G.	1 year	Drowned in the Stikine River, Alaska, while on patrol from British Columbia, December 26, 1901.
STICK, Special Constable Sam	Drowned in the Kaskawalsh River, Yukon, while on patrol, July 29, 1903.
BROOKE, Staff-Sergeant Arthur F. M.	18 years, 11 months	Drowned in the Bow River while on patrol, September 26, 1903.

HONOR ROLL

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
RUSSELL, Constable Joseph	1 year, 8 months	Drowned at Cape Fullerton, Hudson Bay, July 5, 1905.
JACKSON, Constable Thomas R.	2 years, 7 months	Drowned at Battle Creek while on patrol, June 8, 1906.
HADDOCK, Corporal Alexander G.	13 years, 8 months	Drowned in the Yukon River while on patrol, June 14, 1906.
FLOOD, Assistant Surgeon Walter S.	4 months	Died from expo- sure, while on duty near Churchill, Hud- son Bay, Novem- ber 29, 1906.
WILLMETT, Constable George Ernest	11 months	Murdered by a burglar in Frank, Alberta, on the night of April 12, 1908.
DONALDSON, Sergeant Ralph M. L.	9 years, 2 months	Drowned off Marble Island, Hudson Bay, when Police boat was attacked by a walrus, June 8, 1909.
CARTER, Special Constable Samuel	22 years, 10 months	Died with the McPherson- Dawson Patrol, February, 1911.
FITZGERALD, Inspector Francis Joseph	22 years, 3 months	Died while in command of the McPherson- Dawson Patrol, February, 1911.

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
KINNEY, Constable George Francis	3 years, 9 months	Died with the McPherson- Dawson Patrol, February, 1911.
TAYLOR, Constable Richard O. H.	5 years, 11 months	Died with the McPherson- Dawson Patrol, February, 1911.
DAVIES, Constable Francis W.	3 years, 2 months	Killed by the Indian, Mike Running Wolf, near Brooks, Alberta, June 3, 1912.
BAILEY, Corporal Maxwell G.	3 years, 5 months	Killed by a lunatic near Tofield, Alberta, April 23, 1913.
FITZGERALD, Constable Michael J.	13 years, 4 months	Drowned in the White River, Yukon, August 27, 1913.
LAMONT, Constable Alexander	4 years, 11 months	Died at Herschel Island of typhoid fever contracted while nursing the Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, February 16, 1918.
BOSSANGE, Staff-Sergeant George H. L.	35 years, 6 months	Killed by lightning at Spirit River, Alberta, while on patrol, June 21, 1919.

HONOR ROLL

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
USHER, Corporal Ernest	5 years, 11 months	Killed by train bandits at Bellevue, Alberta, August 7, 1920.
SEARLE, Sergeant Arthur George	11 years, 4 months	Drowned near Creston, B. C., while pursuing bootleggers, May 15, 1921.
DOAK, Corporal William Andrew	5 years plus 10 years, 9 months	Murdered by the Eskimo, Alikomiak, at Tree River, Coronation Gulf, April 1, 1922.
MACDONALD, Constable Jan Mor	3 years, 2 months	Drowned in the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of Indian River, August 18, 1924.
COX, Constable Leo Francis	3 years, 9 months	Drowned near La Sarre, P. Q., while on patrol, June 29, 1925.
RHODES, Constable Frederick	3 years, 4 months	Fatally injured when the Police Detachment at Rae, N. W. T., burned to the ground, Decem- ber 6, 1926.
NICHOLSON, Sergeant Richard H.	15 years, 6 months	Killed by the operators of an illicit still, near Molson, Manitoba, De- cember 31, 1928.

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
MCDONELL, Constable Donald R.	3 years, 1 month	Drowned at the mouth of Fourteen River, Hudson Bay, while on patrol, April 19, 1931.
MILLEN, Constable Edgar	11 years, 2 months	Killed by Albert Johnson, near Rat River, N. W. T., January 30, 1932.
RALLS, Corporal Leonard Victor	3 years plus 12 years, 5 months	Killed by escaping thieves near Foam Lake, Saskatchewan, July 5, 1932.
HALLIDAY, Corporal John L.	13 years, 5 months	Accidentally killed by the discharge of a rifle, near Fort Simpson, N. W. T., October 14, 1932.
SAMPSON, Inspector Lorne James	18 years, 8 months	Killed when thrown from his horse while suppressing a riot at Saskatoon, Sask., May 8, 1933.
MORIARTY, Corporal M.	3 years plus 3 years	Killed by an insane farmer near Rosebud, Alberta, April 26, 1935.
SHAW, Constable John George	3 years, 6 months	Murdered by Doukhobor bandits near Benito, Man., October 4, 1935.

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NAME AND RANK	LENGTH OF SERVICE	CAUSE AND DATE OF DEATH
HARRISON, Constable George Campbell	4 years, 3 months	Killed near Banff National Park, Alberta, by the mur- derers of Con- stable Shaw, October 8, 1935.
WALLACE, Sergeant Thomas Sellar	3 years, 7 months	Killed near Banff National Park, Alberta, by the mur- derers of Con- stable Shaw, October 8, 1935.
MILLER, Constable Daniel	4 years	Died as the result of a motor car ac- cident, while on duty near New- castle, N. B., October 14, 1935.
HORAN, Constable George Edward	4 years, 4 months	Killed in a motor car acci- dent near Belleville, Ontario, March 10, 1937.
BOORMAN, Constable William George	3 years, 6 months	Killed while on a seal hunt near Elsie Island, Hudson Bay, May 26, 1937.

APPENDIX B

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE FATHERS AND SONS WHO HAVE SERVED IN THE FORCE OFFICERS' LIST

(Compiled by Headquarters, R.C.M. Police, November, 1937)

FATHER	SON
Commissioner Sir James H. MacBrien (1900-1901; 1931-1938) [<i>Deceased, March 5, 1938</i>]	Ex-Const. James R. MacBrien (1932-1936)
Deputy Commissioner T. S. Belcher (1894-1933—Deceased)	Inspector A. T. Belcher (1920—Still serving)
Deputy Commissioner J. W. Spalding (1900-1937—Retired)	A/Lance-Cpl. F. S. Spalding (1932—Still serving)
Assistant Commissioner Z. T. Wood (1885-1915—Deceased)	Assistant Commissioner S. T. Wood (1912—Still serving) [<i>Appointed Commissioner, March 11, 1938</i>]
Assistant Commissioner J. A. McGibbon (1880-1885; 1885-1920—Retired)	Sergt. D. L. McGibbon (1921—Still serving)
Supt. S. Gagnon (1874-1901—Deceased)	Supt. H. A. R. Gagnon (1920—Still serving)
Supt. Joseph Howe (1879-1902—Deceased)	Cpl. Joseph Howe (1919-1924; 1932—Still serving)
Supt. W. H. Routledge (1880-1919—Deceased)	Sub-Const. W. W. J. Routledge (1935—Still serving)
Supt. A. E. C. McDonell (1881-1887; 1887-1917—Retired)	Lance-Cpl. C. B. McDonell (1926-1928; 1933—Still serving)
	Const. D. R. McDonell (1928-1931 — Drowned on duty)
	Const. A. de B. McDonell (1934—Still serving)

FATHER	SON
Supt. P. W. Pennefather (1885-1922—Retired)	Ex-Const. P. Pennefather (1917-1926) Ex-Const. W. M. Pennefather (1918-1919)
Supt. W. P. Lindsay (1910-1929—Deceased)	Ex-Const. E. L. C. Lindsay (1933 - 1937 — Deceased)
Supt. T. C. Goldsmith (1903-1931—Retired)	Const. C. W. J. Goldsmith (1933—Still serving)
Supt. E. C. P. Salt (1909-1914; 1919-1927; 1927—Still serving)	Const. C. R. H. Salt (1931—Still serving)
Surgeon S. M. Fraser (1889-1925—Deceased)	Staff-Sergt. M. P. Fraser (1932 - 1936; 1937 — Still serving)
Surgeon T. A. Morrison (1916-1931—Deceased)	Const. R. Morrison (1923-1927; 1931—Still serving)
Inspector John French (1873-1883—Deceased)	Inspector F. H. French (1905-1925—Retired)
Inspector H. J. A. Davidson (1883-1908—Deceased)	Ex-Const. C. E. Davidson (1913-1916; 1919-1920)
Inspector George Stevens (1885-1920—Deceased)	Ex-Const. G. Stevens (1893-1901; 1901-1905; 1923-1927; 1932-1936 — Retired)
Inspector W. E. Hertzog (1897-1918—Deceased)	Const. E. A. C. Hertzog (1933—Still serving)
Inspector K. F. Anderson (1889-1920—Retired)	Const. C. A. Anderson (1933—Still serving) Const. F. W. F. Anderson (1935—Still serving)
Inspector C. Prime (1908-1923—Deceased)	Const. C. W. Prime (1927—Still serving) Const. G. H. Prime (1934—Still serving)
Inspector W. A. Cuning (1887-1932—Retired)	Ex-Const. C. A. Cuning (1923-1925)
Inspector W. Charron (1904-1934—Retired)	Const. O. W. Charron (1925—Still serving)
Inspector W. W. Watson (1910—Still serving)	Sub-Const. N. C. Watson (1937—Still serving)

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FATHER	SON
Inspector C. R. Peters (1899-1904; 1905-1911; 1914—Still serving)	Const. C. R. C. Peters (1935—Still serving)
Inspector K. Duncan (1903-1909; 1918—Still serving)	Const. J. S. Duncan (1933—Still serving)
Inspector T. B. Hutchings (1912-1919; 1920—Still serving)	Trumpeter C. T. A. Hutchings (1935—Still serving)
Inspector F. A. Syms (1911—Still serving)	Ex-Const. F. B. A. Syms (1927-1928)
Sub-Inspector J. Fraser (1912—Still serving)	Const. W. Fraser (1935—Still serving)
Sub-Inspector H. R. Butchers (1909—Still serving)	Const. A. W. D. L. Butchers (1937—Still serving)
Sergt. T. S. La Nauze (1880-1882)	Assistant Commissioner C. D. La Nauze (1908—Still serving)

NOTE: The above list does not include officers' sons who have served as Special Constables, or those who have had short service in the Marine Section.

APPENDIX C

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE RELATIVE RANK OF OFFICERS OF THE FORCE IN THE CANADIAN MILITIA

The Commissions of officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are issued under the Great Seal.

Section 10, Sub-section 2, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Act states that the Governor in Council shall have power to prescribe the rank and seniority in the Militia which officers of the Force shall hold, for the purpose of seniority and command, when they are serving with the Militia. No occasion for a ruling in this matter having arisen in recent years, Paragraph 217a of the King's Regulations and Orders for the Canadian Militia, 1917, is still effective. Under this paragraph, honorary ranks were granted to officers of the R.C.M. Police as follows:

POLICE RANK	HONORARY MILITIA RANK
Commissioner	Brigadier
Deputy Commissioner	Colonel
Assistant Commissioner	Lieutenant-Colonel
Superintendent, the senior with 5 years' service	Lieutenant-Colonel
Superintendent	Major
Inspector or Detective Inspector, the senior with 15 years' service	Major
Inspector with 5 years' service	Captain
Detective Inspector with 5 years' service	Captain
Inspector with less than 5 years' service	Lieutenant
Detective Inspector with less than 5 years' service	Lieutenant
Sub-Inspector	2nd Lieutenant
Surgeon with 20 years' service	Lieutenant-Colonel
Surgeon with 10 years' service	Major
Surgeon with less than 10 years' service	Captain
Assistant Surgeon	Lieutenant
Veterinary Surgeon with 15 years' service	Major
Veterinary Surgeon with 5 years' service	Captain
Veterinary Surgeon with less than 5 years' service	Lieutenant

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